

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his need.

VOL. XIX.

OCTOBER, 1895.

No. 6.



Drawn by José Cabrinety.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

BY ELIZABETH C. CARDOZO.

FOR many days I pursued a beautiful flying figure. And when I had come up with it, behold, its face was very fair, and it smiled into my eyes. I put out my hand and drew it close, whispering,

Who art thou?

It answered,

Men call me Pleasure, but for thee I bear another name.

I asked,

Sweet, wilt thou not tell me the name that thou bearest for me alone?

It answered,

For thee, my name is Sin.

I looked longingly into the smiling eyes; nevertheless, I loosed my hand and turned away.

There soon came across my path a flying shape of wondrous aspect. I was long pursuing it, and when I came up with it, behold, its face was very fair.

I questioned it,

Who art thou?

It answered,

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Drawn by José Cabrinety.

Men call me Love, but for thee I bear another name. One in a thousand meets with me; then hold me fast, thou chosen one, for but once in a lifetime do I come.

So I abode with Love for many days before I dared to put the question that haunted me. But at last I said,

Sweet, wilt thou not tell me what may be the name that thou bearest for me alone?

Then Love flashed a glance upon me and answered,
For thee I am Sin.

So, after one long, lingering look I dropped Love's hand and departed.

Now it befell that on a bitter day, in a dismal place, a figure passed before me. It fled not away from me, but, at my call, came

close. It wore, I thought, a quiet look, and in the cold, gray setting of earth and sky, its face was very fair.

Who art thou? I questioned.

It answered,

I am Death; but for thee, nay, for all that summon me, I bear another name.

I said,

With thee I shall find Peace. Pleasure and Love are both denied me; what is left me but Death?

And I drew near and would have clasped it, but I bethought me of that other name it bore, and I questioned concerning it.

Death said,

For thee, and all that summon me, my name is Sin.

So once more I turned and went my way sorrowing. It chanced, after many days, that there came one from behind me silently, and plucked me by the sleeve.

I said,

Who art thou, and what wouldst thou with me? Art thou, too, of the brood of Sin?

And I turned and beheld the figure that was of a hard and rugged aspect, but of a strength that was nigh unto beauty.

It said,

Some call me Labor and some call me by another name, but my bearing is the same unto all humanity.

So I abode with Labor many days, and I questioned not concerning that other name, for I had learned that it was Peace.



Drawn by José Cabrinety.



GEORGE WASHINGTON,
BY JAMES PEALE.

CONCERNING PAINTERS IN LITTLE.

BY NANCY HUSTON BANKS.

THE beginning of miniature painting is lost in the origin of pictorial art. Traces of it are found in manuscripts so

through the presentation by Wilfred, archbishop of York, to the cathedral, of a copy of the gospels thus adorned. This



MARTHA WASHINGTON,
BY JAMES PEALE.

old that the age can only be guessed at. The first glimmerings come through the tiny medallions woven into the text of illuminated missals. The painters of these—in the absence of actual knowledge—are assumed to have been the early monks and nuns, for the reason that the writings were mostly of a religious character, and that all the earliest authenticated art emanated from the cloister. It is therefore reasonable to suppose that these crude little paintings—the germs of the miniature—were an easy transition for the ancient missal makers, weary with the endless transcription of the offices of the Latin Church. What longings for the world may not have found expression in the vivid colors of these capitals and borders? Little wonder then that the tints were laid on so rich and warm that after the lapse of centuries, the burnished gold glitters untarnished, and the red is like rubies!

The Christian Church has always been the nursery of literature and art. Alcuin, an English monk, was generally recognized as the most eminent artist of his time, and is said to have carried with him the art of illumination when invited to Germany by Charlemagne. The work of the illuminator appears to have reached England as early as the seventh century,

missal, gorgeously illuminated in purple and gold, created a sensation, "being regarded almost as a miracle, before that unheard of." Thus England adopted miniature painting in its infancy, and notwithstanding it was but a foster-child of Italian parentage, loved and cherished it as no other country has ever done. From this time on, no matter where the famous miniaturist may have been born, sooner or later he was drawn to London, and never failed to find there the highest appreciation of his art. The great miniature painters have been few—singularly few—in view of the fact that they follow

in an unbroken succession, through more than three hundred years. Most of them lived to an extreme age—several to eighty, and even beyond; and scarcely one laid down his camel's hair pencil till the last.

It is, of course, understood that the term miniature, as applied to the small pictures introduced into the script of the old missals, did not mean portraiture, as it has since come to signify, and that it had no reference to the size of the work. Derived from the Latin *minium*, it meant simply

the red lead used in the illumination. Miniature in its present acceptation does not appear to have come into general use until long after the art was in fact



MADAME ELIZABETH, BY HALL.

devoted chiefly to portraiture. For while there is some uncertainty as to whether Vasari referred to portraits when mentioning "paintings in little," there can be no doubt of Mr. Pepys' meaning as he gossips about Cooper's miniature of his wife, using the identical phrase that Vasari employs. All this early miniature painting was on vellum, a costly substance, hard to get, and growing more valuable from age and use. Many methods were devised whereby the same precious piece might be used more than once; the scraping process known as "palimpsest" being finally settled upon as the most efficacious. The art-lover shudders at the thought of the wanton destruction of priceless beauty that it must have caused. Some idea of it may be gathered from the familiar story of Queen Mary's Psalter, rescued from the palimpsest by accident, and now treasured in the British Museum as one of the most exquisite specimens of illumination extant.

The date at which the miniature parted from the missal and entered upon an independent existence is not known. Hans Holbein stands at the head of the unbroken line of great miniaturists; yet there seems to be no reason to believe that he had ever attempted miniature painting before going to England the second time, although his large works had long been famous throughout Germany. Afterwards when he went again to England, on the invitation of the lord high chancellor, and was appointed painter to King Henry VIII., he found two miniaturists already there. These were a woman named Levina Teerlinck, who drew a larger salary from the royal treasury than Holbein himself received, and Horebout, from whom Holbein is sometimes said to have had his first lessons in miniature. Later biographies of Holbein deny this, and

while admitting that there is no evidence of his having done any miniature painting before settling in England, argue that it was only a step from the little, exquisitely finished paintings on paper—many of them but a few inches in diameter—for which he had always been celebrated, to the miniature itself. At all events, Holbein gave it an unprecedented vogue, and his influence dominated miniature painting throughout the sixteenth

century. All the painters of the period were more or less his imitators, and some must indeed have christened their work with his name. The popular portrait of Edward, the young king, was supposed to have been painted by Holbein, until the comparatively recent discovery of his will fixed 1543 as the date of the painter's death, at which time the prince was not more than six years of age. There can be no doubt, however,



AN ORIGINAL MINIATURE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS—an heirloom in the Seton family. By courtesy of Monseigneur Seton.

of the genuineness of his charming likeness of Edward as a child, since the records of the reign show that Holbein was paid for painting this miniature, "one gilt cruse, with cover, weighing ten and a quarter ounces."

There are several anecdotes showing the powerful position occupied by Holbein at the English court. On one occasion he threw a nobleman of high rank down stairs for intruding while he was painting a lady. When the matter came to the king's knowledge he took Holbein's part. "Of seven peasants I can make as many lords, but not one Holbein!" he said scornfully to the frightened offender. "Begone! and remember if you ever pretend to avenge yourself, I shall look on any injury done to the painter as done to myself." Holbein was sent by Henry to paint the young duchess of Milan, when that beautiful widow of sixteen was his majesty's prospective bride. And an

enchancing picture he is said to have made of her: "sweet and innocent as a roe, with two little dimples in her cheeks and one in her chin, which become her well." This marriage falling through, Holbein was despatched to paint Anne of

old, but very ill, and in desperate haste to get the marriage settled. But Louis was a Frenchman before he was a king, and had in addition particularly keen hereditary art instincts; so that even in this supreme emergency his dread of English taste proved stronger than every other consideration, and the painter was detained in London until called back to France, to see that the poor old king's funeral was artistic.

Following Holbein came Nicholas Hilliard, the first great English miniaturist, and the first to make of miniature painting a separate and distinct branch of art. He had no rival during the reign of Elizabeth, and painted her many times, once at full length. A peculiarity of his work, which renders it singularly unpleasing to modern eyes, is its lack of shadow. This, according to the gossip of the time, was owing to a royal command, the queen having forbidden him to paint any shadows in his portraits of her own august person. However that may have been, his painting, in consequence of the entire absence of shadows, was as flat as that of the old missals, and reproductions of his miniatures apparently furnish no sufficient explanation of the high place he has always occupied among miniaturists. His popularity continued undiminished into the reign of James I.; and while the king showed little interest in art of any description, he gave Hilliard all the patronage he had to bestow. No

one was allowed to paint a portrait of his majesty, or any member of the royal family, without first obtaining the consent of Hilliard. He also painted Mary Queen of Scots, and his miniature of her is one of the few authentic portraits. There is little resemblance in it to the faded antique restored by Lewis Crosse. The owner of this miniature of Mary—which is the

widely copied one in black velvet and ermine, by an unknown painter—gave it to Crosse, with the injunction to make it beautiful, regardless of the original. This



QUEEN MARIE AMELIE, BY CHALON.

Cleves. "He drew so favorable a likeness," wrote Walpole, "that Henry was content to wed her, but when he found her inferior to the miniature, the storm which really should have been directed at the painter, broke on the minister, and Cromwell lost his head, because Anne was a Flanders mare, and not a Venus, as Holbein had represented her." Other authorities defend the artist against this charge of flattery, and point to the unattractive portrait itself as conclusive proof of Holbein's innocence.

Miniature painters of that period appear to have been associated with royal marriages in other capacities than that of their art. Jean Perréal, a contemporary of Holbein's, was sent by Louis XII. to England to superintend the trousseau of his bride, Mary Tudor. His majesty was then approaching the close of life—he was not only



PORTRAIT BY HALL.

Crosse did with such success that Mary's latter-day fame for beauty rests mainly upon this miniature, with its round, rosy cheeks, most unlike the haggard features of Hilliard's portrait.

After Hilliard came the Olivers, father and son. It is not known whether Isaac Oliver, the father, was English or French. The name was spelled Olivier as often as Oliver, and although he wrote a treatise on limning, in English, his pocket-notes were kept in French. The Olivers are, however, considered English painters, and painted much more in accordance with modern ideals than Hilliard had done. They boldly struck out on a new path in miniature painting, and made it true to nature and life. It has been said of Isaac Oliver's work, that it was touched and retouched until it became nature in the abstract. Opinion is divided as to the relative merits of the Olivers. Isaac Oliver's miniature of James I. served as the model for Vandyke's portrait; Peter Oliver's likeness of Lady Lucy Percy has been called the most perfect miniature in the world. Both father and son found an enthusiastic and intelligent patron in Charles I., who, loving art sincerely for its own sake, needed no expert assistance in the recognition of it. Anything beautiful or true appealed to him irresistibly, and always met with a prompt, though sometimes incomprehensible, response; as for example, when he presented Anna Carlisle, a miniaturist, with ultramarine to the value of five hundred pounds. Never had art a more helpful friend. Ever ready to hold out a hand to ability, he possessed the rare faculty of discriminating between the artistic performance and the personality of the artist—a power indispensable to the liberal encouragement of genius.

Foremost among the miniature painters whom Charles gathered about him, was Gibson, the dwarf; a strange being, less than four feet high, who had begun life as a page to a lady. He married a mid-

get of his own size in the presence of the court, and "the queen bespoke a diamond ring for the bride, but the troubles coming on, she never received it." Sir Peter Lely painted the Lilliputian couple standing hand in hand. Of the nine



PORTRAIT BY ISABEY.
Executed in sepia, "aux deux crayons."

children of the marriage, five achieved more or less fame as miniature painters. A daughter, Susan Penelope, led the others, and a son accumulated so large a fortune that he was able, on the death of Sir Peter Lely, to buy the greater part of his collection. But none equaled the father, who is ranked with the great miniaturists. King Charles considered Gibson's miniature of "The

Good Shepherd" as the gem of his own superb collection. The custodian of these art treasures was Vanderdort, a Dutchman, who had won the royal favor by making a beautiful wax bust of a woman. Vanderdort was aware of the high estimate placed by the king on Gibson's painting, and the sense of his responsibility in guarding it preyed upon him, until he finally put it away with such care that he

could not find it again, and hanged himself in despair. The painting was discovered by his executors after his death.

Gerbier, another miniature painting



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, BY THOURON.

protégé of King Charles, approached Gibson and the Olivers in the quality of his work. His talent was varied as well as great; he wrote an encyclopedia and established an academy of science in addition to his contribution to miniature art. He appears to have been the first miniaturist who visited America, although there is no evidence of his having painted while here. With all his gifts he was an adventurer of exceedingly bad reputation, "joining knavery and malice, whose testimony be odious to any man," according to the Duke of Buckingham. But the charm of Gerbier's genius seems to have blinded Charles to his faults, and he not only knighted him, but sent him to Spain on an important diplomatic mission in company with the identical haughty duke who mentions him in terms of such contempt. The duchess in a letter to her lord laments the unpleasant situation, but seeks, like a sensible woman, to make the best of it by saying, "I pray you, if you have any idle time, sit to Gerbier for your picture, that I may have it well done in little." The duchess herself was painted by Zincke, an artist of no mean ability, distinguished particularly for the fineness of his coloring. Yet this miniature is mentioned in several works on art as a striking and even ludicrous illustration of his inability to draw the figure. One critic is, however, fair enough to intimate that Zincke may, after all, have represented the duchess more accurately than has been supposed, since she was the homeliest person in England: "brown and lean, a little, round, crumpled woman, fond of finery."

Never were so many eminent painters

gathered together as under the stimulating patronage of Charles I. Petitot, the most famous of enamel miniaturists, was invited to England by the king, who gave

him every possible assistance in his work. By the royal command the court chemist coöperated with Petitot in compounding colors; and Vandyke, also at the king's request, gave the enamelist lessons in drawing to such advantage, that his draftsman-ship afterwards very nearly equaled the master's. Petitot the younger, a son, followed in the footsteps of his father, and some beautiful work by him has come down to us, which

shows him to have been a miniaturist of no mean ability. Then when Bordier—like Petitot, a native of Switzerland, and an enamel painter—drifted to England, fresh from an Italian prison, Charles appointed him assistant to Petitot, and they collaborated for years, accomplishing such results in enamel as have never been approached. Petitot designed the miniatures and finished them, Bordier

painting the drapery and background. Most of their paintings were done on thin plates of gold or silver, copper being rarely used in connection with enamel. The popular basis of miniature painting in oil or water-color, at this time, continued to be vellum; when not vellum, paper. The date of the introduction of ivory for the purpose appears to be somewhat uncertain. Excellent authority assigns the eighteenth century as the probable period of its first use, and

a miniature of the Duke of Schomberg—a celebrated general of William III.—is thought by many to be the oldest specimen of painting on ivory. Petitot and



MRS. ROBERT MORRIS,
BY CHARLES WILSON PEALE.



A PORTRAIT BY ANDREW PLIMER.

Bordier had both originally been workers in gold and silver, a training which doubtless had much to do with their marvelous skill in enamel. Their wonderful work went on until the tragic death of their royal patron. Then the painters, finding no more demand in that storm-swept country for the gentle arts of peace, fled to France. Louis XIV. welcomed them and appointed them court painters, and they at once began painting the enamel miniatures for which his reign has since been celebrated. But the revocation of the edict of Nantes rendered Petitot—a zealous Calvinist—uneasy, and he applied to the king for permission to leave France. It was refused; the painter was thrown into prison and regained his liberty only by a form of abjuration. Returning to Switzerland, he resumed his art, and died at an advanced age, with the brush in his hand.

Gerbier, after disappearing during the Revolution, reappeared as the maker of the designs for the triumphal entry of Charles II. The incoming king had little of his father's genuine love of art; yet, upon learning that the widow of Peter Oliver had several of the famous painter's works in her possession, he visited her incognito, and asked to have the miniatures shown him. The widow replied that she had a mind to have the king see them first; whereupon Charles disclosed his identity, and after seeing the paintings, offered her the choice of a thousand pounds in payment outright for them, or an annuity for life of three hundred pounds. The widow—who had declined to fix a price—chose the latter, and all went well till it came to her knowledge that the king had given the miniatures to certain beauties of the court whom she deemed unworthy. This opinion she appears to have expressed with such indiscreet freedom that it reached the royal ears, and the annuity was consequently withdrawn.

Miniature painters began flocking back to the English court, and the new king was always perfectly willing to be painted, provided it be done without any inconve-

nience to himself. A painter named Riley made a miniature of him that was a caricature. "Is that like me?" said Charles. "Then odd's fish, I'm an ugly fellow!"

The most distinguished miniaturist of those early days of the Restoration was Sir Godfrey Kneller. Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey chanced to be painting the king at the same time,—one in large and one in little,—and Charles, with characteristic laziness, made a single sitting do for both. Sir Peter, as an established favorite, had every advantage of position, pose, light; while Sir Godfrey took such chances as he could get; yet his miniature was done before Sir Peter's portrait was fairly begun. He was indeed a most prodigious worker. In addition to a vast number of finished miniatures, he left at his death six hundred, scarcely one of

which was more than a sketch. This extraordinary energy seems to have come from an inordinate desire for money, strong enough to overpower the art instinct which lingers lovingly over its work. He is quoted as saying, "Painters of history make the dead live, and do not begin to live themselves till they are dead. I paint the living, and they make me live." Yet, notwithstanding the superficial character of much of his work, he was for many

years the height of fashion. There were ten sovereigns among his sitters, and his following was remarkably enthusiastic. One of his disciples upon seeing some of Sir Joshua Reynolds' pictures exclaimed, "This will never answer! Why, you don't paint in the least like Sir Godfrey. Shakspeare for poetry; Kneller for painting!"

And now came Samuel Cooper, the greatest of miniaturists, who first gave to water-colors all the strength, and breadth, and freedom of oil; who was to miniature what Petitot was to enamel, what Vandyke was to canvas. "Cooper's miniatures are so bold that they seem perfect nature. If a glass could be made to expand them to the size of Vandyke's, they would seem to have been painted for that proportion." It was Cooper who first



CLÉMENTINE SOBIESKI, WIFE OF JAMES III., PRETENDER, BY PETITOT THE YOUNGER.

recognized and understood the value of shadow in miniature painting; hence, perhaps, the unequalled strength of his work. In 1666 Mr. Pepys mentions shadow, as if it were still something new in miniature, saying he had nearly broken his neck, looking over his shoulder while sitting for shadows. On the 13th of March, 1666, he went "to the house of Mr. Cooper, to see some of his work, which is all in little, but so excellent as though I must confess I do think the coloring of the flesh to be a little forced; yet the painting is so extraordinary as I do never expect to see the like again." For a "painting-in-little" of his wife he paid Cooper thirty pounds, "which I sent him this night, that I might be out of debt," adds Mr. Pepys, going on with his customary frankness to make mention by name of certain persons who never paid Cooper at all. There is a barely perceptible shade of disappointment in Mr. Pepys' tone, when speaking of his wife's miniature,—although he says it was a most rare piece of work,—which may possibly be accounted for by the fact that Cooper was pre-eminently the painter of strong men rather than of pretty women.

The painter of beautiful women was Richard Cosway, who succeeded Cooper in the long line of famous miniaturists. As an exponent of feminine loveliness he has never had an equal. In the painting of hair particularly he excelled; and the mere mention of a Cosway miniature conjures up an enchanting



A FRENCH ACTRESS OF THE XVIIIth CENTURY.
BY GUERIN.



PORTRAIT BY HORACE HONE.

vision of a flower-like face framed in floating locks. It is most strange that a painter whose methods were of classic elegance, whose ideal went far beyond the subject, giving to it a beauty and grace all his own, could have been personally what Cosway was. Beginning in the world as a waiter in a coffee-house, he was first known as "Dirty Little Dick."

When he had become the greatest miniaturist of the time, and had grown rich enough to buy a handsome house in a fashionable quarter, he was driven from it immediately after taking possession, by Peter Pindar's scathing verses—about the sculptural lion on the outside and the living monkey on the inside—that set all London a-laughing. He appears to have been also afflicted with the eccentricity that goes with morbid sensibility, to separate genius from normal humanity.

When his young daughter died, he caused the remains to be embalmed and placed in a marble sarcophagus which stood in his drawing-room for fifty years afterwards, with a mad whirl of social dissipation perpetually going on around it, to the amazement and horror of the town. It is not surprising that the wife of such a man should have found him impossible to live with and should have retreated to France to become a nun. Many years later, when Cosway was eighty, his wife returned to England, resolved, in spite of him, to bury her daughter's bones. Cosway, who had not been ill, died while the sar-

cophagus was being removed from his house.

With Cosway's death, miniature painting began suddenly to decline, and under the Georges reached its lowest ebb. During the reign of George I., there was not a single miniaturist worthy to be named in the preceding illustrious company. Jervas was perhaps the best, but he appears to have been noted for his heterodox opinions rather than for his art. "At all events, you strictly observe the second commandment," retorted a person whom his views had offended. "For in your picture you make not the likeness of anything that is in the heavens above, or on the earth, or in the waters under the earth." The most interesting feature of this interval of artistic inaction was an outburst of amateur talent among women. Beginning with Rosalba Carriera's fascination of Paris in 1720, it ended in Angelica Kauffman's witchery of London some thirty years later. Among the most conspicuous of these women miniature painters was Lady Lucan, said by Walpole to have copied Hoskins, and the Olivers, and Cooper, "with such genius as almost depreciates those masters." Walcott ridicules this estimate of Walpole's in rhyme; but Dibdin, on the other hand, goes beyond him in praise of Lady Lucan's work, and whatever its quality, its quantity was astonishing; for it comprised, in addition to many miniature portraits, five folio volumes, illustrating Shakspeare's historical plays, all the painting being done between the ages of fifty, when her work was begun, and sixty-six, when it was finished. During



MRS. RALPH IZARD, BY MALBONE.

this period Allan Ramsay painted miniatures with notable success, but his work was discredited by the wholesale forgeries of an assistant. The latter is said to have done nothing for nearly three years but paint "Ramsay" miniatures of George III. and his uninteresting queen for dealers. Among the many mediocre painters of this dull interval, the name of James Holmes is recalled, in connection with his fine miniature of Lord Byron, which attained world-wide fame through being engraved for the frontispiece of the poet's works. In France, however, a Swede, Pierre Adolph Hall, achieved considerable reputation as a miniaturist. Finding his art not appreciated in his native country, he went to Paris, where he was appointed painter to the royal family. He died in 1794.

The opening of the present century witnessed a temporary revival of miniature painting. Jean Baptiste Isabey—one of the really great painters—was then at the height of fame in France, painting those wonderful historic miniatures of Napoleon, of Josephine, of the celebrities of the Directory, of indeed almost every prominent personage of the time. Jean Guérin, who was born at Strasburg, in 1760, ranks with Isabey as a painter of miniatures. A favorite of Marie Antoinette, he was forced to leave Paris during the Revolution. He returned under the Consulate.

Among the French painters of that time is Thouron, whose miniature of Benjamin Franklin is worthy of mention.

A contemporary of Isabey's, in Eng-



MRS. JAMES MONROE, BY SENÉ.

land, was Andrew Plimer. Plimer began to exhibit at the Academy as early as 1786. Here, too, Andrew Robertson, a Scotchman, entered upon a career of some popularity by painting a miniature of Benjamin West. Robertson's ability was, however, in no way remarkable, and he is best remembered in association with his pupil, Sir William Ross, who soon far surpassed the teacher; who became, indeed, one of the two last masters of miniature. Alfred Chalon—an Englishman in training, although of French birth—was the other last master of the art. He was considerably older than Ross, but the closest life-long friendship existed between them without a cloud of rivalry. Both painted Queen Victoria in the bloom of her youth, and, as time passed, the members of her majesty's family. Ross painted not only the entire royal family of England, but of Belgium, and of Portugal, and of France. His portrait of Louis Napoleon is especially celebrated. He was singularly faithful in likeness: his drawing is strikingly fine and true. Chalon's style was more dashing, more brilliant, with a facile grace that never touched the commonplace, although he and Ross had both much to contend with in the matter of drapery. For it is impossible to conceive any costume less favorable to artistic effect than the dress of the earlier part of Queen Victoria's reign. Her majesty has always been an ardent admirer of the miniature, and is said to have remarked to Chalon, when chemical discovery was applied to portraiture, that she feared it would super-

sede his exquisite art. "Ah, non, madame! Photographie can't flatter!" responded the painter, who had a French tongue with an English heart.

Sir William Ross, on the contrary, sadly admitted the fulfilment of the queen's prediction, recurring to it on his death-bed.

In the United States, miniature painting has had a notable history and several noble exponents. The period of its greatest popularity extends from the Revolution to the Civil war.

Miniatures had been painted in the colonies as early as 1667, as shown by Cotton Mather's reference to limning in his "Magnalia." Gerbier—as has already been mentioned—visited America some time between the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II. In 1771, an Irish gentleman named Ramage was painting miniatures in Boston; but at the outbreak of the Revolution, Charles Wilson Peale appears to have been the only portrait-painter in the colonies.

Peale, who was the father of Rembrandt Peale, had studied under Sir Godfrey Kneller, and seems to have been an artist of ability. He was the first painter of Washington, and is said to have had from him no less than fourteen sittings in the midst of the turmoil of war. Washington—so the story goes—was sitting to Peale for a miniature intended as a present for his wife, when he received intelligence of one of the most decisive victories of the struggle.

Peale sawed the ivory, molded the glass, and made the shagreen cases for his miniatures. He seems to have been indeed a versatile genius—a dentist,



A PORTRAIT BY BERRI.



A MINIATURE PORTRAIT BY CHARLES GILBERT STUART.

a taxidermist, the author of treatises on bridge building and the preservation of health. James Peale, his brother, was likewise a painter of Washington, and attained considerable reputation as a miniaturist in the early days of the republic. After the Declaration of Independence several well-known European miniature painters crossed the Atlantic, entered the fine new field, and spread their work throughout the original states. Of this group of artists, James Sharpless did, perhaps, the most individual work. It was usually in profile and done on a peculiar thick, gray paper. His wife occasionally copied his miniatures on ivory; but he himself painted on paper. He had an unusual habit of

painting and keeping duplicates, and a collection thus made came into the possession of a Virginia gentleman, as security for a loan, and was never claimed. Many of these portraits inscribed by the painter's own hand

with the names of the most prominent personages of the time, were for a while kept together, furnishing an extraordinary exhibition of Sharpless' unique methods. If required to paint a full-face miniature—which he disliked to do—he made an extra charge of five dollars for it: twenty being the price of the profile.

While these Old World miniaturists were coming to America, she had produced a miniature painter of her own, second to none. Edward Greene Malbone was born in Rhode Island—"the birth-place of American art"—in 1777, and died at thirty years of age. Among American artists he stands alone; abroad he ranks with the masters in a branch of art wherein excellence is rare and mediocrity insufferable. His work has been described as perfect art, concentrated and etherealized; with a power of discerning char-

acter and the ability to delineate it, he gave an irresistible grace to every portrait; but his preëminent excellence was in his coloring, which harmonized delicacy with absolute truth. "He had the happy talent of elevating the character without impairing the likeness; this was remarkable in his male heads, and no woman ever lost any beauty from his hand; the fair becoming still fairer under his pencil." Thus wrote Washington Allston, the friend and pupil of Malbone. Allston himself at one time painted miniatures, but recognizing the great inferiority of this branch of his art to Malbone's, gave it up. Malbone and Allston joined Charles Fraser in South Carolina, at the close of the last century, and set

up what they called "a picture manufactory." The group of great painters thus formed has no parallel: Allston without a peer in his own peculiar line of the weird and the gruesome; Malbone, the greatest American miniature



A PORTRAIT BY RICHARD COSWAY.—Set in pearls on an oval, gold snuff-box, with red and white transparent enamel.

painter; Fraser, second only to Malbone, no one then or since coming between. Fraser, who lived to be very old, painted a great many miniatures. At a recent exhibition of his work in Charleston, three hundred were shown, a portrait of Lafayette among the rest. Fraser's labors were, however, chiefly confined to his native State, and he did not accompany Malbone and Allston when they left him to go to England on the invitation of Sir Benjamin West. Malbone's most famous picture, "The Hours," was painted during this visit to London.

After Malbone's death in 1807, Fraser wore the laurel in America for more than fifty years. On the eve of the Civil war the miniature seemed doomed, but in our later prosperity this delightful art bids fair to have an unprecedented vogue.

NOTE.—The Cosmopolitan wishes to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. V. A. Blacque, from whose collection some of the above miniatures were reproduced.



VOLUNTEERS AT HAVANA.

CUBA'S STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.

BY J. FRANK CLARK.

AFTER devoting two months to personal observations of the operations in the field, and visiting the principal cities of Cuba, after meeting the Spanish generals who are conducting the campaign, and the Cubans who are opposing them, the writer feels, in a measure, able to discard Spanish underestimates and insurgent overestimates of the gravity of the situation, and to make a brief statement of the plain facts.

The provinces of Santiago, Puerto Principe, and Santa Clara—three-fourths of the island in area—are in open revolt, maintained by such a force that the Spanish troops, instead of conducting the aggressive campaign mapped out by Gen. Martinez Campos upon his arrival in April, are practically on the defensive. In the eastern district they are penned up in the fortified towns and cities. In the

interior the insurgents move about at will, attacking and burning plantations and pueblos, and even occasionally falling upon a special garrison in a small town, but fighting only when they outnumber the Spaniards or surprise them in a disadvantageous position. Not more than a dozen encounters which could be called battles have taken place during the six months since the first uprising. From a military point of view, the operations possess little value. No lessons in the science of war are taught by the Spanish army, and the Cuban revolutionists are guerrillas in their methods. Midnight attacks upon weakly-garrisoned towns, ambushes for detached bodies of Spanish troops, and derailling railroad trains, are the main features of insurgent warfare. Yellow fever is their ally. A common saying among Cubans is, "July and

August are our greatest generals," for in those months more soldiers are expected to fall victims to fever than are killed by bullets in a year. Contrary to insurgent expectations, the deaths from yellow fever during June and July were comparatively few, but in August the mortality was much greater.

Spain's fighting force in Cuba numbers about fifty thousand men. Of these, thirty thousand have been sent from Spain since the outbreak of February 24th. There were then supposed to be ten thousand regular troops stationed on the island, besides the civil guards and volunteer regiments, and quite a scandal was created when it was discovered that there were actually only three thousand of the regulars.

The Spanish regulars in Cuba are nearly all young men and boys of from sixteen to twenty years. Probably the average

The Spanish officers appear to be more concerned about their own ease and comfort than about the discipline or efficiency of the troops. A German army officer will see his men fed before he partakes of food himself, but a Spaniard eats, and drinks, and is merry, while his men go hungry. The Spanish army in the field has no commissary department, no hospital tents, or for that matter no tents of any kind. The troops are fed at towns where there are barracks. When marching across country they get no rations, even though their journey lasts one, two, or three days. Hunger leads them to eat strange fruits, which land them in the hospital. When they fall sick, or drop from exhaustion, there are no ambulances to carry them the rest of the way, and they are strapped on to the backs of pack-mules. When asked why ambulances are not provided, a Spanish officer replied: "All the men



SALLY-PORT AND DRAWBRIDGE OF GIHARA.

age of an entire regiment would not be over nineteen years. These lads are raw conscripts from the peasant class of Spain. They are densely ignorant, very few being able to read or write. They are untrained, unacclimated, undisciplined, poorly fed and clothed, and treated worse than cattle.

would then become sick and want to ride."

The uniform of the Spanish soldiers is of brown linen, and consists of a pair of trousers, a blouse jacket, and a straw hat. Brogans are worn on the feet, a jute blanket is provided, and is carried in

a roll over the left shoulder when marching. A Mauser or Remington rifle and bayonet, and a cartridge-box attached to a belt, complete the equipment. One week's service in Cuba makes a company of soldiers look like a wing of Coxey's army. The heavy shoes are discarded for felt-soled sandals. Marching through muddy roads and sleeping on the ground changes the color of the suit to the color of the soil. Many men are without blankets, having traded them for food or drink. Bright-eyed, ruddy-cheeked boys become pale, forlorn-looking wrecks after a month on the island. Exposure to the torrid rays of the sun, with alternate drenchings during the rainy season, make

residents of the towns and cities, who find it safer to enlist as volunteers than to be suspected of insurgent leanings. In Santiago, Puerto Principe, and Santa Clara, whole companies of volunteers have deserted to the Cuban side, taking Spanish arms and ammunition with them.

When, in March and April, calls were made for volunteers, many Cubans in the cities enlisted with the deliberate intention of using what knowledge of military tactics was imparted to them against Spain later on. When the volunteer regiments were employed only as home guards in cities which were quiet, the Cubans remained in the ranks, but when General Campos sent the volunteer regi-

ments to the field, in June and July, desertions were numerous. With the single exception of the battle of Jobito, there is no record of any fighting done by Spanish volunteers.

Upon his arrival from Spain, Captain-General Campos placed the troops of the eastern district, to which the revolt was then confined, under Generals Salcedo, Lachambre, and Valdez, with headquarters respectively at Santiago, Bayamo, and Gibara. Each commander was given jurisdiction over certain territory. Gen. Jorge Garrich was made military and civil governor of the province of Santiago. Under these generals, with Martinez



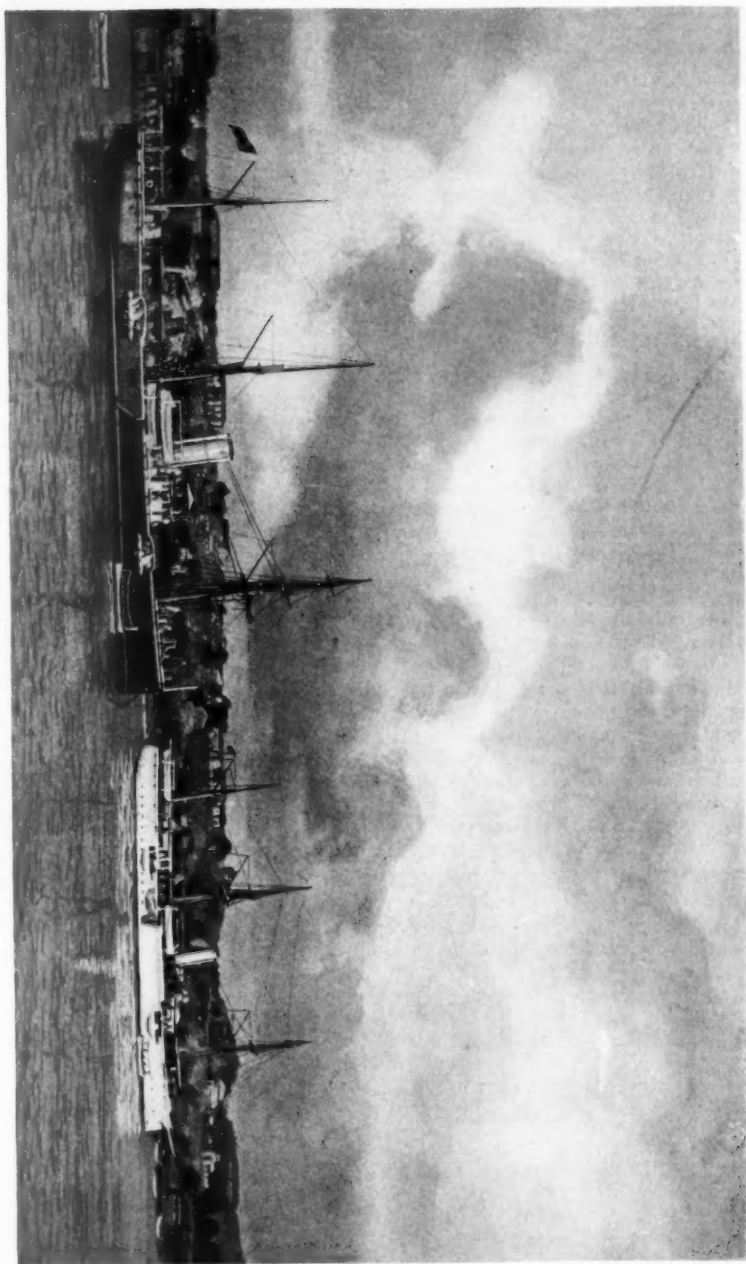
GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S PALACE AT HAVANA, BUILT IN 1794.

them fitting subjects for fever, and the hospitals at Santiago, Havana, Guantánamo, and other places, are full of soldiers. Officers who feel any symptoms of fever obtain leave of absence, and go to Havana or back to Spain to recuperate, but the men in the ranks remain in the field.

In addition to the troops of the line, there are the Civil Guards, a well-uniformed, well-drilled body of resident police similar to the French gendarmes and the volunteer regiments. The Civil Guards number about three thousand. The volunteer regiments have been increased by active recruiting until some twelve thousand volunteers are enrolled. The greater number of these are Spanish

Campos supreme in command, the campaign was carried on until August, when General Campos appointed Gen. José Jimenez Moreno to succeed Salcedo, and Gen. Andres Gonzales Munoz to succeed General Lachambre.

All the Spanish men-of-war in Cuban waters were placed under General Campos' orders. They are supposed to be patrolling the coast and watching for filibustering expeditions, but they spend most of the time at anchor in the harbors of Havana, Santiago, Baracoa, Nuevitas, and Gibara. The Conde de Venadito has distinguished herself by firing upon the *Allianca* while the latter was flying the American flag, but none of the warships



CONDE DE VENADITO AND CRISTOBAL COLON IN SANTIAGO HARBOR.

have yet caught a filibusterer. The Spanish fleet in Cuban waters consists of the Maria Cristina, Infanta Isabel, Conde de Venadito, Cristobal Colon, Jorge Juan, Sanchez Barcaiztegui, Reina Mercedes, Nueve España, Fernando el Catolico, Magallanes, Concha, Alcedo, Cuba Española, Fradeva Contremaestre, Martin Alonzo Pinzon, Janese, Galicia, and Filipinas.

General Campos increased this squadron by chartering the fine passenger steamship Villaverde, which he uses as his private yacht. He is constantly moving from port to port, urging his generals to greater activity. While on board ship or at one of the seaport cities, where heavy garrisons are stationed and one or two gunboats are anchored, General Campos has been safe from danger. His trip from Manzanillo to Bayamo, which nearly resulted in his capture by the insurgents, is the only instance in which he has attempted to go across country on horseback. Nearly all his movements are by water, with an occasional run by special train across the island between Havana and Cienfuegos.

As the railroads of the eastern provinces are subject to frequent attacks, General Campos does not travel on them. All inland telegraph lines of the eastern half of the island have been in the hands of the insurgents for months, and wire communication has been stopped. Spain has granted a concession to a cable company to lay a cable entirely around the island for government and commercial uses, but the company is awaiting quieter times be-

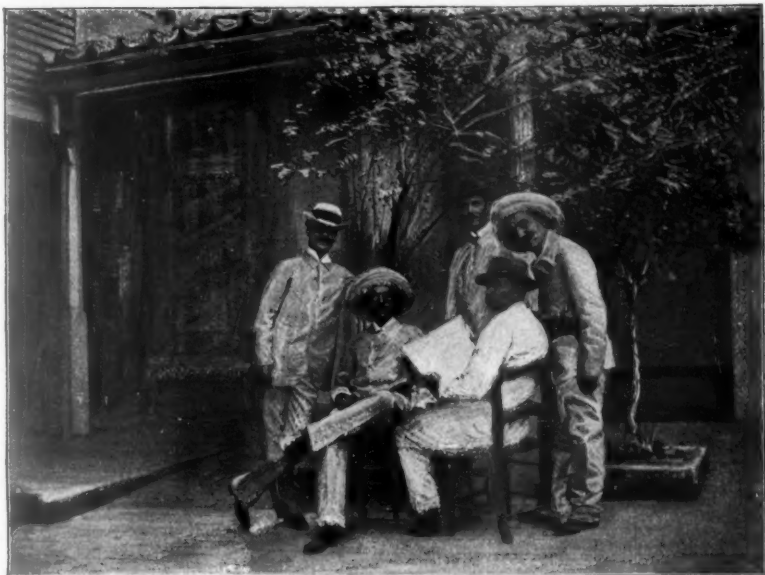
fore beginning construction. Concessions have been given to the several short railroads of Santiago and Puerto Principe provinces to extend their lines, and subsidies have been offered them by the government, but the main concern of the railroad companies now is to save their past investments and not to increase them. The railroads in the Santiago province are American enterprises, and for this reason they have escaped destruction, even though they run through insurgent territory. General Campos has used these roads for the transfer of troops, ammunitions, and supplies, and whenever the lines have been cut it has been to prevent the concentration of government troops.

The insurgent force, which numbered less than three thousand when Martinez Campos disembarked at Santiago de Cuba on April 16th, has grown until in the eastern district there are about twelve thousand men under arms. In Puerto Principe and Santa Clara there are probably eight thousand more, making twenty thousand in all. In addition to this number there are thousands of Cubans who, without being regularly enrolled in the army, are ready to join when there is any fighting to be done in the vicinity of their homes. These men fight one day, work on a plantation the next, and carry supplies from town to camp on another.

Not half of the insurgents are fully armed, but all have some sort of a weapon. Hunting rifles and shot-guns are numer-



LA PUNTA FORTRESS AND MORRO CASTLE, HAVANA.



WAR CORRESPONDENTS AT SANTIAGO.

ous, and occasionally a musket is seen that did service in the war of 1868 to 1878. The Cuban's native weapon, the machete, is carried by all the insurgents. It is a sword with a blade thirty inches in length, and resembles an elongated bread-knife. A native on horseback, swinging the machete above his head, can cut a path through a thick forest as fast as a horse walks. In the same way he can cut his way through a line of Spanish soldiers, and no infantryman with bayonet set can stop him.

Rifles and ammunition which have been landed by filibustering expeditions are not so plentiful in the Cuban army as one might suppose from reading the highly-colored accounts which have been printed in the States about these expeditions. The Mauser and Remington rifles which the rebels have captured from the Spanish troops, far outnumber the guns that have been landed by expeditions. In one engagement, that of Ramon de los Jaguas, the insurgents captured fourteen thousand rounds of ammunition and one hundred and fifty Mauser rifles. Two field cannon are used by Maceo's command, and Rodriguez has two guns in Santa Clara province. As nearly all Spanish outposts

have only blockhouses and wooden barricades for protection, the value of a small field-piece is apparent.

The insurgents are well supplied with horses, having helped themselves to the live stock of the plantations, and large bodies of mounted guerrillas form the most effective force in the rebel army. The insurgents wear no uniform. The most common dress is a pair of trousers and an undershirt. Their officers carry swords, but have no other distinguishing marks; they are commissioned regularly, and strict discipline, so far as observance of order and good behavior, is maintained among the men, but the manual at arms is unknown, and drills are seldom indulged in. The insurgents were formed in bands at the beginning of hostilities, and while the size of the bands has increased, and the leader of a band has become colonel, or comandante, or teniente, his followers are still a band. Vivid accounts of attacks by insurgent cavalry supported by insurgent infantry, generally emanate from a strong imagination. In Cuba the common name for insurgent is "mambi," and the cry, "The mambis are coming!" strikes with terror the dwellers in the unprotected towns and on the plan-



SPANISH TROOPS MARCHING PAST TACON THEATER, HAVANA.

tations of the interior. Bands of insurgents wander from plantation to plantation, taking such contributions of cattle, yams, plantains, rice, flour, and guns as are offered. If the planter refuses to supply the wants of his visitors, or if he happens to be a Spaniard, the insurgents stampede his stock, burn his buildings, and leave his plantation a wreck. Supplies are gathered together at the mountain retreats, where the insurgents have camps.

Gen. Maximó Gomez is commander-in-chief of the rebel army. Gen. Antonio Maceo is next in rank, and is in command of the forces in Puerto Principe, and Gen. Suarez Zayas commander of Santa Clara. Maj.-Gen. José Maceo, a brother of Antonio, is chief of the first division in the eastern district. Gen. Bartolo Maso is in command of the Manzanillo district. José Martí, who was killed, was a serious loss to the insurgents. He was an organizer and not a fighter, and was on his way to the coast to embark for this country when shot. His place, that of civil head of the insurrection, was filled by the election in this country of Thomas Estrada Palma, of Center Valley, Orange county, New York, whose title is President of the Cuban Liberation Clubs of North, Central, and

South America. The Cubans who are under arms in Cuba recognize no authority above Gomez, Maceo, and Zayas. Each of these is supreme in the province in which he is in command.

At the present writing, General Campos, with the forces at his command, has been utterly unable to check the spread of the insurrection. After the landing of the insurgent leaders, Gomez, Maceo, and Martí, and the bold announcements that Gomez had decided to go to Puerto Principe, which was then quiet, and head a rising there, Campos threw all of his available men in the path of Gomez, and attempted to confine the trouble to the Santiago district. Gomez passed the line of Spanish troops, and the inhabitants of Camaguey, as the Puerto Principe province is called, rose upon his arrival and placed five thousand men at his disposal inside of a month. The next province, that of Santa Clara, was waiting for Camaguey, and when word was passed along that Gomez had arrived and been joined by the Marquis of Santa Lucia and other prominent citizens with their followers, bands organized in the third province. Then came the expedition of Roloff and Roderiguez from the United States with arms and ammunition, and

Santa Clara was at war. When it is remembered that Santa Clara is practically a level country without the impenetrable mountains and dense forests of the eastern end of the island, the action of her people becomes the more remarkable, and shows plainly the determination of the Cubans to secure their freedom this time or perish in the attempt. Santa Clara is rich in sugar plantations, and Camaguey is the great cattle-raising province. Many Americans own extensive plantations in these provinces. Cienfuegos, the largest city of Santa Clara, has electric lights, streets that are paved and kept clean, and the city is well drained. It is the most American city on the island. Its harbor is far superior to that of Havana, and in commercial importance it is the third city of the island. A picturesque old castle marks the entrance to its harbor, but like most other Cuban cities it is without fortifications to resist land attack.

Havana is provided with a circle of forts that would make it difficult to capture either by land or by sea. Old Morro castle is hardly counted as a fort any longer, but it is used for the confinement of political prisoners. Sanguilly, an American citizen who was supposed to

lead a rising of Cubans in Havana, and who was arrested when people in other sections rose, is in a dungeon in the Morro with little prospect of release. Just in the rear of the Morro, on the bluff overlooking Havana, a strong fortress is located. Modern guns are also mounted at La Punta, an old fort opposite the Morro, and at the Reina just below.

At other seaport cities the lack of modern guns and defenses is very noticeable. Santiago de Cuba, the second city on the island, has at the entrance to its harbor a Morro castle even more picturesque than that at Havana, a small saluting battery inside the harbor, and no other defenses whatever. At the Artillery park in the city five million cartridges are stored, and with less than one thousand Spanish troops on garrison duty the insurgents would have little difficulty in taking the town.

At Baracoa, a fort built between 1500 and 1525 is the only protection at the entrance to the harbor. A garrison of about two thousand men is kept in the barracks, which are on top of a high hill back of the town. At Gibara there stands a fort which was built when the island was first settled, and while Columbus was



SPANISH TROOPS KNEELING DURING RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES, AT BARACOA.



SPANISH TROOPS IN CAMP.

still alive. It has a moat and a draw-bridge, the latter still in place, though the fort has not been used for military purposes in many a year. At Manzanillo there are several blockhouses used in the last war and ready for emergency now.

At railway towns and points in the interior the Spaniards have built forts of two thicknesses of planks with earth filling in between. Spanish men-of-war form the chief reliance for the defenses of sea-coast cities. One or two lay at anchor in each of the important harbors, and whenever there is talk of the insurgents making an attempt to capture a city, the Spaniards announce that the city will be shelled if it falls into the hands of the rebels. As a majority of the residents are Cubans, and do not relish the idea of seeing their property in ruins, the rebels move on, and no city has yet been attacked by the insurgents. What will happen later if the insurrection continues to grow as it has in the past, is impossible to say.

Spain proposes to send additional troops and a number of additional gunboats now that the rainy season is about over, and the oft-repeated announcement that the rebellion is to be quickly stamped out is made. As a matter of fact, every Cuban

is a rebel at heart, and the trouble will never be stamped out until Cuba is free or there are no more Cubans. With commercial and business interests interwoven with those of the republics of the New World, the remarkable thing is, not that Cuba has rebelled against the rule of Spain, but that the worst laggard of Old World monarchies should so long retain control of the Queen of the Antilles. Spain has declared that not until the last dollar has been expended, and the last man gone, will she part with Cuba. The pride of the *hidalgos* is proverbial, but against it is pitted the patriotic resolve of a people to obtain their freedom or die in the attempt.

Deprived of all rights which men hold dear: refused home rule even in local affairs, taxed to the uttermost limit to support Spain's crumbling monarchy, robbed of what was left by unscrupulous Spanish officials, these people have risen for a last determined effort to throw off the foreign yoke. All America awaits the outcome with interest. "Cuba Libre," has been the cry for two generations. The children of the third generation will take it up if their fathers fail, and in God's own time Cuba will be free.



Illustrated by Herbert Denman

THE GREATNESS OF MAN.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

IGNORANT, as I inevitably am, dear reader, of your intellectual and spiritual upbringing, I can hardly guess whether the title of my article will impress you as a platitude or as a paradox. Goodness knows, some men and many women think quite enough of themselves as it is, and, from a certain momentary point of view, there may seem little occasion indeed to remind man of his importance.

I refer to your intellectual and spiritual upbringing, because I venture to wonder if it was in the least like my own. I was brought up, I rejoice to say, in the bosom of an orthodox Puritan family. I hope that that family rejoices too. I was led and driven to believe that man was everybody and that God was somebody—and that, not merely the Sabbath, but the whole universe, was made for man: that the stars were his bedtime candles, and that the sun arose to ensure his catching the 8:37 of a morning.

On this belief I acted for many years. Gentlemen and other varieties of the press, if you will relish a personal allusion, tell me that I am not of much importance nowadays; ah, if they had only met me at nineteen—I was very important then. Every young man believes that

there is no god but God, and that he is born to be His prophet—though perhaps that belief is not so common nowadays. I am speaking of many years ago.

Science, however, has long since changed all that. Those terrible Muses, geology, astronomy, and particularly biology, have reduced man to a humility which, if in some degree salutary, becomes in its excess highly dangerous. Why should one maggot in this great cheese of the world take itself more seriously than others? Why dream mightily and do bravely if we are but a little higher than the beasts that perish? Nature cares nothing about us, and her giant forces laugh at our fancies. The world has no such meaning as we thought. Poets and saints, deluded by unhealthy imaginations, have misled us, and it is quite likely that the wild waves are really saying nothing more important than "Beecham's Pills."

"Give us a definition of life," I asked a certain famous scientist and philosopher whom I am privileged to call my friend. "Nothing easier!" he gaily replied. "Life is a product of solar energy, falling upon the carbon compounds, on the outer crust of a particular planet in a particular corner of the solar system."

"And that," I said, "really satisfies



you as a definition of life—of all the wistful wonder of the world!" And as I spoke I thought of Moses with mystically shining face upon the Mount of the Law, of Ezekiel rapt in his divine fancies, of Socrates drinking his cup of hemlock, of Christ's agony in the garden,—the golden faces of the great of the world passed as in a dream before me,—soldiers, saints, poets, and lovers. I thought of Horatius on the bridge, of the holy and gentle soul of St. Francis, of Chatterton in his splendid despair, and in fancy I went with the awe-struck citizens of Verona to reverently gaze at the bodies of two young lovers who had counted the world well lost if they might only leave it together.

The carbon compounds!

I took down "Romeo and Juliet" and listened to its passionate spherul music, and the carbon compounds have never troubled me again.

Love laughs at the carbon compounds, and a great book, a noble act, a beautiful face, make nonsense of such cheap formulae for the mystery of human life.

Yet this parable of the carbon compounds is a fair sample of all that science can tell us when we come to ultimates. We go away from its oracles with a mouthful of sounding words, which may seem very impressive till we examine their emptiness. What, for example, is all this rigmarole about solar energy and the carbon compounds but a more pompous way of putting the old scriptural statement that man was made of the dust of the ground? To say that God took a handful of dust and breathed upon it and it became man, is no harder to realize than that solar rays falling upon that dust

should produce humanity and all the various phantasmagoria of life. If anything, it is more explanatory. It leaves us with an inspiring mystery for explanation.

In saying this, I do not forget our debt to science. It has done much in clearing our minds of cant, in popularizing more systematic thinking, and in instituting sounder methods of observation. In some directions it has deepened our sense of wonder. It has broadened our conception of the universe—but I fear it has been at the expense of narrowing our conception of man. With Hamlet it contemptuously says, "What is this quintessence of dust!" It is so impressed by the mileage and tonnage of the universe, so abased before the stupendous measurements of the cosmos, the appalling infinity and eternity of its space and time, that it forgets the marvel of the mind that can grasp all these conceptions, forgets, too, that big and bullying as the forces of nature may be, man has been able in a large measure to control, indeed to domesticate, them. Surely the original fact of lightning is not more marvelous than the power of man to turn it into his errand-boy or his horse, to light his rooms with it, and imprison it in pennyworths, like the genius in the bottle, in "The Underground Railway." Mere size seems unimpressive when we contemplate such an extreme of littleness as say the ant, that pin-point of a personality, that mere speck of being, yet including within its infinitesimal proportions a clever, busy brain: a soldier, a politician, and a merchant.* That such and so many faculties should have room to operate within that tiny body—there is a marvel before which,



it seems to me, the billions of miles that keep us from falling into the jaws of the sun, and the tonnage of Jupiter are comparatively insignificant and conceivable.

No, we mustn't allow ourselves to be frightened by the mere size and weight of the universe, or be depressed because our immediate genealogy is not considered aristocratic. Perhaps, after all, we are sons of God, and as Mr. Meredith finely puts it, our life here may still be

" . . . a little holding
To do a mighty service."

"Things of a day!" exclaims Pindar. "What is a man? What is a man not?"

It is good for our Nebuchadnezzars, the kings of the world, and conceited, successful people generally, to measure themselves against the great powers of the universe, to humble their pride by contemplation of the fixed stars; but a too humble attitude toward the Infinite, a too constant pondering upon eternity, is not good for us, unless, so to say, we can live with them as friends, with the inspiring feeling that, little as we may seem, there is that in us which is no less infinite, no less cosmic, and that our passions and dreams have, as Mr. William Watson puts it, "a relish of eternity."

Readers of "Amiel's Journal" will know what a sterilizing, petrifying influence his trance-like contemplation of the Infinite had upon his life. Amiel was simply hypnotized by the universe, as a man may hypnotize himself by gazing fixedly at a star.

Mr. Pater, you will remember, has a remarkable study of a similar temperament in his "Imaginary Portraits." Se-

bastian van Storck, like Amiel, had become hypnotized by the Infinite. It paralyzed in him all impulse or power "to be or do any limited thing."

"For Sebastian, at least," we read, "the world and the individual alike had been divested of all effective purpose. The most vivid of finite objects, the dramatic episodes of Dutch history, the brilliant personalities which had found their parts to play in them, that golden art, surrounding one with an ideal world, beyond which the real world was discernible indeed, but etherealized by the medium through which it came to one; all this, for most men so powerful a link to existence, only set him on the thought of escape—into a formless and nameless infinite world, evenly gray. . . . Actually proud, at times, of his curious, well-reasoned nihilism, he could but regard what is called the business of life as no better than a trifling and wearisome delay."

This mood, once confined to a few mystics, is likely to become a common one, is already, one imagines, far from infrequent—so the increase of suicide would lead us to suppose. Robbed of his hope of a glorious immortality, stripped of his spiritual significance, bullied and belittled by science on every hand, man not unnaturally begins to feel that it is no use taking his life seriously, that, in fact, it betrays a lack of humor to do so. While he was a supernatural being, a son of God, it was with him a case of noblesse oblige; and while he is happy and comfortable he doesn't mind giving up the riddle of the world. It is only the unhappy that ever really think. But what is he to do when agony and despair come upon him, when



all that made his life worth living is taken from him? How is he to sustain himself, where shall he look for his strength or his hope? He looks up at the sky full of stars, but he is told that God is not there, that the city of God is long since a ruin, and that owls hoot to each other across its moss-grown fanes and battlements; he looks down on the earth, full of graves, a vast necropolis of once radiant dreams, with the living for its phantoms, and there is no comfort anywhere. Happy is he if some simple human duty be at hand, which he may go on doing blindly and dumbly—till, perhaps, the light comes again.

It is difficult to offer comfort to such a one. Comfort is cheap, and we know nothing. When life holds nothing for our love and delight, it is difficult to explain why we should go on living it—except on the assumption that it matters, that it is, in some mystical way, supremely important how we live it, what we make of those joys and sorrows which, say some, are but meant as mystical trials and tests.

Sebastian van Storck refused "to be or do any limited thing," but the answer to his mysticism is to be found in a finer mysticism, that which says that there is no limited act or thing, but that the significance, as well as the pathos, of eternity is in our smallest joys and sorrows, and in our most every-day transaction, and the greatness of God incarnate in His humblest child.

This, the old doctrine of the microcosm, seems in certain moments, moments one would wish to say, of divination, strangely plain and clear—when, in Blake's words, it seems so easy to

"... see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand
And eternity in an hour."

Perhaps in the street, an effect of light, a passing face, yes, even the plaintive grind of a street-organ, some such every-day circumstance affects you suddenly in quite a strange way. It has become universalized. It is no longer a detail of the Strand, but a cryptic symbol of human life. It has been transfigured into a thing of infinite pathos and infinite beauty, and, sad or glad, brings to you an inexplicable sense of peace, an unshakable conviction that man is a spirit, that his life is indeed of supreme and lovely significance, and that his destiny is secure and blessed.

Matthew Arnold, sensitive to such spiritual states, has described these trance-like visitations in "The Buried Life":

"Only, but this is rare—
When a beloved hand is laid in ours,
When, jaded with the rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
When our world-deafen'd ear
Is by the tones of a loved voice caress'd—
A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again:
The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
And what we mean, we say, and what we would, we know.

A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
And hears its winding murmur; and he sees
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.

"And there arrives a lull in the hot race
Wherein he doth forever chase
That flying and elusive shadow, rest.
An air of coolness plays upon his face,
And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.
And then he thinks he knows
The hills where his life rose,
And the sea where it goes."



"To be or do any limited thing!" What, indeed, we ask in such hours, is a limited thing, when all the humble interests of our daily life are palpably big with eternity? Is the first kiss of a great love a limited thing? though there is, unhappily, no denying that it comes to an end. When a young husband and wife smile across to each other above the sleep of their little child—is that a limited thing? When the siren voices of the world blend together on the lips of a young poet, and with rapt eyes and hot heart he makes a song as of the morning stars—is that a limited thing? Are love, and genius, and duty done in the face of death—are these limited things? I think not—and man, indeed, knows better.

Greatness is not relative. It is absolute. It is not for man to depress himself by measuring himself against the eternities and the immensities external to him. What he has to do is to look inward upon himself, to fathom the eternities and the immensities in his own heart and brain.

And the more man sees himself forsaken by the universe, the more opportunity to vindicate his own greatness. Is there no kind heart beating through the scheme of things?—man's heart shall still be kind. Will the eternal silence make mock of his dreams and his idealisms, laugh coldly at "the splendid purpose in his eyes?" Well, so be it. His dreams and idealisms are none the less noble things, and if the gods do thus make mock of mortal joy and pain—let us be grateful that we were born mere men.

Moreover, he has one great answer

to the universe—the answer of courage. He is still Prometheus, and there is no limit to what he can bear. Let the vultures of pain rend his heart as they will, he can still hiss "coward" in the face of the Eternal. Nay, he can even laugh at sufferings—thanks to the spirit of humor, that most blessed of ministering angels, without which surely the heart of humanity had long since broken, by which man is able to look with a comical eye upon terrors, as it were taking themselves so seriously, coming with such Olympian thunders and lightnings to break the spirit of a mere six-foot of earth!

But while his courage and his humor are defenses of which he cannot be disarmed, whatever be the intention of the Eternal, it is by no means certain that nature does not mean kindly by man. Perhaps the pain of the world is but the rough horseplay of great powers that mean but jest—and kill us in it: as though one played at "tick" with an elephant!

Perhaps, after all, who knows—God is love, and his great purpose kind.

Surely, when you think of it, the existence in man of the senses of love and pity implies the probability of their existence elsewhere in the universe too.

"Into that breast which brings the rose
Shall I with shuddering fall."

So runs the profoundest thought in modern poetry—and need I say it is Mr. Meredith's?

As the fragrance and color of the rose must in some occult way be properties of the rude earth from which they are drawn



by the sun, may not human love also be a kindly property of matter—that mysterious life-stuff in which is packed such marvelous potentialities? Evidently love must be somewhere in the universe—else it had not got into the heart of man; and pity slides down like an angel in the rays of the solar energy, while there is the potential beating of a human heart even in the hard crust of the carbon compounds.

I confess that this seems to me no mere fancy, but a really comforting speculation. Pain, we say, is inherent in the scheme of the universe; but is not love seen to be no less inherent, too?

There must be some soul of beauty to animate the lovely face of the world, some soul of goodness to account for its saints. If the gods are cruel, it is strange that man should be so kind, and that some pathetic spirit of tenderness should seem to stir even in the bosoms of beasts and birds.

Meanwhile, we cannot too often insist, whatever uncertainties there be, that man has one certainty—himself. Science has really adduced nothing essential against his significance. That he is not as big as an Alp, as heavy as a star, or as long-lived as an eagle, is nothing against his proper importance. Even a nobleman is of more significance in the world than his acres, and giants are not proverbial for their intellectual or spiritual qualities. The ant is of more importance than the ass, and the great eye of a beautiful woman is more significant than the whole clayey bulk of Mars.

After all the scientific mockery of the old religious ideal of the importance of man, one begins to wonder if his Ptolemaic fancy that he was the center of the

universe, and that it was all made for him, is not nearer the truth than the pitiless theories which hardly allow him equality with the flea that perishes.

Suppose if, after all, the stars were really meant as his bedtime candles, and the sun's purpose in rising is really that he may catch the 8:37!

For, as Sir Thomas Browne says in his solemn English, "there is surely a piece of Divinity in us, something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun."

The long winter of materialistic science seems to be breaking up, and the old ideals are seen trooping back with something more than their old beauty in the new spiritual spring that seems to be moving in the hearts of men.

After all its talk, science has done little more than correct the misprints of religion. Essentially, the old spiritualistic and poetic theories of life are seen, not merely weakly to satisfy the cravings of man's nature, but to be mostly in harmony with certain strange and moving facts in his constitution, which the materialists unscientifically ignore.

It was important, and has been helpful, to insist that man is an animal, but it is still more important to insist that he is a spirit as well. He is, so to say, an animal by accident, a spirit by birthright; and however homely his duties may occasionally seem, his life is bathed in the light of a sacred transfiguring significance: its smallest acts flash with divine meanings, its highest moments are rich with "the pathos of eternity," and its humblest duties mighty with the responsibilities of a god.



A FORTRESS OF THE CENTURIES.

BY MARY THORN CARPENTER.

IT was at night that I first realized that I was on the Rock of Al Târik, in one of the yellow-tinted houses that surround and encircle its rocky sides. The midnight gun sounded from the fort and flashed a lighter smoke between me and the sky. Then the sense of living on an English fortified stronghold, and of the protection of the British lion's roar, gave me an accession of that feeling of strangeness which is the sensation most sought for in a foreign land and often sought in vain. So unconsciously does our life assimilate itself to the odd customs of other countries, that many a time we feel defrauded in not being able to summon the new impressions pursued with such vain efforts.

All day we had felt the massive rock towering over us, its stern, gray side broken only in places where a peach orchard bloomed in pale pinks or a clump of orange trees snowed down their white petals to soften its ruggedness. One would suppose the embattled walls, ramparts, and barracks, and the sentinels starting up around sharp corners, the red incarnation of war itself, would have made us feel the nature of our habitation. The fact is, the character of Gibraltar is so disguised with overrunning vines and flowers, that it seems as if Nature in a very praiseworthy manner were seeking to cover the destructiveness of warfare and making amends for men's savageness by concealing it under the jungle of



THE MARKET.

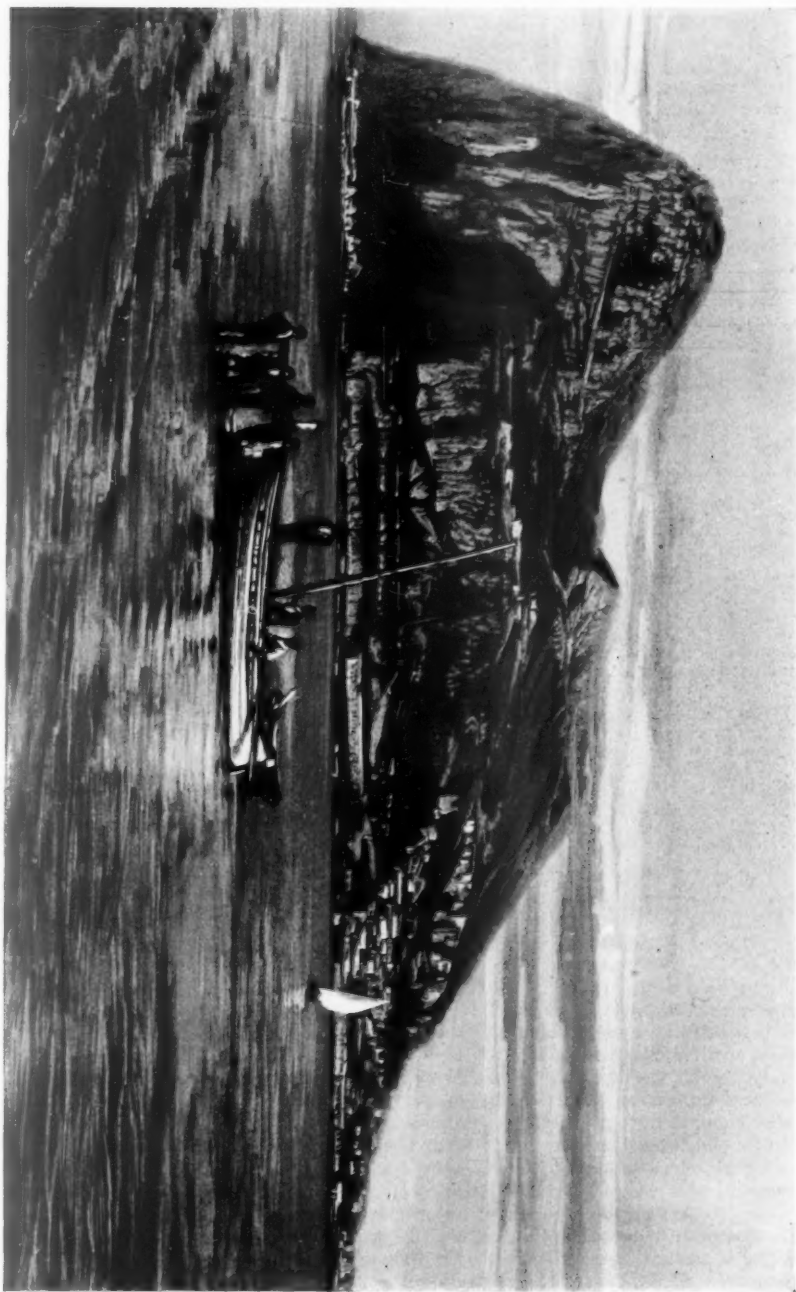
green things; even the great Victoria battery fires shot and shell from under acacia blossoms which completely ambush the one-hundred-ton gun, which is painted a natural green, hardly distinguishable from the garden shrubbery.

Stepping off the tug which brought us from the ship to the pier, we landed among a crowd of infuriated Anglo-Spaniards and shuffling Moors, who toppled over each other in efforts to present the bit of brass held high in air, which indicated a number corresponding to one in the row of carriage lamps; and in the bargaining which followed, and the difficulty of settling a price, all our fitting thoughts were driven away, and we did not experience the oddity of the situation until an officer marshaled us to the guard-house and issued a permit on which was printed a permission to remain on the rock until the sunset gun, conditional on good behavior. This incident quite overtopped the flower disguises of the garrison.

Enraged by the hustling and cadaverous native throng about us, I was per-

fectedly unconcerned about this square of blue paper until the landlord declined to allow any one to register without its delivery, promising to procure another for the following day. In fact, the military regulations are severe enough, as I began to find on a longer stay.

An amusing story is told in Gibraltar of an English soldier who lost his heart to an officer's daughter on the voyage hither from England. Impatient to behold his sweetheart again, he set out for her house the very evening of landing, but unluckily entered the outer gate just as the sunset gun closed the inner one, so the importunate lover spent the night miserably pacing the pavement between them. Gibraltar has fared strangely in the hands of fortune. Dedicated by the colonizing Moors with an inscription in the castle mosque to the "God of Peace, the great Pacificator," it has become the stronghold of war, and even the quiet Franciscan convent has evolved into the governor's palace, where balls and functions make it gay and festive.



THE ROCK.

That we were only here on sufferance might be easily known without the medium of the permits. In fact, we were unwelcome at best in the eyes of the British. Most inhospitable garrison orders have existed without repeal since 1720, which give the governor the power to expel all undesirable persons and insist on "the absence of all rights of residence."

Further enactments of the same sort state that the fortress having only limited space, no alien can be admitted except to

increased. In the early part of this century a law existed refusing a resident license to marry an alien unless they should leave the garrison. All through the day I wanted to use my kodak and catch the strange street scenes, but another regulation exists against an attempt in this line; nor could penciled notebooks be taken out in view of the police.

We sighted Gibraltar at nine. The passengers had crowded the decks since early morning casting their eyes toward the Spanish coast, and then with one accord



MOORISH MINSTRELS.

supply the wants of the garrison. Plainly we cannot come under that head; therefore, no alien can have any ground for complaint if excluded. The necessity for precaution against overcrowding seems clear enough in face of the fearful epidemics which have occurred under British rule, and indeed in former times a census was taken on the rock with the strange object of checking the growth of a population deemed dangerous to the health of the fortress. The more military Gibraltar became, the more the regulations

shifting to the opposite side of the vessel at some exclamation aroused by the African shore, and the unfamiliar square towers crowning pointed peaks. The bay of Gibraltar, which lapped the gray ramparts with its still blue waters, was not good ground for anchorage, and we cast several places before finding good holding ground. The signal station had done its mission well, and the announcement made in the streets an hour ago that the Kaiser was sighted, had effectually aroused the rigid Spanish boatmen, asleep



THE SIGNAL STATION.

on the water, out of their dreams, and in the twinkling of an eye transformed them into beasts of prey. 'Theirs' were the advancing green boats with rows of yellow oranges lining both sides, propelled as if by demonic energy over the two miles of intervening water. They arrive fiercely in a bunch, all screaming and pushing their neighbors in efforts to attract the steerage passengers, who lean far out on the rail and drop their shining pesetas into the black, outstretched hands; then a coarse basket is drawn up to the deck freighted with a hundred oranges.

On land the scene is summer, and an almost Italian atmosphere brightens the butter-colored buildings which make a steep dado around the mountains above the stone garrison wall. Snow rarely falls; the Calpi hunt club may have their meets all winter, a most gracious providence having arranged this to suit English needs. The hounds meet twice a week, but the hunting is, of course, in Spain, at least fourteen miles away from the rock, where the country is usually unfenced and open, but wooded, craggy, and stiff enough in parts to delight the cooped-up

Englishman's adventurous heart. Up the street trots a stout pony with a necklace of sleigh-bells and a Spanish, nail-studded harness mended with bright beads, but too late in the day to save the proverbial nine stitches. Street, did I say? No; the corner signs are distinctly lettered Luck Lane, Horseback Lane, Bedlam Tramp, Sand Pits, Scud Hill, Yank Ramp Hotel; and I am glad of a distinctive nomenclature as rightful to Gibraltar. Through these lanes came the moving throng of elements which make up the Anglo-Spanish town. The bristling strides of the Northmen, the shuffling steps of the Spaniards, dressed in a compromise costume of English cloth, Spanish cut, with Moorish scantiness. Invariably, on the warmest side of the Alameda gardens are the figures of the Moors, transfixed against the sun-baked walls; overhead a single palm breaks the blue sky-line, and the Arabs, with yellow slippers and brown legs below a hooded garment, unconsciously pose for an "œuvre posthume" of Gérôme. Just now an Englishwoman mounted on a high-bred hunter gallops past, throwing



NORTH ENTRANCE TO THE FORTRESS.

the time-dial seven centuries ahead, the two pictures of real life suggesting the well-known cartoon of the progress of costume in a thousand years, which in this case was but a day.

Spanish veils and Regent street bonnets dating in style anywhere in the present century, worn above the Madonna parting of soft, black hair, represent the head-gear of the women, and the complexions under them range in tint from the rich brown meerschaum burned on by summer sun, to the transplanted roses of the British islands. From the post of observation in our high-canopied vehicle, we look down on the stone-paved streets with an astonished surprise at their absolute cleanliness, although the absence of visible effort in this direction is noticeable. An effective ordinance of 1730 seems in part accountable not only for the good condition of the streets, but for the undisturbed security of the cats, whose neighborly night-sounds are an adieu to sleep. "If any dead cat, broken glass, or dirty water be found before any person's door, he shall be fined a cob (dollar), and if the neglect cannot be fixed on any person in particular, the one on either

side shall also pay." Self-interest and fines, then, should be the final solution of the street-cleaning problem.

The hotel, which is frequented by officers and soldiers off duty, belongs to the genus *Espagnol*, no trace of its English prototype appearing unless in the dress of the servants, copied minutely from the conventional English livery in striped, starched purple and white muslin.

We follow our luggage through the arched doorway, which is in no way different in aspect from a hundred similar ones on both sides of the street, and the commercial return for value received for the carriage hire from the station, was two pesetas demanded by the driver, full advantage having been taken of our foreign ignorance by the shrewd native.

Visible through the blue-tiled vestibule is the square, open court locally called *Casa*, with galleries superficially ornate enclosing it from above, where a clean kitchen overlooks the square, central court. An accumulation of green lettuce-leaves and garden stuff appeared in the window, in process of having a watery dip for the table d'hôte set in an opposite apartment, where later a *potpourri*



ALONG THE CLIFFS.

of international dishes is served, ending with cheese and crisp, red radishes. They served bream, the best of forty-five kinds of fish which create the wealth that flows from the curious straw baskets in the market into the pockets of the fishermen.

Among the curiosities of early administration is the order forbidding "any fisherman to sell his fish until the servant of the governor has bought what he requires." The tardy arrival of the servant would naturally bring about a general bankruptcy among the owners of spoiled and unsalable wares. Discipline of another character existed in the olden days of Gibraltar. Another command, issued in 1730, declares that "on account of the scarcity of flour, soldiers are not to have their hair powdered until further orders," which probably effectually increased the bread rations at the expense of vanity.

The port of Gibraltar possesses the charm of the loveliest sea view in the world, and the many Indian and Chinese

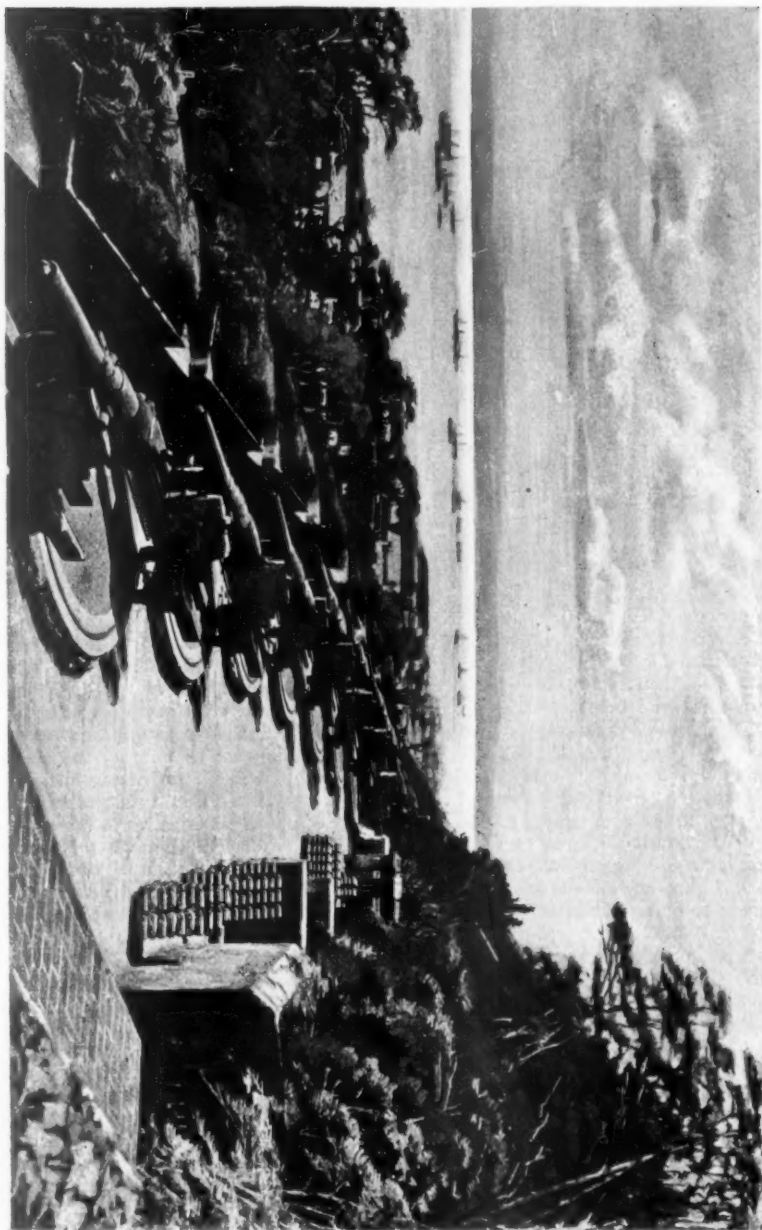
steamers that take advantage of its convenient position to coal and replenish their larders do not obscure the exquisite outlook over the Mediterranean waters. This goodly bay is, moreover, agreeably safe and protected, not only by the usual sanitary precautions, but there is a fixed law which orders off to quarantine all steamers so unfortunate as to carry gunpowder* or petroleum in their cargo, and the red and yellow flags glare furiously at each other within their watery palaces.

No custom duties are levied on tobacco or spirits; the bristling attitude of the British toward other imports inclines them to look leniently on these luxuries. I am told that in Spain, just across the line, these duties are strictly enforced wherever the police are not overcome by the *dolce far niente* of their countrymen. A few, however, do not seem afflicted with the national languor, and have devised a system of smuggling by means of dogs, which are brought up to the north front



MOORISH BEGGARS.

*Craft carrying gunpowder or petroleum are obliged to fly a red flag.



GARDNER'S BATTERY.



THE FORTIFICATIONS.

by sea and landed quietly at night in some little bay between the coast sentries. Several pounds of tobacco are then attached to the dogs' collars, and they are set off at a run for home just over the line.

That picturesque accessory to every European town—the market—was conspicuously present, flaunting unabashed the borrowed growth of Valencia melons, grapes from Malaga, and netted canewood bags with poultry from Morocco, and the formidable looking meats which settled the food question for the garrison. Just outside some peasants were buying carrots and small cabbages from donkey panniers, principally because there was nothing else. Truly there is a similarity in markets, very trying to a person who reveres veracity. If my Gibraltar market only relates a well-known tale, it is due to the world's lack of originality when it sends the usual supply of eggs, milk, and butter to one quarter, makes a winding labyrinth of ducks and chickens, and conveniently near heaps the familiar fruits and vegetables in masses of varied colors, thrown out by the high-walled background—all with a faithful lack of imagination that is common to all market-places.

Passing through the town, up among the cypress trees of Southport street, there stands the plain official residence of the governor, the former convent of Franciscan friars, where the strange contrasts of the long-vanished past culminate in the old choir chapel which forms the present garrison ball-room, and one wonders if it has reconciled itself in the slightest degree to the unsympathetic worldliness of its surroundings. The stained windows now show the shields and mottos of Gibraltar notables, in orange, green, and yellow strips of colored glass, and on other panels are emblazoned the arms of Moorish califs who governed the stronghold from 711 to 1462, and the kingly crest of Spanish kings who required their military souvenirs to be carved and painted everywhere on the beautiful cedar doorways. These inserted panels are believed to be made from the wood cast on shore from wrecks of Spanish ships which attacked the fortress in the eighteenth century; and indeed it seems extremely probable, in view of the existence of certain shot-holes repaired with very elementary skill.

With blind confidence in the truthfulness of native guides, we stopped at the gate of this beautiful garden to procure a

pass to visit the barracks and fortifications. The military secretary had gone away, but would be back directly, was the answer finally announced by the hack-driver, who had been taking much valuable time in prolonged conversation with the secretary's pretty servant; resigned but cheerful we remained silent in our little white-curtained carriage while the Spanish cabby proposed to go and search for him, and the horse leisurely munched his dinner spread on the pavement. No one passed by; the day was at its full, and Gibraltar rested from its labors. An interminable time we sat listening for the returning steps of the hawk-faced Spaniard, and the pesetas for the hackney hire rolled up as the hot

afternoon slipped past. At length the man appeared, his unruffled demeanor under reproaches due in great measure to his having had a good lunch at the corner café. He declares with a distressed look on his sallow face, that he had sought in vain the necessary official, and we must go to the American consul for a permit. Too tired to object to anything, we mount another street, and on the second floor of

a Spanish apartment, where the long French windows opened on a small palm-garden, a permit was at last secured from a gracious, old-fashioned gentleman, whose softened American accent was possibly the effect of having been consul here for forty-five years. Confirming this was his simple statement, "and my father was here fifteen years before me." Conscious of having a deepened respect for our diplomatic service, and especially its civil service clauses, we were too much surprised for remarks, and passed outward and onward toward the "great sight of Gibraltar," the fortified galleries. Higher and higher we zigzagged between the rows of meek, flat-faced stone houses which group among the fortifications and al-

most rub noses against the batteries, as if to get on friendly terms and secure a safe shelter. In point of plain fact, these numerous dwellings are the menace to Gibraltar—its most vulnerable side. I do not speak with the knowledge of an expert, but it is not necessary to look very close at this unbroken line of inflammable buildings without seeing that, in event of a successful firing of the town, so much smoke would ascend to the fortified heights above as to overcome the soldiers and make their situation untenable from the heat.

Half-way up the mountain, the long line of galleries trails out from the ferny roadside entrance; a red-coated gunner touched his soldier hat, signifying that he was to take us in charge, or, rather, in tow, and then started out at a pace which effectually closed all verbal communication with him, unless by shouting. A long, iron key turned a lock in an iron gate, which caged the fortifications, and it clicked again ominously behind us as we entered the tunnel blasted out of the entrance. Winding up the mountain-side, this long line of galleries is pierced through the lime-



A FAMILIAR HEAD-DRESS.

stone rock and divided into two ranges called Windsor and Union. Both are splendid in size, and steal along the sloping sides in a most ornamentally seductive way, and embrasures are blasted out in different parts for heavy guns. Joyous and in sure possession of even the rounded openings, the great guns blink sleepily in the sunshine and yield good-naturedly to subjection, as Milton says: "Jupiter on Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds that shed May flowers." This ended our privileged curiosity, as Great Britain keeps an anxious eye on all efforts tending to the enlightenment of strangers on her fortified rock, and so there was no question of going farther in unlocking the mysteries of the key to India.

To all appearances, from our post of observation to the sky-line, the place bristled with guns. The serious-looking batteries bring their iron faces to bear on incoming stranger ships with unrelenting scrutiny. For artillery purposes Gibraltar is divided into eight fortified districts, constantly strengthened and remodeled, making the show end of the rock a perfect network of shot and shell, and constituting the regulation defensive arrangements which hold the fortress as between the mighty paws of the British lion.

At this period of our sight-seeing, a crumb of information was gratefully received from the owner of a plumed hat and a red coat, who told us with inconsiderate brevity, that the quartermaster's unpretending yellow department contained supplies, constantly renewed, sufficient to sustain a siege of three years.

Dame Nature's intentions toward the rock have changed according to her feminine rights. To the relentless climatic condition which formed the oldest portions, succeeded a genial, pleasant land, which in turn was followed by the subsidence of a large part of the rock to about seven hundred feet below its present level; this resulted in the erosion of ledges and platforms. Then another upheaval united Africa and the continent of Europe again, and finally, not lastly, perhaps, another disunion occurred, which decreed a new separation for the pillars of Hercules and a distinct destiny for the two nations.

Contented with the christening, the rock remained uninhabited by its Phœnician sea conquerors until the great chief, Târik-Ibn-Zeyâd, coveting the best Spanish post of communication with Africa, built the round castle of Gibel-Târik on the mountain of Târik, which, dropping the hyphen, has been anglicized into Gibraltar, 711 A.D. The Moors held out in a checkered but irresistible way for a period of seven hundred and fifty-one years, and were even able to send a remarkable army into Spain to defeat the Christian forces of Castile at Badajos. The first time the Johatu-l-Tatch (mountain of victory) was exposed to a regular siege, it fell ingloriously enough, and from the first foothold of the eager Moslems in Europe, it became the last left to the old conquerors of Spain. The alcaid



A TAMBOURINE PLAYER.

of Algeciras was the hero to whom the enemies of the Holy Faith surrendered it, and this was the eighth siege experienced by the soldiers of the rock. The ninth in order was undertaken by a Duke of Medina-Sidonia, whose first act was the filial one of removing the body of his father, drowned during a retreat in the seventh siege, which had remained since that day suspended in a coffin over the gate of the Borcina. Another Duke of Medina most unsuccessfully attempted to blockade and besiege the fortress, and it was then the seal of the holy city of Gibraltar, the key of Spain, was granted a coat of arms consisting of a castle with a gold key, as a reward for the bravery of the inhabitants.

Again the scene changes, now a penal settlement, and then pillaged by Corsairs, bombarded by the French, and finally restored to the English, who have had it since the peace of Utrecht. Assisted by supposed incombustible and insubmergible batteries, the overawing ships, propelled by one sail, from one hundred to one thousand four hundred tonnage, were battered and burned by the garrison guns raining down shot and shell from the limestone rock, whose perpendicular boundaries "Hercules ordained were not to be overstepped by man," but whose acquisition changed the motto of the haughty Charles the Fifth.

THE NIXY'S CHORD.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYSEN.

VII.

THE air was wondrously still on the Sunday morning in June when he returned home; but there were vague resoundings round about him of the name Dorothy. He was ashamed to think of how little account all other things were to him. The meeting with his parents left him cold and oppressed with an awkward constraint. His father, who had probably shared in his own illusions, was disappointed and could not forbear to show it. His mother took note of his changed appearance and his fine clothes, and asked if they were not very expensive. His brother Halvar inquired, mockingly, whether he was going to set up for a gentleman now, and expressed the hope that his fiddling might turn out sufficiently profitable to warrant the change of costume. Dagfinn, though he was burning to see Dorothy, had to postpone his visit until the afternoon; then he pushed the boat into the river and rowed down to the parsonage. As he ran up the garden path, he met a handsome young gentleman wearing a light straw hat and smoking a cigar. He seemed to survey the place with a sense of proprietorship which to Dagfinn was alarming. He felt as if some one had clutched him by the throat; in the twinkling of an eye, an indefinable change came over the landscape. It was as if a rude hand had suddenly strangled the joyous voices in the air, as if a veil had been drawn over the sun; and the river ran with dumb writhings, as in a nightmare.

He would not have believed that the tall, beautiful lady who met him in the door was Dorothy, if she had not offered him her hand, and with quiet cordiality assured him that she was glad to see him. He did not exactly know what else he had expected, but he was so disappointed that he could have wept. Of the old charming camaraderie there was not a vestige left. What transformation she had undergone it would be difficult to define. There was a certain reserve in her manner which he interpreted as an intentional

rebuff, and a sweet, benign something which to his jaundiced eye looked like condescension. But beautiful she was—entrancingly beautiful. There was nothing of the young miss about her any more; no explosions of suppressed mirthfulness; no demure knowingness; no glances of sly confidence; no adorable gaucheries or blushing embarrassments. She was serene, gentle,—nay, even cordial; but there was a kind of aloofness in her cordiality which to a lover might have the effect of a chill. He sat and talked with her on the veranda with an inexplicable, anxious oppression. She inspired him with a great respect for her intelligence and practical sense. There was a native refinement about her which exhaled from her like a faint, sweet perfume; no visible eagerness to please; no transparent bids for admiration; no quirks and contortions of uneasy vanity. As far as he could judge, she was utterly unconscious of her beauty, which had a warmer tinge, as it were, and a nobler expressiveness than the prickly bud of five years ago.

She must now be twenty-two years, he reckoned, as she was two years younger than himself. What more natural, then, than that she should be engaged to the handsome young gentleman in the garden? And that was obviously what this half-sisterly interest, this kindly straightforwardness meant.

"Now tell me all about yourself," she urged, with smiling insistence, "you know I am curious. You need not wait to have me ask you."

"There is very little to tell," he replied with a sinking heart. And, really, there seemed to be nothing at all. Half an hour ago it had seemed that he would need weeks and months to disburden himself of all the confidences he was yearning to share with her; and now he was actually at a loss for something to say. The young gentleman with the straw hat came sauntering up, and she accomplished the ceremony of introduction (which to Dagfinn had always appeared an awkward matter) with a smiling ease which

again lifted her into the regions of the unattainable.

"Einar," she said, addressing the young man, "this is my friend, Mr. Jonsrud, of whom I have told you. Candidate Ritter, Mr. Jonsrud."

"Pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Jonsrud," observed Mr. Ritter, putting his pince-nez on his nose, and eyeing Dagfinn as if he were an interesting animal. "You are the youth, I believe, who aspires to capture the Nixy's chords?"

Dagfinn, fancying that he detected a suspicion of mockery in this remark, flushed with mortification and wrath. He could well imagine how imbecile such an aspiration must seem to a city-bred candidate of theology who looked upon all folk-lore as curious relics of barbarism. But the fact that Dorothy called him by his first name, Einar, was so paralyzing that he sat mute and dumbfounded, and could summon no spirit to resent the affront. They must surely be engaged, then; in which case there was nothing for him to do but to betake himself away—out of her life—and make room for the happy lover. But, somehow, he could not make up his mind to this generous course. The fighting instinct of his race was strong in him, and he burned to quarrel with this presumptuous stranger and spoil his taste for sneering at what he did not understand. Dorothy, perceiving that the two gentlemen did not take kindly to each other, made haste to interpose some conciliatory remarks.

"You ought to hear Dagfinn play," she said to her theological friend. "I assure you he is a great artist."

"Do not be rash, pray," warned Dagfinn, with forced lightness; "you have not heard me yet."

"But I must hear you, and that soon."

"Perhaps."

"Why, perhaps? I hope that when I ask you to play for me, you will not refuse."

"That depends upon how you ask."

"I would say: 'Dear Dagfinn, I, Dorothy, who believed in you when no one else did, ask you to play for me.'"

There was a mingling of mirth and seriousness in her manner which gave him a glimpse of the old Dorothy of beloved memory. She was so adorable with her

dimples, the laughing twinkle in her eye, and the sweet roguery of her voice, that he forgot his resentment and answered:

"If you asked me like that, I could not resist."

"Mr. Jonsrud has at least one characteristic of a great musician," Mr. Ritter observed with sneering superiority.

"And what is that, pray?"

"He has to be coaxed."

"And he has another, too," Dagfinn observed, with the determination to pay the young man in his own coin.

"And that is—if I may be so free?"

"He can, for the sake of a friend, overlook an impertinence."

He arose, without betraying his excitement, and bade Dorothy and her visitor good-by. The former's features were slightly flushed, and as she gave him her hand, she looked at him with an imploring expression as if to entreat him not to make trouble. Mr. Ritter, in deference to a glance from her, made no remark, but bowed to Dagfinn with ironical politeness.

VIII.

A whole week elapsed before Dagfinn received the expected message from the parsonage, requesting him to play. He realized that much was at stake, and he was in doubt whether he should comply. With that odious Ritter sitting and staring at him, he would be capable of playing badly. And, somehow, the idea took possession of him that it was his life's happiness which was involved in the issue. As Dorothy had reminded him, she had believed in his genius when no one else did. No wonder she demanded of him now that he should justify her belief. But an apprehension (which almost amounted to a certainty that he would put himself and her to shame) clutched with icy fingers at his heart. Whenever he touched the violin, it sounded so strangely ghostlike and hollow, lacking the deep, vibrating ring which in former days it yielded at his touch. It was like the mere shadow of sound,—a feeble, fantastic echo of the emotions he was burning to interpret. The sweet and simple note—the moving, soul-stirring cadence—that constantly rang in his ears, was always floating a little beyond his reach, and perpetually eluding him.



Drawn by Osterlind.

"HE STRUCK INTO THE GRAND SYMPHONY OF FOREST, AIR, AND WATER."

He suffered as he had never dreamed that he could suffer, during the week that elapsed between the invitation to the parsonage and the appointed evening. He learned, incidentally, that all the official magnates of the parish,—the governor, the judge, the sheriff, and district physician, with their families, had been invited; and that everybody's expectations were pitched to the highest point. But what did he care for all the rest, if only he could enable Dorothy to glory in his triumph? He fancied how she would look, and how delicious would be the intonation of her voice if she could say: "Ladies and gentlemen, this great artist, who has stirred the depths of your souls by his wonderful music, is my old friend, Dagfinn Jonsrud, whose genius I was the first to discover."

But something far more precious than his artistic fame seemed to be trembling in the balance. Dorothy herself, for whom he had been working as Jacob worked for Rachel, through the long, miserable years, was the stake for which he was playing. It was of no use that he tried to persuade himself that this was an irrational, boyish fancy. It was too intimately identified with his deepest aspirations to be dismissed. You might as well tell the Ashiepattle when he had slain the giant and removed the forest, and captured the magic bird, that the princess, on second thought, had concluded to marry a gentleman of her own rank.

The violin had formerly been his refuge from tormenting thoughts; but now it only aroused them and sent them swarming about his head in angry chorus. Yet, in his hope for an inspiration, he carried it with him everywhere. Jealousy, wrath, fear for his reason, kept chasing torturing fantasies through his mind until he writhed with agony. On the night before the party at the parsonage he had sauntered up through the birch grove above the Jonsrud farm; and as he seated himself on a boulder under a tree, thrumming idly on the strings, he noticed a bonfire on the other side of the valley. Presently another was kindled, and another, until all the hills for miles around seemed to be ablaze with flame. Then it occurred to him that it was midsummer night. The old story of the Nixy playing under the cataract emerged from the haze of

boyish memories, and he began to wonder whether it were really true that his father had learned from the Nixy that touch which set all his nerves tingling with delight when he listened to him. That his playing was unlike that of any other musician he had ever heard, was indisputable; and yet he had never had a music lesson in all his life. If he, Dagfinn, could but catch that wondrously moving note, then he would not fear the result of his playing at the parsonage.

How strangely hushed the forest was! It was as if all nature were holding its breath in expectant stillness. The cataract boomed with a deep and muffled roar; but that, too, blended with the silence, became part of it, and intensified it. Then a sudden sensation stole over him that some one, or something, was gazing with a wide-open, rigid, yet gentle glance; and a faint shudder rippled down his back. The night was warm, but not oppressive, and the sun was just dipping beneath the low western mountain ridge. The sense of a presence close by him and round about him—a lovely, beneficent, but yet vaguely alarming presence—grew upon him, and the thought flashed through his mind that this presence was capable of expression in music. There was something so ineffably rich and strange in it,—richly and strangely familiar, he would have said in the next minute,—which corresponded somehow to the unspoken and unspeakable within him, which always trembled on the verge of expression, but never passed the verge. And it came from the river,—quite distinctly from the river,—and there was a delicious rhythm in it; and the more intensely he listened the more delicious it seemed,—until a bird suddenly screamed, and it vanished like a thing that had never been and never could be. Then all the forest, the earth, and the air seemed to be listening for it,—breathlessly, longingly,—and Dagfinn felt an irresistible desire to lure it, gently, within the range of expression. He touched the violin with the tenderest, airiest touch; but so tame was the sound it gave, so glaringly feeble, that he could almost have wept at its impotence. Then silence reigned again—a silence of deep and anxious expectancy.

For a long time he sat still, resting his elbow on his knee, and stared through the

trees toward the river. A light shiver passed through the tree-tops and it passed through him, too,—the sort of shiver which you feel at the sight of something surpassingly beautiful. The tears came into his eyes, and there began to ring in his ears a vague, rich sound as of mighty bells infinitely remote, but infinitely alluring. There was again the same deliciously lovely rhythm, and with a wonderful delight it flashed upon him that it was the same rhythm and the same ghostly melody which had haunted him from his boyhood. Catch it he must, and fix it forever, for it was so simple,—so touchingly simple,—and perfectly capable of being rendered in a few lovely notes. He rose, put the violin to his chin, and walking step by step in the direction whither the illusive strain led him, found himself at the cataract. He could have shouted with joy! The water, too, had caught the strain, and it grew audible and more audible,—defined itself as a beautiful, luminous thing that slowly emerges from an enveloping haze. Glorious and more glorious it sounded! It became a gently billowing sea of music, and he caught a snatch of it here and a snatch there, until suddenly he struck a full, noble, and inconceivably rapturous chord. All he had played, or tried to play before, was a groping in a fog for this wondrous thing which now he had found.

And magnificently he struck into the grand symphony of forest, air, and water, and his playing no longer sounded feeble and out of tune, but blended richly in the harmony. Chord after chord he struck—the second, third, and fourth, and the souls of all things lay bare before him,—beautifully, shimmeringly bare,—the inexpressible which hovers with tantalizing glimpses on the horizon of the mind, became vocal, groping no longer for itself with a dim instinct, but floating blissfully along with a clear, entrancing cadence. Then, into the midst of his play poured, like a warm stream, his love for Dorothy, and his blood surged through his veins to the rhythm of the ineffable melody. He was distinctly conscious of a heightened life—a more exalted being; and, ere he knew it, he had struck a new chord—was it the fifth or sixth?—which shot like a fiery flame through his nerves. And there appeared higher heights above him,

and deeper depths below him than he had ever dreamed of before, and the nobly intensified glow of being sharpened and refined all his senses, so that the exercise of each became rapture. The soul itself—the essence of things—for the expression of which he had wrestled in anguish and despair, and of which only shadowy hints had reached him—hovered before him like a great, living, dewy, luminous pearl that had shed its shell, and quivered and sparkled with pure, indwelling radiance. But the moment he tried to grasp it, it dissolved in a mist of exquisitely delicious sound, which breathed with a warm, strange pulsation through his play, and lifted him out of himself, so that he seemed no longer to touch the earth, but rose through brighter regions, where all things that met the eye or smote the ear were a pure delight. But his thoughts and his feelings, though they seemed clear and beautifully vocal, were yet beyond the range of human expression. He only knew that he rose blissfully higher and higher, striking chords that no mortal ear ever heard before, and at last losing himself in a luminous shimmer of rapturous sound.

He was recalled to consciousness by the sudden cessation of the music. He found himself sitting on a stone by the cataract, with his feet in the water, fiddling the empty air. But before him stood his father, with a terrified countenance, holding a knife in his hand. Looking down, Dagfinn saw, with a shudder, that all the strings of his violin were cut.

IX.

It was published in the papers that week that it had pleased his majesty, King Oscar II., to appoint Einar Krohn Ritter, cand. theol., personal assistant to the Rev. Theodore Holm, pastor of the parish of —, etc. As Mr. Ritter's sojourn at the parsonage had obviously been preliminary to this appointment, and as he was understood to have pleased the parson's daughter no less than the parson himself, it was taken for granted that his engagement to Dorothy would be announced without delay. In fact, it was generally understood that the great party which Mr. Holm was giving was to be in celebration of the happy event. This

rumor, which aroused considerable interest in all the "genteel" families, reached Dagfinn just as he had finished stringing his violin, and was about to row down to the parsonage; but, strange to say, it made no vivid impression upon him. The exalted mood of the night was yet vibrating in his mind, and all his soul was resounding with faint echoes of what he had heard and felt. He could afford to smile at such idle gossip. He knew that Dorothy belonged to him—even though he might lose her.

Rural gatherings in Norway usually begin early in the afternoon, and the present one was no exception. When Dagfinn arrived he found the garden and the house filled with guests, who greeted him with the kindly condescension which the gentry adopt toward the peasantry. Though he was city-clad, and had seen a good deal more of the world than most of them, they yet had a patronizing feeling toward him, because they knew him only as the peasant lad Dagfinn Jonsrud who was rather a clever fiddler. A chill of disappointment crept over him at the utter flatness of the social tone—the lack of expectation, even, as to what he could do. Dorothy, who looked lovely in a white dress with blue ribbons, came forward and greeted him with that friendly cordiality to which at their last meeting he had objected; and Mr. Ritter, who was perpetually at her side, treated him with a benevolent superiority which he was far from relishing. It was a great relief to him that preparations were immediately made for his performance. The large drawing-room and the adjoining garden-parlor were soon thronged with guests.

A music-stand was placed before him, as everybody expected that he would play Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," or Paganini's "Venetian Carnival," or some such stock piece of the violin virtuoso. Dorothy, who took her seat right in front of him between her mother and Mr. Ritter, inquired if he did not want some one to turn the leaves; and she was, perhaps, a trifle hurt because he made her no reply. The fact was, the fervor of emotion which seethed and burned within him made it impossible to speak. His whole nervous system was so quiveringly tense that it would seem that the least touch would make something snap. He became

aware, as he stood facing his audience, that the pastor had risen in his seat and was making a little speech. But though he heard the words "native genius," "glory of old Norway," and "the fame of the fatherland," he could not make out what they meant, and he forgot to make the customary bow of acknowledgment when the pastor sat down. For something ineffably sweet was ringing in his brain, and he felt that he now could render it. It was the wondrous elusive melody—the inexpressibly alluring strain which had haunted him in his boyhood, and which he had endeavored to embody in the theme of his symphonic poem—"The Nixy." He had resolved now to play without orchestral accompaniment. It had been a failure at the Gewandhaus in Leipsic; but he had then lacked—well, he had lacked the Nixy's chords.

People were chatting, fanning themselves, and fidgeting in their seats, as he put the violin to his chin; and there was a perpetual rustle of skirts and whispered remarks about his appearance.

"Isn't he handsome, though?" murmured Mrs. Holm to Dorothy. "Who would ever have supposed that that uncouth boy could grow to be such a presentable fellow?"

Dorothy only nodded, and then shook her head at Mr. Ritter, who had opened his mouth to make a sarcastic remark. The bow was drawn across the strings, and there was an instant silence.

"'Neath the wild cascade, where billows wrestle,
Sits the Nixy in despair;
And the silent fishes dart and nestle
In the meshes of his hair."

The sad resignation and contemplative melancholy of the opening movement was rendered with noble directness and force. It was the lonely soul, isolated by dint of its greatness, yearning for human love and companionship. It was that shuddering loneliness of genius, which is hopeless and eternal, because, in its own age, its best and loftiest thoughts are beyond the comprehension of contemporaries.

"But at midnight's hour, when dark the woods
and still,
Raises he his head from out the waters chill:
'Love, love, love! Oh, thou whom I have lost,
Come, love, and soothe this soul with anguish
tossed.'"



Drawn by Osterlind.

"DOROTHY TOOK HER SEAT RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM."

There was something so shudderingly grand in the conception of the adagio, representing the Nixy rising from the midnight waters, that a perceptible breeze of rapture passed through the audience. It was as if the composer had caught the deepest law of musical interpretation, which seizes the innermost essence of the thing to be interpreted and lets it flow forth in nobly inspired phrases, which ripple through the nerves with a nameless delight. But he rose to his highest height in the passages where the Nixy cries out for her whom he has lost. The quivering wail of yearning love,—the imperious, irresistible demand of triumphant love,—the pleading, beseeching, imploring cry of doubting love, alternated with a moving power and pathos which swept the audience off their feet, and made them tremble and glow with each changing emotion which the composer conjured up. And Dorothy, who had shrunk at first from his gaze, now met with a blushing directness his eyes, which were riveted upon her. She comprehended all of a sudden that this was addressed to her, and to her alone. The scherzo, when it came, was a melodious rendering of her own girlish self. There gleamed through the passionate strain lovely little memories of their childhood, and with a certain exquisitely tender afflatus, he interpreted her to herself. Her mirthful vision of life that broke through the demure mask in her fledgling period; her risibility and her wrath, her scorn of things masculine, her pouts and sulks,—all that she now was ashamed of, had been preserved as something precious in his mind, and she saw in a swift glance the touching devotion with which he had always cherished her. She felt the tears burning under her eyelids, and one by one they coursed down her cheeks. They were warm, happy tears, which broke the heavy spell of silence, and enabled her to breathe once more from the depth of her breast. How beautiful was this stanch faith of his, and how significant appeared all the lovely little absurdities of their common youth,—the dear, foolish things they had said and done, never suspecting their folly. It was incredible how much he remembered; but it was still more incredible how well she understood. Each chord rang with a marvelous, stirring resonance

through all the chambers of her heart, and its message was plain as speech, nay, plainer than speech, and infinitely warmer, intenser, surcharged with a quivering sense of all that had hitherto been inexpressible.

The minuet movement which followed told her of her aberration,—her waning faith in him, her fading memory of him, her swerving from the ideal of fidelity from which he had never faltered. He told her that she had understood him perfectly when he went away, even though no word had been spoken; that his life was hers, because it was she who had awakened it into consciousness; that she could not, even though she would, live happily apart from him; if, indeed, she could live at all. There was something imposing, overwhelming, in the imperious demand which, in the name of love, he hurled at her, that she quailed before the inexorable veracity of those heart-searching tones. It was through her that he had come to feel and value the surpassing endowment of his nature—the divine meaning of his life. And her own life had become richer, fuller, nobler through her sympathy with his. Could she afford to trample down this newly-kindled flame, and smother these newly-aroused voices? It was toward the supreme moment of this mutual recognition—and the fruition of the happiness of which it was the pledge—that their existence had tended from the moments of their birth. Nay, it was for this they had been born. A blight of futility and failure would fall upon them; they would be doomed to an unappeasable heart-hunger,—a sense of emptiness that is bitterer than despair,—if, having known this profound and blissful kinship of soul, they ignored its promptings and contented themselves with shallower loves.

A tempestuous allegro, descriptive of the flight of the maid through the forest, and her leaping into the cataract, came like a sudden spring storm that sweeps across the sky with thunder, and darkness, and precipitous showers. It presented a magnificent burst of imagination, a veritable explosion of daringly original imagery, a supreme upwelling of elemental power. The violin wailed, and sighed, and rumbled, and shrieked; wild unearthly harpings swept through

the air, as of mighty trees bending before the blast,—and through it all trembled the elusive, the ineffably alluring melody. All of a sudden all nature was hushed, listening with bated breath to the Nixy's strain :

"Through the dusky waters gleam strange, yearning eyes,

Loving arms reach forth, and tender whispers rise ;
Come ! Come ! Come ! She leaps into the wave,
Dumbly the billows wrestle o'er her grave."

For a full minute after Dagfinn had ceased playing, not a sound was heard. The audience sat immovable, with strained ears and eyes, as under a spell of silence. Then the pastor rose, as if he were going to speak once more. With a light frown of preoccupation, he drew himself erect and cleared his throat, whereupon the enchantment was at an end, and a storm of cheers and applause broke loose.

Dorothy, with a far-away look in her eyes, remained sitting in front of Dagfinn, smiling to him, oblivious of everything about her. When Mr. Ritter spoke to her, she shivered, but made no answer. Then, with a somnambulist movement, as she was recalled from the land of dreams, she began to stroke her face hard with her right hand, as if to rub away an invisible film. Her glance fixed itself upon Mr. Ritter, with a dawning surprise, in which a vague fear was blended. How shallow he looked, how direfully commonplace ! There was something about him, as he opened his mouth to address her, which she had never detected before, and it made her almost hate him. It was—well it was hardly capable of expression—but it seemed that the key-note of his nature was all wrong. It struck a thin, flimsy, trivial chord—not a rich, rare, and splendidly resonant one, like that of Dagfinn. Mr. Ritter, it presently flashed upon her, was conceited ; his scornful superiority and sarcasm, and his pride in his culture, which she had hitherto admired, were all indications of a shallow heart and a shallow brain. He was hollow and showy, like a drum.

While the guests were scattering, in animated conversation through the house and the garden, Dorothy went up to Dagfinn and seized his hand. Her face was radiant, and the light in her eyes was

warm and tender. There was an intelligence so complete and beautiful in her glance that he dismissed all fears, and only pressed her hand in return, and gazed at her with a blissful confidence. Then Mr. Ritter, prompted by uneasy jealousy, came up ostensibly to congratulate him, but really to make an end of their tête-à-tête.

"It was a very creditable performance, my young friend," he said with odious patronage ; "I really think that I may, without risk of being called a false prophet, predict a career for you as a musician."

Dagfinn felt as if he had received an icy douche. He dropped Dorothy's hand and looked at her as if he hoped that she would make the proper reply. But she remained dumb, and only a little tremor of her lips betrayed the emotion under which she was laboring. "I have no doubt," Mr. Ritter continued, in the same fluent and self-satisfied tone, "that my fiancée has already assured you how very highly we appreciate your kindness in giving us this rare treat on this occasion, so very auspicious both to myself and Miss Holm."

Fiancée ! Then it was true, after all ! The landscape reeled before Dagfinn's eyes ; a strange faintness stole over him ; his limbs seemed numb and withered. Dorothy was yet standing at his side, gazing at him with wan cheeks and piteous eyes. Her lips, which were very white, moved as if she were trying to speak, but not a sound did she produce. He could endure it no longer. Seeing Mrs. Holm approach with a couple of ladies whom she evidently intended to introduce, he seized his violin-case and rushed out of a side door into the garden.

X.

It was a torture to Dorothy to be obliged to listen to the colonel's, and the sheriff's, and the judge's patronizing praise of Dagfinn's playing. From her unresponsive manner they derived the impression that she was not very musical, or had been too absorbed in her fiancé to pay strict attention. She had to exert herself to the utmost to be decently polite—to keep from betraying the tumult which raged within her. As soon as the be-

numbed and stupefied feeling had begun to give way to definite sensations, a swarm of bright hopes came drifting into her mind like flocks of sweet-voiced birds that come flying out of the sunset and sing as they fly. And then, before she knew it, the resolution, which a moment ago she had not even dared contemplate, was irrevocably taken. She went to Mr. Ritter, who was drifting from group to group, receiving premature congratulations, and told him that she had been under a delusion in regard to him. She declared, with a wan, little smile (which seemed to him very mysterious), that she did not love him, and she begged him to forgive her for having unwittingly deceived him as well as herself. She felt quite kindly toward him, while she spoke, because of the wrong she had done him. But when he refused to take her declaration seriously, and in a superior tone told her that she was overwrought and hysterical, that she needed rest, and had better excuse herself for an hour and go to bed, she suddenly hated him. There was something so odious in his clerical blandness, and in his consciousness of his good looks, his faultless attire, and affable manners, that she could not comprehend how she could ever have taken him to be genuine.

As argument with him would have been worse than futile, Dorothy bethought herself of a stratagem. She must, at all hazards, prevent the public announcement of her engagement to Mr. Ritter. The table was already being set in the dining-room, and she knew that her father would, at supper, rise in his seat and propose the health of the betrothed couple, and then would come the official congratulations. This could not be; it must not be. She would employ all her powers of persuasion to induce her father to omit the toast.

She lay in wait for him a full hour before she succeeded in catching him alone, and then, as it proved, she was too late. Mr. Ritter had already apprised him of what he was to expect, and he firmly declined to disgrace himself and her, and scandalize the parish, by such a flagrant breach of faith and violation of custom. She was evidently ill from overfatigue and excitement; to-morrow she would feel differently; if she desired to go to

bed, he would make her excuses to the company.

The hour until supper dragged fearfully. She still cherished a vague hope that her father would concede to her wish. At eight o'clock the supper was announced, and the gentlemen hastened to capture tables, and chairs, and to intrench their ladies in comfortable nooks, whence they started out on foraging expeditions, bringing back whatever booty they had secured. There were delicacies of the most varied kind, for Mrs. Holm prided herself on her cooking. There were cold dishes and hot dishes; and the cold dishes were not warm, nor were the hot dishes cold. There were roasted ptarmigan chicks, with a gravy of marvelous savoriness, which made all other eatables for weeks to come taste stale and insipid.

Dorothy, much as she rebelled against it, had, in deference to custom, taken her seat at Mr. Ritter's side. She had as yet no definite plan. She must await developments. She had a feeling that she appeared queer; that people were putting their heads together in whispered comments on her seriousness, her abstraction, her behavior toward her fiancé. But it troubled her scarcely at all. Mr. Ritter, in order to make her reserve less noticeable, talked with a terrible fluency, complimented the young ladies, laughed at the gentlemen's jokes, and reaped golden opinions from the dowagers for his charming affability and attention. But to Dorothy there was something awful in his loud, mirthless laughter. It gave a certain fierceness to his face, a touch of something sinister.

A sudden silence fell upon the vivacious company as the pastor stepped to the head of the table, and tapped with his knife on his glass. He spoke with much feeling about a certain auspicious event which had given him and his wife the most heartfelt satisfaction, and made them look forward without apprehension to their declining years, etc. He praised, discreetly and judiciously, his daughter, who had now made her choice of a helpmeet for life, "unprompted by aught, save the voice of her own loving heart," and he lauded in still higher tones the Rev. Mr. Ritter, who was a very incarnation of all virtues and perfections. When he had wrought himself up to a fitting climax



"THERE WAS AN INTELLIGENCE SO
BEAUTIFUL IN HER GLANCE."

Drawn by Osterlind.

of eloquence, he raised his glass and proposed the health of the betrothed pair, the Rev. Einar Ritter and Dorothy Holm.

All the guests rose, lifting their filled glasses, and Mr. Ritter turned half around to touch his glass to Dorothy's—when, lo! the place at his side was empty. He stood staring at it, the smile still rigid on his startled face, as if he were utterly unable to comprehend what had happened. The pastor, who had advanced across the floor with the same purpose, stood dumb with amazement; and a feeling of consternation and embarrassment took possession of the whole company. The house was ransacked from cellar to garret, the garden was searched by anxious parties from one end to the other, and there were even those who volunteered to drag the horse-pond. But no trace was found of Dorothy. Some of the ladies declared that they had seen her slip out of the room into the front hall during her father's speech; but as they took it for granted that she would return in a moment, they had seen no reason for interfering. For a full hour bedlam reigned in and about the parsonage. There were slamming of doors, running to and fro, excited exclamations, and shouts of "Dorothy" in falsetto, treble, and bass; but there came no response, and Dorothy was and remained invisible.

XI.

There was no one who thought of looking for Dorothy on the river. And yet it was her figure which a shaft of moonlight, falling upon waters, revealed. She was sitting in a boat, rowing against the current; but happily the current was not strong, and she was making fair headway. She saw the Chinese lanterns glow among the foliage of the parsonage garden, and she heard voices in many keys shouting her name; but she bent the more vigorously over her oars, shooting along swiftly and silently, until she had rounded the point. Then, being safely out of sight, she took it more leisurely.

She felt no fatigue. Her agitation had keyed her nerves up to a tensivity where every sense is sharpened and the resources of one's strength seem unlimited. She had ceased to think or to reason. An irresistible force drove her onward. The wonderful Nixy's chords rang in her ear.

Now they sounded soft and cooing like a sweet lullaby; now caressing, alluring, beseeching, like a lover's voice. Out of the misty depth of the night faint stars gleamed, twinkled, and went out. Silent, swift-winged creatures flitted through the dusk; and every now and then strange, harplike vibrations swept through the air. Then, as she passed the wooded island, whose inverted reflection trembled in the water, she heard shrill, frightened screams as of birds in distress. They tore wide rents in the stillness, and the wonderful melody vanished for a long while; and she could hear nothing but the splashing of her oars and the swish of the water under the bow. Before she knew it she plunged into an eddy which nearly swung the boat around, and she had to struggle to get free of the current. Now the Jonsrud farm hove into view, with its large, red-painted barns under the edge of the forest. It then occurred to her what a sensation her coming would produce. Germund Jonsrud, being a friend of her father's, might be capable of sending her home again. She would not land at the pier, but in the wooded cove where the Jonsrud creek emptied into the river. Hugging the bank, she slid along in the shadow of the pines until she reached the inlet. Then she sprang ashore, tied the boat to a tree root, and resolved to walk up to the house.

The creek, which was very full for the season, was flowing crystal-clear, with gentle murmurs over the white stones. But hush! that was not the murmuring waters. Through the trees there came a throbbing cadence, which faintly disentangled itself from the silence, and again melted into it, hovering upon the outermost verge of the sense—but marvelous, glorious—ineffably sweet. Pulsating with a rich, beguiling rhythm through the shining sea of mist, and, strange to relate, gazing at her, as it were, with large, dreamy eyes, so wild and yet so inexpressibly gentle, breathing through the tree-tops with rapturous shudders, calling her name with the imperious might of love that had endured and suffered—what wonder that she yielded! What could she do but follow the wondrous call; what could she do, but push onward—onward—until she stood by the cataract and felt the cold spray blowing

into her face? But suddenly as she seemed to pause at the very fount of the music, some one rose up from a stone at her side and the music ceased.

"Dagfinn!" she cried, and started forward as if she would rush into his embrace.

"Dorothy!"

He flung his arms about her, and she clung to him with a glow of noble joy, drew herself back, and gazed at him with dewy eyes, then again buried her face on his bosom. And each time he kissed her, she whispered: "You dear, dear boy," and a deep, beautiful blush poured itself over her neck and face. There was something so touching to him in her loving surrender, that he felt for a moment half unnerved, and he could do nothing but gaze at her, and marvel at her beauty, her preciousness, and the inconceivable happiness which had come to him. Then they sat down together on the stone at the creek, and she asked him how he came to be here at this time of night.

"I wanted to strike the seventh chord," was his answer.

She pondered that for a long while, and then said: "And lose your soul?"

"I thought it was lost already. In losing you, I should have lost all; and there was nothing left worth saving."

"Oh, Dagfinn, do not say that," she begged with sweet insistence as she stroked caressingly the hair from his forehead.

"Why should I not say it, when it is true? I have no life apart from you."

"It dawned upon me so wonderfully to-day. It was as if you spoke straight to me."

"I did."

"And I understood you,—oh, so deeply,—so clearly. It was that which brought me."

"All hearts understand it, and it is the only thing which all hearts understand."

"Understand what?" she queried vaguely.

"The Nixy's chord."

"I will tell you what the Nixy's chord is," she rejoined, beaming upon him with a beautiful virginal tenderness; "it is love—your love for me, and mine for you."

He clasped her in a long embrace. But hush! As their lips and their souls met, the elusive, ineffable melody was there, ringing out with a clear, rich, and glorious cadence. But they could not tell whether it was without or within them.

It was past midnight when Dagfinn pushed Dorothy's boat into the water. He offered to row her home, but she was so earnest in her refusal that he forbore to urge. Half an hour later she entered the front door at the parsonage, when the guests had departed, and she told her father where she had been. The next day the Rev. Einar Ritter returned to the city, and a month later the pastor published from the pulpit the banns of Dagfinn Jonsrud and his "beloved daughter, Dorothy Holm."

[THE END.]



Drawn by
Osterlind.

STATE UNIVERSITIES.

BY RICHARD T. ELY, PH.D., LL.D.

STATE universities are part and parcel of what may properly be called "the American idea" in education. A few states in the Union are without them. These few states form a group in the northeastern part of the country extending from New York State eastward and Maryland northward. Even these States have given state aid to the higher educational institutions, and Yale and Harvard Universities, the two most prominent institutions in this region, were once supported, in part at least, by what amounted to taxation, and were virtually state universities, whether they bore that name or not. The farmers of Connecticut and Massachusetts used to contribute their pecks of corn and other agricultural products to the support of these universities, which have since become famous. It is doubtless true that the growth of a few private foundations in the East has obscured the American idea, which is the support of education in all branches by taxation, not excluding, however, private beneficence.

One reason why the importance of state universities has not been sufficiently appreciated is doubtless due to the fact that as they are mostly in the newer parts of the country, they themselves are younger than the principal foundations in the East, and have only recently become prominent. Of course, the University of Virginia, founded by Jefferson, occurs to us as an exception. This is a state university which has long occupied a noteworthy position among the leading educational institutions of the United States. But for several years the largest university in the United States has been a state university, namely, the University of Michigan, with her three thousand students; and if recently Harvard University has gone ahead in point of numbers, the difference is still small, and Michigan occupies at least second place, and is not without prospect of recovering the first.

The university in the United States which has grown most rapidly in numbers during the past five years is another state university—the University of Minnesota. Still another state univer-

sity follows close upon the heels of the University of Minnesota in the rapidity of its growth: this is the University of Wisconsin, which in something like five years has doubled the number of her students and far more than doubled her income. This same university has taken another step forward which demonstrates the ripeness of the state university for the most advanced university work. Three years ago it established a graduate school of economics, politics, and history, and that school to-day is one of the largest graduate schools of the kind in the country. A well-known professor from an eastern university, after spending a week in careful observation, said to the writer: "You have in a very short time placed yourselves on a level with the best graduate school in the country." The significance of this is apparent to all who have followed the educational development in the United States in recent years. Graduate work means original investigation and large expenditures for comparatively few students. It is a work of the highest usefulness, but does not appeal to the popular imagination like the work which at once yields larger apparent returns. The capacity of the state university to do ordinary collegiate work has been admitted by some who have been inclined to think that it was not prepared for work of the higher sort.

If other state universities in the West are visited, most of them will be found in a flourishing condition. Universities like those of Kansas, Nebraska, and California begin to count their students by the thousand, and the last named estimates its property, including its capitalized income, at over twelve millions of dollars.

Not long since there was much talk about the interference of politics in the management of state universities. Less and less is heard of that, and it is probably true to-day that there are no professors in the country who are freer to give untrammelled utterance to their thoughts than those in the state universities. Such restrictions as politics may here and there offer are less serious than those which spring in other institu-

tions from denominationalism or powerful private interests, quietly at work in boards of trustees.

Will the reader pardon a personal illustration which is believed not to be at all an unusual experience? It is over three years since the writer was engaged to fill an important position in a state university, but no one in authority has ever made any inquiry as to his political preferences, and the president of the institution told him during the negotiations, not only that he did not know his politics, but that he did not wish to know what his political preferences might be. With the writer came several others to take positions of one sort and another in the new department which was established, and he has yet to learn that any inquiry has been made into the politics of these other gentlemen. On the other hand, he has observed that often enough inquiry has been made into the views of those who have been called to occupy positions in private universities.

These facts are meant to bring before the readers of this article important new phenomena. Mr. Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth," said that it was not unlikely that the state university in the West would become the leading educational force, at least in that part of the country, and up to the present the new University of Chicago alone can dispute its claim to preëminence, and the University of Chicago, so far from injuring the state universities, has, up to the present day, simply helped them in the stimulus which this flourishing young giant has given to education throughout the West.

Let us pass on now to the philosophy of the state university. Has it a legitimate place in our educational system? The state university is one supported chiefly, if not exclusively, by taxation. It must be remembered that the work of a true university is at least national in scope. If it is restricted to a single state in its activity it becomes so "narrow and penned up" that no university atmosphere is possible. Students from all parts of this country, and, indeed, students from foreign countries as well, must be brought together. The atmosphere must be a large one. Students learn from one another, and professors who feel in themselves the power to exercise national, and, indeed,

an international influence, will not readily serve in institutions which restrict their activity; for science in its branches is strictly cosmopolitan. The experience of all great universities also confirms the view that a true university cannot limit its activity geographically. The point, then, is this: the state university can be regarded only as a contribution of the state to the highest education, and is it legitimate to raise taxes within the state for a work which is even more than national in scope? The propriety of taxation for such a purpose will stand the test of examination. Taxation for the highest education rests upon the same basis upon which all taxation rests—namely, the public benefit conferred. The view that taxation is payment of property for protection has long ago been abandoned by science, for it will not stand any critical examination. Taxation finds its basis in the nature of the social organism and its only limitation is the public weal. The university which will do the largest and best work is the only university which the state can afford to support. A university with a restricted sphere of activity because of its imperfect character will not confer so great a benefit upon the people of the state; and the sons of the state who are able to do so will leave such an institution for others, where there is a larger atmosphere and where they can form wider connections. While the ideal purpose is the main one, a broad policy can be justified from a material standpoint. A great state university brings to the state young people and their families from all parts of the country. It adds to the resources of the state and draws into it immigration of the very best sort. It may seriously be maintained that merely as an advertisement of Massachusetts, Harvard University is worth to Massachusetts all that it costs. The resources which it draws to the State are undoubtedly vast.

A brief article like the present permits only suggestive treatment, but it is hoped that it is simply necessary for the reader to follow out the suggestions given to perceive the soundness of principle of the American commonwealth in supporting state universities by taxation, even if the argument is left at this point. One other argument, must, however, be brought for-

ward. It is often said that the state should furnish the rudiments of education; that only the ordinary public schools should be supported by taxation. The absurd and illogical character of this proposition becomes manifest when it is critically examined. Why should the state support the primary school and not the university? Is it because the primary school in its indirect influence protects property? But, as we have already said, the chief purpose of taxation is not the protection of property. But even if education is supported on this ground, the principle of public education once admitted, it is not easy to draw the line between its various grades. The primary school does not stand by itself, but it is closely connected with all the higher grades. A state with only primary schools will have very poor schools of the kind which it does maintain. All the educational institutions form one whole, and the welfare of any one part depends upon the condition of all other parts. Especially is it true that in education we proceed from above downward. The state university alone has succeeded in the United States in bringing to a harmonious whole the educational institutions of the commonwealth, and in a state like Michigan no force is operating so beneficently upon the ordinary country school as the state university.

If it be conceded that the state university is legitimate, the further question has to be asked whether it is more desirable on the whole than the private foundation. While there is no desire to detract from the claims of the private foundations in the United States, it is maintained that the more desirable university is the state university. The state university tends to an elevation of the public life. It necessarily carries with it in its progress the entire commonwealth in which it is located. People who pay taxes for the support of the highest education learn to take an interest in it, and the progress of the state university is attended by an education of public opinion. Let the reader reflect upon what it means for the future of Wisconsin that the Legislature in this State four years ago voted an additional sixty-five thousand dollars a year to the state university, with only one negative vote in the upper house and none in the

lower, and that the Legislature two years ago voted a considerable appropriation,—although not all that was desired,—with few negative votes, while during the present year the Legislature voted the university an additional one hundred and twenty thousand dollars a year, and that with only one dissenting vote. Compare in this respect Wisconsin with New York State, where on the grounds of economy an appropriation of ten thousand dollars a year for university extension was a few years since vetoed. One of our most generous private philanthropists in the United States has so appreciated the importance of self-help in the education of the public that he has openly stated that he did not consider it worth his while to give money for public libraries and similar purposes unless the people were sufficiently interested to defray part of the expenses by taxation.

The state alone can gather together in a common effort all citizens. The state university belongs to all, whether they are Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, or Roman Catholics. It says to all citizens, "This is equally your affair. Let us all join together and build up a great institution of learning which will be the glory of the commonwealth." It is something, truly a very great thing, to unite all the forces of the state, regardless of party and sect in a common effort of this sort. No private foundation can have such a beneficent influence. Those commonwealths not enjoying the advantages of a state university do not appreciate what they are losing for the future.

Education which yields such large returns for all that is expended is becoming more and more expensive. It is safe to say at the present day that no American university can do the full work which is required by the needs of the country with less than one million dollars a year. This may be criticized as an under-statement rather than an over-statement, it would seem to the writer. (Private philanthropy has nowhere succeeded in gathering the funds needed to enable a university to do full university work. It is said by a careful European observer that we do not have in the United States at the present time one university in the European sense of the word. But if private philanthropy is not equal to the task of

building up a great educational system, including the university as one of its parts, the people, in their organic capacity, are quite equal to it. There is no limit to the income of a university like that of Michigan, or Wisconsin, or Minnesota, or California, save that which is found in the condition of public opinion. Each one of these States could, if it would, furnish a million dollars a year to the support of the university alone. As fast as public opinion is enlightened, the funds will be forthcoming, and when one sees the progress which has been made within twenty years, one even dares to hope that in another generation the state universities may approach the million dollar mark. It must be remembered that those who argue in favor of state universities have back of them the world's experience. All the great universities in Europe are under state control, and those on the continent of Europe are supported by public taxation. They are the radicals who maintain that private foundations can render the public service which state universities have rendered in the past.

It may be said further that a state university is subject to control in the public interest as a private institution cannot be. It is private foundations which have made American degrees too often ridiculous, and which have degraded the professional education. It is the private medical institution and law institution, managed for profit, which turn upon the community doctors who kill their patients and lawyers incompetent to defend the lives and property of their clients. The university degree ought to have a public significance, and private foundations which have been given powers to confer degrees occupy an exceptional and anomalous position, a position, indeed, of grave trust, which they too often fail to appreciate. The religious denomination which is allowed to establish a university, should feel that it has received a peculiar favor justifying its existence. Probably a country like Germany, on grounds of public policy, would tolerate nothing of the kind.

Private philanthropy has all the scope for action which it can possibly desire in the support and aid of public educational institutions. It should receive a stimulus in the thought that everything given to a state university tends to improve not

merely that, but the whole educational system of a state, whereas what has been given to the inferior class of sectarian colleges in the West has been worse than wasted. It has not only duplicated work which the state was already doing, but has hindered the state in this work, and has injured young people by turning them away from the better institutions by appeals to their sectarian loyalty. Whatever is given to a state university serves to improve its work and to encourage the tax-payer. Money, of course, can always be so given as to aid the work which the state university is already doing, or to improve its quality. The private philanthropist who would give a large sum can follow the example of men like Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Enoch Pratt in their gifts of public libraries to Pittsburg and Baltimore respectively, saying to the tax-payers, "we will give so much if you will give so much."

It has already been stated that the limit to the activity of the state university is found in the condition of public opinion. Private gifts can go ahead of public opinion and enlighten it. It is, in fact, the office of those who are wise and strong to march in advance of the great mass of men, and with their superior intelligence and power to illuminate the path of progress. A willingness to pay a professor five thousand dollars a year to meet three students three times a week has been offered by the writer as a test of the true university spirit. Perhaps the tax-payers in no state at the present moment would willingly consent to this expenditure, but there are men with large means who can see the great advantage of such an arrangement. Indeed, there are so-called hard-headed business men who can see that it is worth while to establish a professorship for original investigation whether the professor has any students at all or not. A great incitement to private philanthropy to aid public institutions must be the thought that such a very small sum accomplishes relatively a great deal. It is only necessary to do what the public is not already doing to aid in the improvement of the quality of the work which the public is doing.

If we were at the very beginning, the writer would possibly say: "No private universities of any sort!" But we have

to deal with an actual situation. We find these private universities in existence, some of them resting upon a denominational basis and others upon a private but non-sectarian foundation. Many of them have done and are doing good work. About some of these are clustered affections and associations of many years. Not only is it impossible, but it is undesirable to wipe them out of existence. Apart from all other considerations, the state institutions are not sufficiently numerous to provide a collegiate and university training for all who require it. It would seem that the correct policy is to discourage new foundations, and to follow the excellent example which some religious denominations are beginning to set in the consolidation of their resources. Their educational societies are bringing together, as the writer understands, different educational institutions, and are refusing aid to those institutions with high-sounding titles, which they do not deserve, unless they change their titles to correspond with the work they are actually doing. The Methodists may be commended even for the proposal to establish a new university at Washington, making use of the public institutions there existing, and in that way coöperating with public activity. The chief question that occurs is whether this may not ultimately prevent the establishment of a true national university, the foundation of which has been so ardently desired by American patriots from Washington to the present day.

To religious people the writer would say a few words: first, how can you justify yourselves in giving money to do work which the tax-payers are willing to do, when there are so many things that need to be done, and which the tax-payers can by no possibility be persuaded to do? Think of the needs of home and foreign missions! Remember the appeals from educational institutions in the missionary fields! It was not long since that a missionary teacher from the Euphrates College in Asia Minor gave hearty approval to the writer for the position which he took, pointing to the fact that a sum entirely insignificant in the budget of an American college would promote most efficiently and largely the work of a college like that with which he was con-

nected. Fifty or sixty thousand dollars will accomplish a great deal for a college in a country where a professor can live upon four hundred dollars a year and a student upon a small fractional part of that; where the sum of two hundred dollars will furnish a permanent endowment for a scholarship, and five thousand for a professorship. The calls upon all persons who are willing to improve the vast opportunities for usefulness afforded in our day are such that they should husband their resources and not waste them in needless duplication. But this is not all.

There is no reason why there should be hostility between the state universities and the churches, but every reason why there should be the closest relations. Religious denominations have every opportunity which they can desire to exercise influence upon the students of the state university. First may be mentioned the Young Men's Christian associations of state universities, which are an important channel of religious influence. There is opportunity to strengthen such institutions. Professorships of the evidences of Christianity and like subjects might very well be established in connection with these associations, and these professorships could be controlled by their trustees. Apart from this, there is no reason why any religious denomination, or any group of religious denominations, should not at the seat of state universities construct halls or dormitories which should furnish homes for students. It is noteworthy that the colleges of Oxford were originally simply dormitories, and were called "halls." Such a hall could be established directly opposite the grounds of a state university, and it would attract many students. As this hall, which indeed might be called a college, named after some great religious light, would be under the control of trustees appointed by the founders and supporters, there is no reason why the religious life of the institution should not be an earnest and active one. Family prayers could be held every morning, and religious services conducted during the week, as well as on Sunday. Any religious denomination might make such a hall a center of activity. Professorships could be established, and those things taught which are of peculiar importance

to the denomination or denominations interested; for example, church history, evidence of Christianity, and Christian ethics. There could be a principal, a highly educated man, to receive a salary equal to that of a well-paid college professor.

It is a peculiar thing for Protestants to oppose a state university, and contrary to the fundamental principles of Protestantism, which teaches the sanctity of the state and the sacredness of public life. The fathers of the Reformation were fond of saying that a magistrate held a holy office. If the Protestants oppose the higher education conducted by the state, how can they blame the Catholics for wishing their own parochial schools? The inconsistency of Protestants has been commented upon by an English Congregationalist, himself the principal of a theological seminary in England. He said he did not see how they could advocate sectarian colleges and oppose Catholic parochial schools.

A leading light in one church said that he considered it the peculiar function of the denomination to which he belonged to enter into public life and to purify it. This is a fruitful thought, but it is unfortunate that the religious denominations, instead of centering their activity about public institutions, erect denominational institutions, and so draw away both attention and affection from public institutions. If the different religious denominations have their own separate institutions, which absorb their energies and require all their funds, how can they expect these people whom they represent to give to public affairs the earnest thought and the devotion required? The attitude of the Protestant who fights state universities and then complains that they are irreligious, is a most painful one.

I quote a letter from a well-known Congregational clergyman. It is offered without any comment save that the plan of this article does not contemplate, as seems to be implied, the destruction of the best denominational colleges or private foundations:

"I have been thinking much of your plan for connecting the churches more closely with the state university. I wish that there was such a condition of affairs in church and state as to make such a proposition hopeful of public favor. It

would go a long way in the line of solving the much discussed and growing question of church and state in their mutual relations to education. It seems to me your plan ought to satisfy both the pronounced secularist and the advocates of Christian education. Your plan would allow perfect religious freedom, while providing for the religious development of the students. It would give no grounds, either, for the cry of the interference of the church with public instruction. The training that is given in the small denominational colleges is often a stifling more than an unfolding of the life. The instruction received from some of the religious mummies who occupy chairs in some of these colleges is simply petrification of what little life the young men start in with. It is narrow, unsympathetic, and a preparation for intellectual death rather than life.

"But I profess myself almost hopeless of seeing your plan begun, although the more I think of it the more I see everything in its favor and nothing against it worthy of broad-minded consideration, especially if it could be so arranged that each of the halls should have its own dean or master, or whatever you might choose to call the head of the hall, whose authority would be, of course, solely moral, and not connected with the university proper.

"But, first of all, the churches will not, in our day and generation, give up their denominational colleges. If your plan were carried out at all you would have to leave the leading ecclesiastical powers out of consideration and get your money from private individuals, leaving the sectarian school to meet the law of the survival of the fittest. However you take it, none of the denominations would approve of your plan, but would cry against it. In fact, one of the sad facts I am more and more compelled to face is that the great social, educational, and political reforms of our day receive little sympathy and increasing opposition from the churches as institutions. Institutionalism is getting squarely in God's way now, as it always has, although the number of individuals who see the needs and signs of the times is increasing. The hardest and wickedest obstacle in the path of progress is blind and dogged conservatism of the religious classes. Some day they will learn that the Son of Man is greater than the temple."

JONATHAN.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

HE was so ugly,—outside, I mean: long and lank, flat-chested, shrunk, round-shouldered, stooping when he walked; body like a plank, arms and legs like split rails, feet immense, hands like paddles, head set on a neck scrawny as a picked chicken's, hair badly put on and in patches, some about his head, some around his jaws, some under his chin in a half-moon, a good deal on the back of his hands and on his chest. Nature had hewn him in the rough and had left him with every ax mark showing.

He wore big shoes tied with deer hide strings and nondescript breeches that wrinkled along his knotted legs like old gun covers. These were patched and repatched with various hues and textures,—parts of another pair,—bits of a coat and fragments of tailor's cuttings. Sewed in their seat was half of a cobbler's apron,—for greater safety in sliding over ledges and logs, he would tell you. Next came a leather belt polished with use, and then a woolen shirt,—any kind of a shirt,—cross-barred or striped,—whatever the store had cheapest, and over that a waistcoat with a cotton back and some kind of a front, looking like a state map, it had so many colored patches. There was never any coat,—none that I remember. When he wore a coat he was another kind of a Jonathan,—a store-dealing Jonathan, or a church-going Jonathan, or a town-meeting Jonathan,—not the "go-a-fishin'," or "bee-huntin'," or "deer-stalkin'" Jonathan whom I knew.

There was a wide straw hat, too, that crowned his head and canted with the wind and flopped about his neck, and would have sailed away down many a mountain brook but for a faithful leather strap that lay buried in the half-moon whiskers and held on for dear life. And from under the rim of this thatch and half hidden in the matted masses of badly adjusted hair, was a thin, peaked nose, bridged by a pair of big spectacles, and somewhere below these again, a pitfall of a mouth covered with twigs of hair and an underbrush of beard, while deep-set in the

whole tangle, like still pools reflecting the blue and white of the sweet heavens above, lay his eyes;—eyes that won you, kindly, twinkling, merry, trustful, and trusting eyes. Beneath these pools of light, way down below,—way down where his heart beat warm, lived Jonathan.

I know a fruit in Mexico, delicious in flavor, called Timburici, covered by a skin as rough and hairy as a cocoanut; and a flower that bristles with thorns before it blooms into waxen beauty; and there are agates encrusted with clay and pearls that lie hidden in oysters. All these things, somehow, remind me of Jonathan.

His cabin was the last bit of shingle and brick chimney on that side of the Franconia Notch. There were others, further on in the forest, with bark slants for shelter, and forked sticks for swinging kettles; but civilization ended with Jonathan's store-stove and the square of oil-cloth that covered his sitting-room floor. Up-stairs, under the rafters, there was a guest-chamber smelling of pine boards and drying herbs, and sheltering a bed gridironed with bed cord and softened by a thin layer of feathers encased in a ticking and covered with a cotton quilt. This bed always made a deep impression upon me mentally and bodily. Mentally, because I always slept so soundly in it whenever I visited Jonathan,—even with the rain pattering on the roof and the wind soughing through the big pine-trees, and bodily, because—well, because of the cords. Beside this bed was a chair for my candle, and on the floor a small, square plank, laid loosely over the stovepipe hole which, in winter, held the pipe.

In summer mornings Jonathan made an alarm clock of this plank, flopping it about with the end of a fishing-rod poked up from below, never stopping until he saw my sleepy face peering down into his own. There was no bureau, only a nail or so in the scantling, and no washstand, of course: the tin basin at the well outside was better.



Drawn by
E. W. Kemble.

"GUESS YOU LEEETLE CUNNINS BETTER HURRY UP."

Then there was an old wife that lived in the cabin,—an old wife made of sole leather, with yellow-white hair and a thin, pinched face and a body all angles,—chest, arms, everywhere, all outlined through the straight up and down calico dress. When she spoke, however, you stopped to listen,—it was like a wood sound, low and far away,—soft as a bird call. People living alone in the forests often have these voices.

Last, there was a dog,—a mean, sniveling, stump-tailed dog, of no particular

breed or kidney. One of those dogs whose ancestry went to the bad many generations before he was born. A dog part fox—he got all his slyness here; and part wolf—this made him ravenous; and part bull-terrier—this made him ill-tempered; and all the rest poodle—that made him too lazy to move.

The wife knew this dog and hung the bacon on a high nail out of his reach, and covered with a big dish the pies cooling on the bench; and the neighbors down the road knew him and chased him out

of their dairy-cellars when he nosed into the milk-pans and cheese-pots; and even the little children found out what a coward he was, and sent him howling home to his hole under the porch, where he grumbled and pouted all day like a spoilt child that had been half whipped. Everybody knew him, and everybody despised him for a low-down, thieving, lazy cur;—everybody except Jonathan. Jonathan loved him,—loved his weepy, sneaky eyes, and his rough, black hair, and his fat, round body, short, stumpy legs, and shorter, stumpy tail,—especially the tail. Everything else that the dog lacked could be traced back to the peccadillos of his ancestors,—Jonathan was responsible for the tail.

"Ketched in a bar-trap I hed sot up back in thet green timber on Loon Pond maountin six year ago last fall, when he wuz a pup," he would say, holding the dog in his lap,—his favorite seat. "I swan ef it warn't too bad. Thinks I when I sot it I'll tell the leetle cuss whar it wuz; then—I must hev forgot it. It warn't a week afore he wuz runnin' a rabbit and run right into it. Wall, sir, them iron jaws took thet tail er his'n off julluk a knife. He's allus been kinder sore agin me sence and I dunno but he's right, fur it wuz mighty keerless in me. Wall, sir, he come yowlin' hum and when he see me he did look saour,—no use talkin',—jest ez ef he wuz a-sayin' 'yer think you're paowerful cunnin' with yer bar-traps, don't ye? Jest see what it's done ter my tail. It's kinder spilt me for a dog.' All my fault, warn't it, George?" patting his head. (Only Jonathan would call a dog George.)

Here the dog would look up out of one eye as he spoke,—he hadn't forgotten the bear-trap and never intended to let Jonathan forget it either. Then Jonathan would admire ruefully the end of the stump, stroking him all the while with his big, hairy, paddle-like hands, George rooting his head under the flap of the parti-colored waistcoat.

One night, I remember, we had waited supper,—the wife and I; we were obliged to wait, the trout being in Jonathan's creel,—when Jonathan walked in, looking tired and worried.

"Hez George come home, Marthy?" he asked, resting his long bamboo rod

against the porch rail and handing the creel of trout to the wife. "No? Wall, I'm beat of thet ain't curus. Guess I got ter look him up." And he disappeared hurriedly into the darkening forest, his anxious, whistling call growing fainter and fainter as he was lost in its depths. Marthy was not uneasy,—not about the dog; it was the supper that troubled her. She knew Jonathan's ways and she knew George. This was a favorite trick of the dog's,—this losing of Jonathan.

The trout were about burnt to a crisp and the corn-bread stone cold when Jonathan came trudging back, George in his arms,—a limp, soggy, half-dead dog, apparently. Marthy said nothing. It was an old story. Half the time Jonathan carried him home.

"Supper's ready," she said quietly, and we went in.

George slid out of Jonathan's arms, smelt about for a soft plank, and fell in a heap on the porch, his chin on his paws, his mean little eyes watching lazily,—speaking to nobody, noticing nobody, sulking all to himself. There he stayed until he caught a whiff of the fragrant, pungent odor of fried trout. Then he cocked one eye and lifted an ear. He must not carry things too far. Next I heard a single thump of his six-inch tail;—George was beginning to get pleased;—he always was when there were things to eat.

All this time Jonathan, tired out, sat in his big splint chair at the supper table. He had been thrashing the brook since daylight,—over his knees sometimes. I could still see the high-water mark on his patched trousers. Another whiff of the frying-pan and George got up. He dared not poke his nose into Marthy's lap,—there were too many chunks of wood within easy reach of her hand. So he sidled up to Jonathan, rubbing his nose against his big knees, whining hungrily, looking up into his face.

"I tell ye," said Jonathan, smiling at me, patting the dog as he spoke, "this yere George hez got more sense'n most men. He knows what's become of them trout we ketched. I guess he's gittin' over the way I treated him to-day. Ye see, we wuz up the East Branch when he run a fox south. Thinks I, the fox'll take a whirl back and cross the big run-



*Drawn by
E. W. Kemble.*

"JONATHAN CARRIED HIM DOWN THE GORGE ON HIS BACK."

way, and, sure enough, it warn't long afore I heared George a-comin' back, yippin' along up through Hank Simon's holler. So I whistled to him and steered off up onto the maountin to take a look at Bog-eddy and try and git a pickerel. When I come daown agin I see George warn't whar I left him, so I hollered and whistled agin. Then thinks I you're mad 'cause I left ye, an' won't let on ye *kin* hear, so I come along hum without him. When I went back a while ago a-lookin' for him, would yer believe it, thar he wuz a-layin' in the road, about forty rod this side of Hank Simon's sugar maples, flat onto his stummick an' disgusted an' put out awful. It wuz about all I could do ter git him hum. I knowed the minute I come in fust time an' see he warn't here thet his feelins wuz hurt 'cause I left him. I presume mebbe I oughter hollered agin afore I got so fer off. Then I thought, of course, he knowed I'd gone to Bog-eddy. Beats all what sense some dogs hez."

I never knew Jonathan to lose patience but once: that was when George tried to burrow into the hole of a pair of chipmunks whom Jonathan loved. They lived in a tree blanketed with moss and lying across the wood road. George had tried to scrape an acquaintance by crawling in uninvited, nearly scaring the little fellows to death, and Jonathan had flattened him into the dry leaves with his big, paddle-like hands. That was before the bear-trap had nipped his tail, but George never forgot it.

He was particularly polite to chipmunks after that. He would lie still by the hour and hear Jonathan talk to them without even a whine of discontent. I watched the old man one morning up beneath the ledges, groping on his hands and knees, filling his pockets with nuts, and when he reached the wood road, emptying them in a pile near the chipmunk's tree, George looking on good-naturedly.

"Guess you leetle cunnin's better hurry up," he said, while he poured out the nuts on the ground, his knees sticking up as he sat, like some huge grasshopper's. "Guess ye ain't got more'n time to fill yer cub'bud,—winter's a-comin'! Them leetle birches on Bog-eddy is turnin' yeller,—that's the fust sign. 'Fore ye knows it snow'll be flyin'. Then whar'll ye be

with everythin' froze tighter'n Sampson bound the heathen, you cunnin' leetle skitterin' pups. Then I presume likely ye'll come a drulin' raound an' want me an' George should gin ye suthin to git through th' winter on,—won't they George?"

"Beats all," he said to me that night, "how thoughtful some dogs is. Hadn't been fer George to-day, I'd clean forgot them leetle folks. I see him scratching raound in the leaves an' I knowed right away what he wuz thinkin' of."

Often when I was sketching in the dense forest, Jonathan would lie down beside me, the old flop of a hat under his head, his talk rambling on.

"I don't wonder ye like to paint 'em. Thar hain't nothin' so human as trees. Take thet big hemlock right in front er yer. Hain't he led a pretty decent life? See how prauud an' tall he's growed, with them arms of his'n straight aout an' them leetle chillen of his'n sprouting up raound him. I tell ye them hemlocks is pretty decent people. Now take a look at them two white birches down by thet big rock. Ain't it a shame the way them fellers hez been goin' on sence they wuz leetle saplins', makin' it so nothin' could grow 'raound 'em,—with their jackets all ragged an' tore like tramps an' their toes all out of their shoes whar ther roots is stickin' clear of the bark,—ain't they a-ketchin' it in their ole age? An' then foller on daown whar thet leetle bunch er silver maples is dancin' in the sunlight, so slender an' cunnin',—all aout in their summer dresses, julluk a bevy er young gals,—ain't they human like? I tell ye, trees is the humanest things thet is."

These talks with me made George restless. He was never happy unless Jonathan had *him* on his mind.

But it was a cluster of daisies that first lifted the inner lid of Jonathan's heart for me. I was away up the side of the Notch overlooking the valley, my easel and canvas lashed to a tree, the wind blew so, when Jonathan came toiling up the slope, a precipice in fact, with a tin can strapped to his back, filled with hot corn and some doughnuts, and threw himself beside me, the sweat running down his weather-tanned neck.

"So long ez we know whar you're sittin' at work it ain't nat'ral to let ye starve,

be it?" throwing himself beside me,—George had started ahead of him and had been picked up and carried, as usual.

When Jonathan sat upright, after a breathing spell, his eye fell on a tuft of limp, bruised daisies, flattened to the earth by the heel of his clumsy shoe. There were acres of others in sight.

"Gosh hang!" he said, catching his breath suddenly, as if something had stung him, and reaching down with his horny, bent fingers, "ef thet ain't too bad." Then to himself in a tone barely audible,—he had entirely forgotten my presence,— "You never hed no sense, Jonathan, nohow, stumblin' 'raound like er bull calf tramp-lin' everythin'. Jes see what ye've gone an' done with them big feet er yourn," bending over the bruised plant and tenderly adjusting the leaves. "Them daisies hez got jest ez good a right ter live ez you hev."



Drawn by E. W. Kemble.

HANK SIMONS.

I was almost sure when I began that I had a story to tell. I had thought of that one about Luke Pollard,—the day Luke broke his leg behind Loon mountain, and Jonathan carried him down the gorge on his back, crossing ledges that would have scared a goat. It was snowing at the time, they said, and blowing a gale. When they got half-way down White Face, Jonathan's foot slipped and he fell into the ravine, breaking his wrist. Only the drifts saved his life. Luke caught a sapling and held on. The doctor set Jonathan's wrist last and Luke never knew it had been broken until the next day. It is one of the stories they tell you around the stove winter evenings.

"Julluk the night Jonathan carried aout Luke," they say, listening to the wind.

And then I thought of that other story that Hank Simons told me,—the one about the mill back of Woodstock caving in from the freshet and burying the miller's girl. No one dare lift the timbers until Jonathan crawled in. The child was pinned down between the beams and the water rose so fast they feared the wreckage would sweep the mill. Jonathan clung to the sills waist-deep in the torrent, crept under the floor timbers, and then bracing his back held the beam until he dragged her clear. It happened a good many years ago, but Hank always claimed it had bent Jonathan's back.

But after all they are not of the things I love best to remember of Jonathan.

It is always the old man's voice, crooning his tuneless song, as he trudges home in the twilight, his well-filled creel at his

side,—the good-for-nothing dog in his arms ; or it is that look of sweet contentment on his face,—the deep and thoughtful eyes, filled with the calm serenity of his soul. And then the ease and freedom of his life ! Plenty of air and space and plenty of time to breathe and move ! Having nothing, possessing all things !

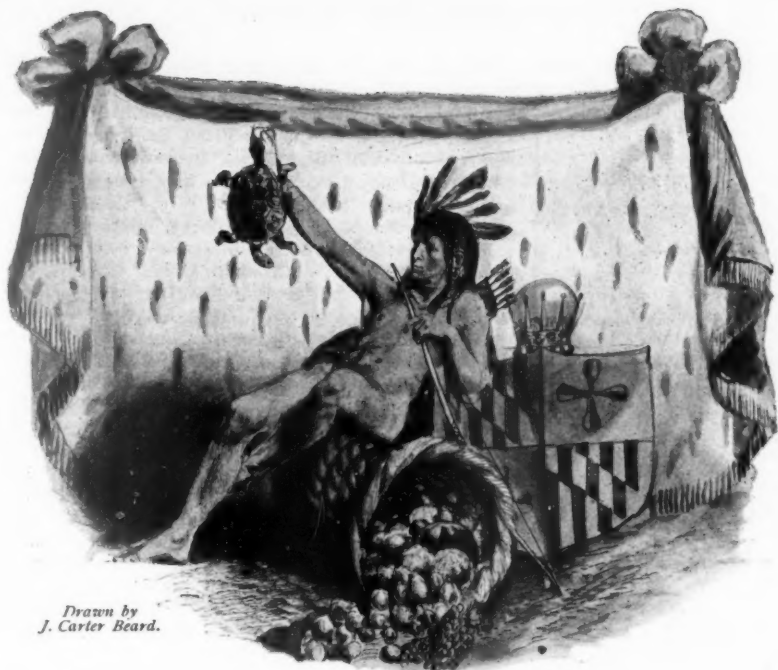
No bonds to guard,—no cares to stifle,—no trains to catch,—no appointments to keep,—no fashions to follow,—no follies to shun ! Only the old wife and worthless, lazy dog, and the rod and the creel ! Only the blessed sunshine and fresh, sweet air, and the cool touch of deep woods.

No, there is no story—only Jonathan.

THESE STREAMS OF LIFE.

BY JOHN H. BRYANT.

THESE streams of life that ever flow
Through earth's unnumbered living things,
Whence come they, whither do they go,
And where are their exhaustless springs?
Our little lives are here to-day ;
Where, when these throbbing hearts are still,
To me there comes no certain ray
Of light the dark abyss to fill.
And do these fountains outward flow
Wherever sweeps the Almighty's wand,
Farther than human thought can go,
Throughout the measureless beyond?
Or is it only on the earth—
This little spit of love and strife—
That thought and being have their birth
And matter quickens into life?
O mystery of mysteries !
Who will the vast unknown explore?
Who sail the illimitable seas
That stretch beyond this earthly shore,
And, having scanned the realms of space,
The countless worlds that circle there,
Will come again and face to face
To us the wondrous truth declare?
Yet strive and toil ! What if ye fail,
(Brave delvers in the realms of thought,)
To look beyond the parting veil—
Your labor shall not be for naught !
A life of idle luxury,
For earnest, restless, thinking mind,
I cannot deem could even be
A happy life in heaven to find.
O give me still, where'er I be,
All nature's beauty, bathed in light—
The glory of earth, sky, and sea,
The solemn majesty of night !
For there's no breath of common air,
No ray of light from star or sun,
No shade of beauty anywhere,
But whispers of the Almighty One.



*Drawn by
J. Carlier Beard.*

THE LAND OF THE EPICURE.

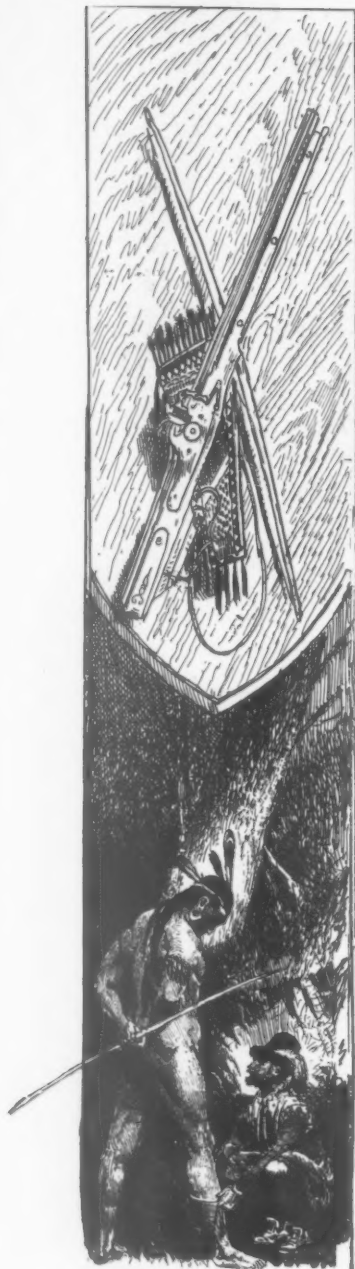
BY CALVIN DILL WILSON.



HE admirer of Boston might readily call it the brain of the nation, and other cities may have just claim each to its distinguishing superiority; but none can be held to rival Baltimore as the metropolis of a region that furnishes the materials which minister to the most cultivated epicurism. That it is the heart of a district very remarkable from this point of view may be shown by a brief study of its land and water. A map of the Chesapeake and its environment will evince to the thoughtful observer that here nature has formed an ideal area for the production of fine

foods. The botanical zones here unite. The mighty estuary is comparatively sheltered from the fierce storms of the ocean.

The Chesapeake, in its relation to the land that encloses it, might be compared to the Nile and Ganges, those prolific parents of fertility. It renders fecund all its borders, and gives food and employment to vast numbers of people. Its coast-line indents two states, and its branches, affluents, bays, and arms are of marvelous variety and bounty. One of the striking characteristics of this bay, in respect to its physical geography, is that the Susquehanna, in part of its length, is drowned beneath it. The old channel of the river is clearly defined to the capes, and, in some past age, through the wearing away of the earth at its southern extremity, the ocean backed into the river-bed and took permanent possession.



Drawn by J. Carter Beard.

The Chesapeake has a water front of five hundred miles, and connects fifty navigable streams with the sea. "It is a highway and a market-house. For the Indians it was a war-path, and for the early settlers a means of social intercourse. It draws tribute from an extraordinary range of country and climate. While one of its arms touches the foot of the Catskills and almost reaches to the Adirondacks, another pierces to the heart of the Alleghenies due westward, and a third flows with a turbulent stream through the Blue Ridge. It penetrates the continent at such an angle and so deeply that Baltimore, very early in its commercial history, became at one and the same time the entrepôt of the settlements on the Ohio and on the lakes. Rochester sent to Baltimore for its groceries at the same time that Pittsburg and Cincinnati did so, and it supplied Harrisburg and Williamsport in Pennsylvania at the same time that it supplied Knoxville in Tennessee." So says Scharf in his "History of Maryland," and he continues: "Maryland unites as great a variety of soil, climate, geographical structure, and fauna and flora, as any other state in the country. There is snow on the mountains in Allegheny county, while fuchsias are blooming and figs ripening in the open air in Somerset. The magnolia meets and grows beside the northern pine and hemlock."

Nature had so wonderfully endowed this favored territory that even in the days of the red men large populations of the natives were attracted to the shores of the bay. The early explorers found here thrifty tribes of fishing Indians, who had settled abodes, palisaded fortifications, and cultivated fields. Not only this, but they were large and strong, showing they appreciated their gastronomic opportunities. John Smith and Captain Fleet both speak of the "Susquehannough" Indians as being of unusual height and bulk. Fleet says their stature was seven feet; and Smith reports having met at the mouth of the Susquehanna a chief "the calf of whose leg was three quarters of a yard about, and all the rest of his limbs so answerable to that proportion that he seemed the goodliest man we ever beheld."

One of the chief proofs in demonstration of the fact that the Chesapeake region is the gastronomic center of the country is that very calf of the Indian's leg. What other place ever produced a calf like that? Let any other part of our common country which may think of setting up rival claims gastronomically, bring forward and exhibit such a calf or else be silent and allow Baltimore to exult alone. That calf was evidently made of canvas-back, terrapin, crabs, shad, and oysters from the waters on which the great chief lived; and when Captain John Smith got down on his knees and measured it, he did that which should eternally render Maryland grateful to his memory, for he

demonstrated to the world that its gastronomy, even in the barbaric times, had given a man unheard-of proportions.

That the Indians appreciated the oysters we know from the shell-heaps, or "kitchen-middens;" the clams, for with them originated the "clam-bakes;" the ducks, for from them the white man learned to "tole" these birds with a dog, a trick the Indians had caught by taking a hint from the foxes; the fish, for the early explorers have left abundant testimony as to this. That they also appreciated the deer, bears, turkeys, and turtles that abounded in the same region, goes without saying. It may be claimed that even in those days this was a great gastronomic center. There is evidence, also, that a trade in dried shell-fish was carried on between the natives of the bay region and the tribes from the interior. Furthermore, the Iroquois were accustomed to come down yearly from their distant homes for fish and oysters, but not in a peaceable manner. So it appears the fame of Maryland as a producer of fine foods was abroad in the land in days long gone.

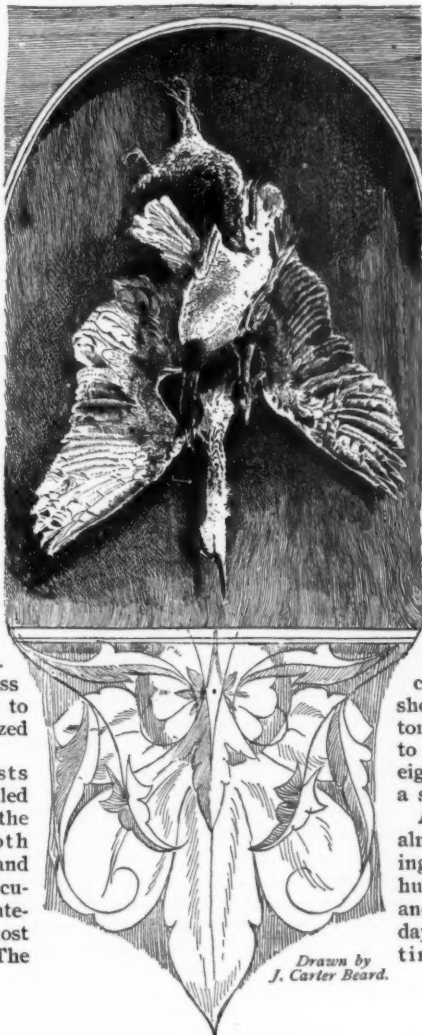
Now let us pass from the barbaric to the earliest civilized epoch.

The first colonists of the State settled within rifle-shot of the water, so that both shores of the bay and its estuaries were occupied before the interior, even in the most favorable parts. The

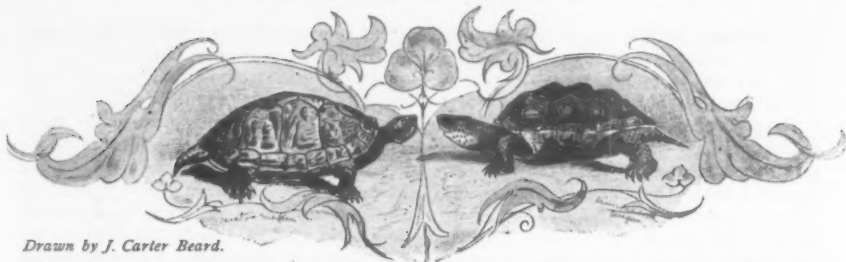
great bay thus became the market-house of the whole colony. This fact grew to be an important element in the development of the State, for the vast food supply nourished a strong and hardy race. The abundance of the supplies in those times is shown by such quotations as the following; this is from the "Journal of Dankers and Sluyter," written in 1679. The point spoken of is in Kent county:

"I have nowhere seen so many ducks together as were in the creek in front of this house. The water was so black with them that it seemed when you looked from the land below upon the water as if it were a mass of filth or turf, and when they flew up there was a rushing and vibration of the air, like a great storm coming through the trees, and even like the rumbling of distant thunder, while the sky over the whole creek was filled with them like a cloud. There was a boy about twelve years old who took aim at them from the shore, not being able to get within good shooting distance of them, but nevertheless shot loosely before they got away, and hit only three or four, complained of his shot, as they are accustomed to shoot from six to twelve, and even eighteen and more, at a shot."

A man might go to almost any good ducking point and shoot a hundred canvasbacks and redheads between day-break and dinner-time. Fish were so



Drawn by
J. Carter Beard.



Drawn by J. Carter Beard.

abundant that the Maryland Gazette noted the fact that, in 1763, at Kent Island Narrows, there were caught at one haul of a seine one hundred and seventy-three bushels of fish, chiefly perch. So plentiful was venison that at one time a family of seven persons had hanging up the carcasses of "four-score deer." Wild turkeys were frequently found in flocks of hundreds. All sorts of edible birds and small game could be had for the shooting, while every bar yielded oysters. "The Marylanders of the second and third generation, in consequence of this profusion of food and their free out-door life, grew to be as stalwart a race of men as the Kentuckians and Tennesseans of to-day. They were as good horsemen as the Virginians; they were as tall as these, stouter of frame, plumper in face, and more ruddy and less sallow in complexion."

The bay also was a means of social intercourse. Everybody lived near the water, and every one owned a boat. This was the principal method of visiting and the most convenient before the development of good roads. Some planters even indulged in barges rowed by negro oarsmen. Hospitality and the custom of constant intercourse with neighbors developed inventiveness as to the cuisine. The world receives from the bay not merely some of its greatest dainties, but it serves them according to the recipes that have been devised and perfected on Maryland soil. There are wise critics yet who think that a Maryland "mammy" or a Baltimore colored caterer excels the world in the great art of cookery. If "the future of the world depends upon cooks," as Carlyle declares, one would think the destiny of the Chesapeake country secure, for it has many with whom even the splenetic Thomas could not have found fault.

Another important phase of the subject which must not be entirely omitted is the bearing of the character of this great food region on the brains of its children. Some German philosopher has put forth the generalization that "man is what he eats;" but even if man is not what he eats, in any too literal sense (for we all know he has to breathe a little, also), yet Edison has told us, "Eat rice, think rice." May it not be, therefore, that a diet for several generations of such nourishing materials as are provided in the district of which we are treating had something to do with the fact to which George Alfred Townsend calls attention when he says, "The whole line of Virginia statesmen came from the Chesapeake region." That is to say, the early leaders of this nation, or a vastly preponderating number of them, came from the part of the country in which, especially in those days, our people obtained most easily and cheaply the greatest variety of first-class food, and where the art of preparing it, through the unexampled facilities for social intercourse, had developed far beyond any other part of our country.

Now let us look in some detail at the chief food products of these famous shores in order to learn something of the extent of their outcome and of their value to other parts of the country, as well as to foreign places.

Almost by the necessity of the case, we take up the oyster first. Every reader will instinctively associate the name of the Chesapeake with the bivalve which it is universally known to produce in such perfection. As oysters cannot live in any great depth of water, the shores of the drowned river which has been described afford a shallow home for them which is perhaps unequalled in the world.

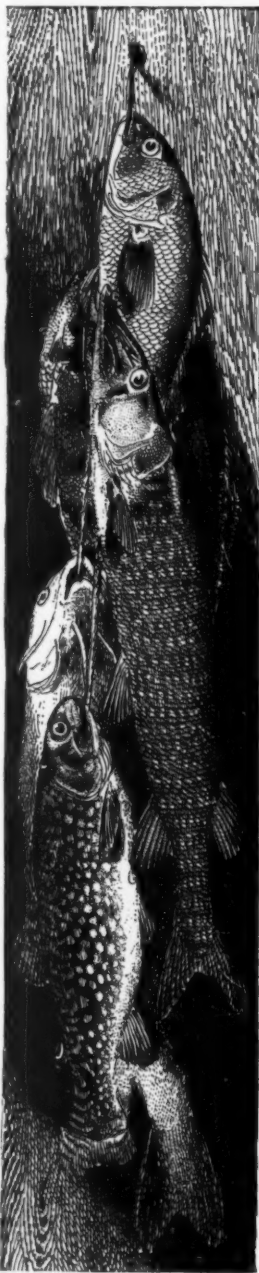
The oyster needs the kind of nourish-

ment provided by the vast drainage of the Susquehanna and other tributaries of the bay. The prodigious fertility of the Chesapeake water in this crop is shown by the fact that since the industry of packing oysters began, in 1834, four hundred million bushels of them have gone into the markets. In 1891, thirty-two thousand one hundred and four persons were engaged in this industry. Six and one-half million dollars were invested. The value to fishermen of the oysters taken was five and one-quarter million dollars. This business in Maryland alone gave employment to nearly one-fourth of the persons engaged in the entire fishing interest of the coast states of the Union, represented one-sixth of the capital invested, and yielded more than one-seventh of the money returned. Eleven thousand and ninety-three of those engaged in the industry were factory hands, cannery, and so forth. Many thousands were tongers, dredgers, scrapers, and boatmen. The total catch in 1889 was more than sixteen million bushels. The total catch in 1891 was nine million, nine hundred and forty-five thousand and fifty bushels.

Often two hundred oyster vessels are at the Light street wharf, in Baltimore, at one time, ready to unload. The same state of affairs is found all the way down to Canton Hollow, in the lower portion of the city; if placed in a line, the boats would reach from Baltimore to Annapolis. The regular fleet in the height of the season is not equal to the task of carrying the product, and Yankee schooners and all sorts of craft that can be procured for the service are hired. Four thousand shuckers are employed, besides women and girls, who open the steamed oysters. One person opens from five to twenty gallons per day.

For oysters, Baltimore is the market of the world. They are shipped everywhere. When barreled, with the mouths up, and with "sea ore" on each layer, with cornmeal, they can be shipped to Europe in first-class condition. Royalty has even ordered oysters to be sandpapered until the shells are smooth, and then each one locked with wire to preserve its juices. The stewards put sea-water on them every day or two during the voyage across the ocean. Some time since a dealer furnished the materials for a dinner in Paris, at the wedding of the daughter of a prominent Baltimore merchant, and the oysters on the half-shell were declared to be as fresh and fine as those at Monte Cristo's famous feast. The materials for social functions are thus frequently sent on special order from Baltimore to Europe, as well as to all portions of the United States.

Oysters are shipped daily all over the country; even to New York and Boston, notwithstanding the great oyster beds convenient to these cities. Many shiploads of oysters are also taken from the Chesapeake to Atlantic City, and to Connecticut, and other fields here and abroad, and planted in these beds and renamed for their new homes. Oysters are sent to New



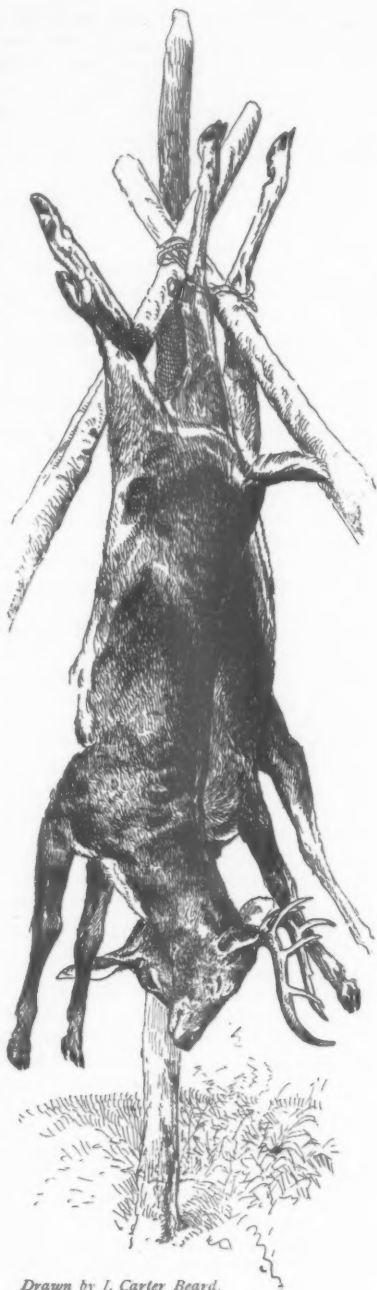
Drawn by J. Carter Beard.

York both in the shell and "shucked." The latter are packed in forty-gallon barrels. An oyster train, loaded exclusively with these bivalves, goes out from Baltimore every day throughout the season to the West. For those sent to San Francisco, the ice is renewed three times en route.

To show the remarkable preëminence of Baltimore gastronomically, it would scarcely be necessary to do more than call attention to the fact that it is the metropolis of the region which furnishes in their highest estate the two very choicest delicacies known to the world of epicures, the canvasback duck and the diamond-back terrapin. It is a singular fortune that these were hidden from the ancient world, and awaited recognition and appreciation in a bay in an undiscovered land up to so late a time, and that both of these should attain their greatest perfection only in this one water. At any rate, they are so superb in their qualities, so unrivaled by any dishes known to the ancient or modern world that we can feel sure that the old bon vivants, Apicius and Lucullus, could they have been assured of what was to be found in this bay, would have fitted out expeditions to venture beyond the Pillars of Hercules into the great unknown, to bring back these prizes to delight their palates.

There are a million canvasbacks shipped through Baltimore annually, without mentioning the great quantities that are sold at the shores or taken by sportsmen. There are also two million of the next grade of ducks, the redheads, and five million other ducks, including blackheads, mallards, choptanks, sprigtails, baldpates, bluewings, teal, and summer ducks.

Of the terrapin, five million of the diamond-back kind are annually handled in Baltimore. Besides these there are brought to this market from elsewhere the golden diamond-back from the Indian Territory, the gopher from North Carolina, and the Juniata from Pennsylvania. The diamond-back sold, in 1893, for sixty dollars a dozen for "counts," and the undersizes for three dollars a dozen. A New York caterer sent an order to this market for four thousand dollars' worth of terrapin, and for all the canvasback ducks that could be shipped within ten



Drawn by J. Carter Beard.

days, at ten dollars per pair. An order, it is needless to state, that could not have been filled in any other market in the world. The same famous caterer, regardless of price, will also have his soft crabs from no other place. The canvasback averages four dollars and a half to five dollars a pair, and the redhead two dollars.

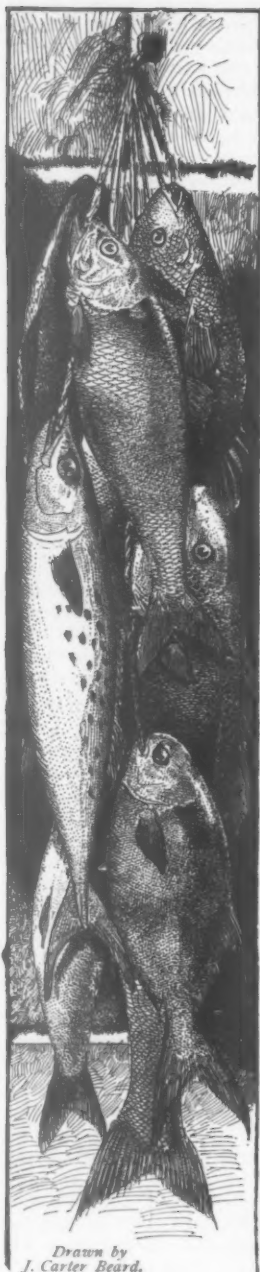
Terrapin also are found along our entire eastern coast, from southern New England to Texas, but they are most abundant from the Chesapeake southward, and are in their best condition only in the Chesapeake and its tributaries; the supply is chiefly from Maryland waters. Terrapin has only been appreciated in this century, while the canvasback found approbation much earlier. These ducks are sent to Europe, to Germany and France, as well as all over the United States. Redheads are also sent to foreign countries, and mallards to Boston, where the people prize a large duck. Terrapin are shipped everywhere in the United States, and to Europe and South America.

The State produces eighty edible kinds of fish. The Spanish or bay mackerel is the finest of these, with the pompano second. In the month of July the bay mackerel is captured by myriads. The pompano is not so abundant, and sells from eighty cents to one dollar and twenty-five cents a pound, according to season and scarcity. Shad, which rank next, cost one dollar each at the beginning of the season, and run down to fifteen cents, but will average about thirty cents. They are legion, and are sent all over the country. The largest haul of shad ever successfully landed upon a float in the Susquehanna river amounted to five thousand five hundred; but thirty thousand were once beached at Cooley's Point and Betty's Cove, near where the railroad bridge now crosses. The average catch of shad of late years for the season at one fishing float is ten to fifteen thousand. The United States Fish Commission, which has a station on Spesutie island, hatches in some years a hundred million young shad, the larger portion of which are deposited in the Susquehanna and tributaries. The daily catch is packed in ice and distributed by rail to the cities, and also sold to wagons at the shore. Indeed, in regard to the shad, prolific as nature was in their supply, man has been so

reckless that now, as Professor Brooks says, "our fisheries owe their existence to the intelligence and knowledge of nature which have enabled man to keep up the supply by artificial means. In some respects the shad is the most remarkable of domesticated animals, for it is the only one which man has yet learned to rear, and to send out into the ocean in great flocks and herds to pasture upon its abundance, and to come back again fat and nutritious to the place from which it was sent out. From this point of view, the maintenance of the shad fishery by man by the use of artificial means, is one of the most notable triumphs of human intelligence over nature."

Pike, white perch, yellow perch, bonito, carp, catfish, and herring are abundant, as are sturgeon, which usually weigh from two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds. Trout and sea-trout, salmon-trout, bass, striped bass, bluefish, blackfish, red drum, black drum, sheepshead, and diamond fish are in abundance, besides a multitude of smaller fish, such as the gudgeon and mullet. Besides these, fish from other waters are handled in great quantities: smelt, from Canada, halibut, codfish, and haddock from Massachusetts; cusk and hake which sell as low as one cent per pound.

Crabs, from April to October, are found in all bays and sounds from New York harbor southward, as well as on the ocean beach, and in inlets, and rivers, and creeks of tidewater. They are so numerous that in many places there is no market for them at all. In the Chesapeake often thousands are dragged to the shore by the nets of the fishermen, only to die or to creep back. Sometimes fishermen club them to death, to keep them from getting into their nets. In great storms they are cast upon the beach in windrows. They are caught for market usually with baited lines. Often a thousand, or even three thousand will be caught by a fisherman with a single line. Near canneries there is always a market for them, and fishers make a dollar and a half to two dollars a day, selling at one cent a dozen, or ten cents a bushel. Four million pounds of crabs are annually sent out from Maryland waters to market. The soft crabs are only soft for a few hours, and do not feed during that time, but hide in the



Drawn by
J. Carter Beard.

sand or grass. The price is always high, as it is difficult to transport them to market alive. The local markets are supplied by children, who wade and kick them out with their feet. Experts know when a crab is about to shed, and such are saved in a "shedding pen," a floating box of laths and loose boards. Soft crabs do not become hard out of the water. Canning crabs is a fine industry, and might become a much more important one. One establishment is devoted wholly to the picking of hard crabs, while great quantities thus prepared and deviled are sent to New York and other places.

In July of this year, hard crabs in Baltimore were worth fifty cents a barrel (three hundred to the barrel). Soft crabs were also so plentiful at the same date that they were selling at three cents a dozen, wholesale. In a few days, however, they went up to sixty cents a dozen. These are also sent in large quantities to New York, Omaha, and Denver, packed on ice, grass, and sea ore. They are sent to Chicago daily, as well as to St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, and the South.

Since the close of the war, when crabs became fashionable, the waters about New York have ceased to supply that market, and they are mainly obtained from the Chesapeake and its affluents.

The white clams, which are among the best in the world, are plentiful, and can be bought for eight cents a hundred. Baltimore also uses and sells an immense amount of sea-turtles (each weighing from sixty to three hundred pounds) which are shipped all over the country.

There are annually five thousand deer and twenty-five thousand wild turkeys handled in the markets of Baltimore. There are reed-birds from Spring Garden, and ruffed grouse from Oakland, where they are at their best from feeding on acorns—the breast of one of these birds being twice as large as that of a chicken. All of these birds are shipped to this, the largest game market in the United States, by thousands of barrels. Three million ruffed grouse are also annually shipped to the city from West Virginia and the West. Of prairie-chickens two thousand barrels are received, and quails innumerable. Three or four hundred dozens of these are used daily in Baltimore alone. Pheasants are brought from England and handled here, bringing sometimes three dollars per pair. Woodcock, plover, snipe, and sora are plentiful.

Returning again to the lands that slope away from these shores, we find them producing in prodigious quantities all manner of vegetables and fruits. They are the home and pasturage of beeves and muttons unsurpassed in quality. This slope furnishes the materials to canneries that send corn, tomatoes, peas, beans, and peaches all over the world. From the peninsula, which is composed of Delaware, the eastern shore of Maryland, and two counties of Virginia, a tract two hundred miles in length, and from five to

eighty in breadth, with few points more than one hundred feet above sea-level, fifty thousand baskets of peaches are sent daily to New York during the season. This is in every respect one of the finest fruit-growing regions in the world. Four million baskets of peaches have been shipped in a single year. From the railroad the traveler beholds a bewildering succession of peach orchards, of fifty to one hundred acres each, with many of much greater extent.

The cold storage houses of Baltimore are enormous, and constantly full, and it would create a panic among good livers in many a distant city to see them emptied. There is little danger of such a calamity. For a while, as has been intimated, the destruction of the shad fishery was impending because of the excess of demand over supply, but that unhappy consummation has been obviated by the offices of the Fish Commission. The annual decrease in the yield of the oyster beds—altogether inconsistent with the increase in the number of fishermen—indicates a need for similar measures of protection and artificial propagation by the Government. The perennial ruin of the peach crop is hardly so serious a matter, and is ground for psychological rather than physical measures of reform. For the rest, the responsibility is with the country; while the Americas have provisions to send, Baltimore will not lack a bountiful supply.

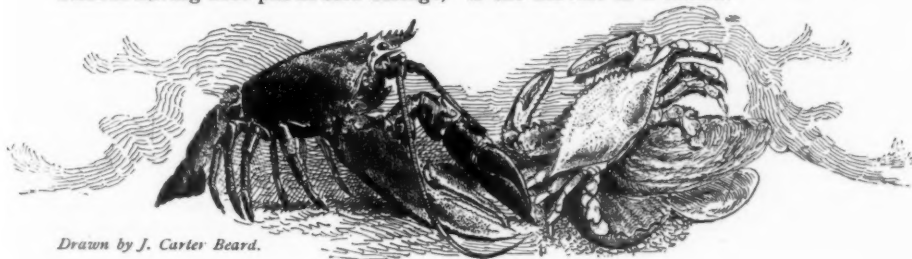
This city has the advantage of having its native delicacies in a fresher state than they can be obtained elsewhere, as well as having had much longer experience in preparing them, than other places that have but recently, in comparison, adopted these things. Canvasbacks and terrapins are at their very best only here. Here the duck killed on the flats can be cooked without having been put in cold storage,

and while it is still almost warm with its natural heat. The caterers of Baltimore send great quantities of terrapins cooked in Maryland style to New York and Philadelphia, by quarts and gallons.

Packing oysters in air-tight cans for shipment is an industry peculiar to this city. Fruits and vegetables are also packed in the same way, the entire trade consuming from twenty million to thirty million of cans annually.

Such are some facts of past and present in regard to conditions and products of this great gastronomic center, from which creatures of brilliant scale and fin; those of swift, strong, flashing wing; those crawlers in slime who hide beneath repulsive aspect, treasure of dainty flesh; those bivalves whose shells are foam of sea; those tinted fruits, kissed into beauty by the sun, and a hundred luxuries and healthful foods go forth to make glad the heart of man.

Here one sees sandy shores and hears "the ripple washing in the reeds;" sees waterscape flecked by every kind of boat and ship; sees men dredging and tonging creatures from the depths, and hauling seines and lines; guns sounding among swift flocks overhead; the sun gleaming from dawn, to dark on multitudes who harvest with seine and line, with dredge and gun, the crops the waters yield—a ceaseless toil to feed hosts of men. Stretching from this "New World Mediterranean," on one side, far across to the sea, are low sands that are rich with many fruits, and on the other roll lands of farm and game to the feet of the mountains, where untamed herds of deer and wild flocks feed as they did before the white men came. A land of plenty, "as the garden of the Lord!" Waters of inexhaustible richness, where all things are good, and many are of nature's best. It is the harvest of a nation.



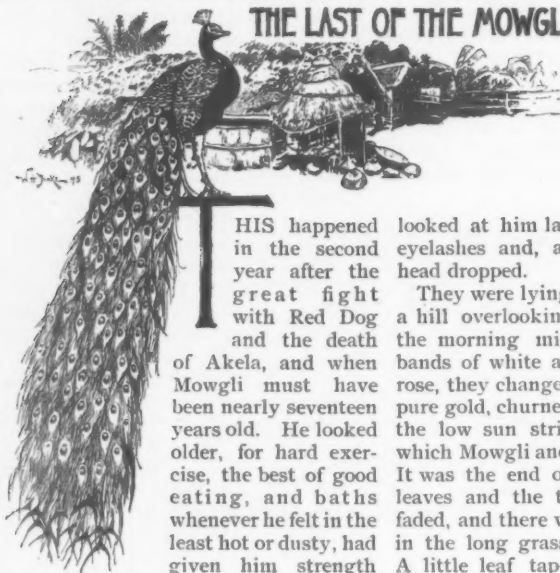
Drawn by J. Carter Beard.

MOWGLI LEAVES THE JUNGLE FOREVER

THE LAST OF THE MOWGLI JUNGLE STORIES

RUDYARD
KIPLING.

PICTURES
BY
WILL. H.
DRAKE.



THIS happened in the second year after the great fight with Red Dog and the death of Akela, and when Mowgli must have been nearly seventeen years old. He looked older, for hard exercise, the best of good eating, and baths whenever he felt in the least hot or dusty, had given him strength and growth far beyond his age. He could swing by one hand from a top branch for half an hour at a time when he had occasion to look along the tree-roads. He could stop a young buck in mid-gallop and throw him sideways by the head. He could even jerk over the big, blue, wild boars that lived in the marshes of the North. The jungle people who used to fear him for his wits feared him now for his mere strength, and when he moved quietly through the jungle it needed only the whisper of his coming to clear the wood paths. And yet the look in his eyes was always gentle. Even when he fought his eyes never blazed as Bagheera's did. They only grew more and more interested and excited, and that was one of the things which Bagheera himself did not understand. He asked Mowgli about it once and the boy laughed and said: "When I miss my kill I am angry. When I must go empty for two days I am very angry. Do not my eyes talk then?"

"The mouth is angry," said Bagheera, "but the eyes say nothing. Hunting, eating, or swimming, it is all one—like a stone in wet or dry weather." Mowgli

looked at him lazily from under his long eyelashes and, as usual, the panther's head dropped.

They were lying out far up the side of a hill overlooking the Waingunga and the morning mists lay below them in bands of white and green. As the sun rose, they changed into bubbling seas of pure gold, churned off, and let the rays of the low sun stripe the dried grass on which Mowgli and Bagheera were resting. It was the end of the cold weather, the leaves and the trees looked worn and faded, and there was a dry, ticking rustle in the long grass when the wind blew. A little leaf tap—tap—tapped furiously against a twig as a single leaf caught in a current will sometimes do. It roused Bagheera, for he snuffed the morning air with a deep, hollow cough, threw himself on his back and struck with a fore paw at the nodding leaf above.

"The year turns," he said. "The jungle goes forward. The time of New Talk is near. That leaf knows. It is very good."

"The grass is dry," Mowgli answered, pulling up a tuft. "Even eye-of-the-spring" (that is a little trumpet-shaped, waxy, red flower that runs in and out among the grasses), "even eye-of-the-spring is shut, and . . . Bagheera, *is* it well for the Black Panther so to lie on his back and beat with his paws in the air as though he were a tree-cat?"

"Aowgh!" said Bagheera. He was flat on his back and seemed to be thinking of other things.

"I say, *is* it well for the Black Panther so to mouth, and cough, and howl, and roll? Remember, we be the masters of the jungle!"

"Indeed, yes. I hear, man-cub." Bagheera rolled over hurriedly and sat up, the



Drawn by Will H. Drake.

MOWGLI AND BAGHEERA.

dust on his ragged, black flanks. (He was just casting his winter coat.) "We are surely the masters of the jungle! Who is so strong as Mowgli? Who is so wise?" There was a curious drawl in the voice that made Mowgli turn to see whether by any chance the Black Panther was making fun of him, for the jungle is full of words that sound one way but mean something quite different. "I said we be beyond question the masters of the jungle," Bagheera repeated. "Have I done wrong? I did not know that the man-cub no longer lay upon the ground. Does he fly then?"

Mowgli sat with his elbows on his knees looking out across the valley at the daylight. Somewhere down in the woods below a bird was trying over in a husky, reedy voice the first few notes of his spring song. It was no more than a shadow of the full-throated tumbling call he would be crying later on, but Bagheera heard it.

"I said the time of New Talk is near," growled the panther.

"I hear," Mowgli answered. "Bagheera, why dost thou shake all over? The sun is warm enough."

"That is Ferao, the scarlet wood-

pecker," said Bagheera. "*He* has not forgotten. Now I, too, must remember my song," and he began purring and crooning to himself, hearking back dissatisfied again and again.

"There is no game afoot," said Mowgli lazily.

"Little Brother, are *both* thine ears stopped? That is no killing word, but my song that I make ready against the spring."

"I had forgotten. I shall know when the spring is here, because then thou and the others all run away and leave me alone." Mowgli spoke rather savagely.

"But, indeed, Little Brother," Bagheera began, "we do not always—"

"I say ye do," said Mowgli, shooting out his forefinger angrily. "*Ye do* run away, and I who am the master of the jungle must needs walk alone. How was it last spring, when I would gather sugarcane from the fields of a man-pack? I sent a runner—I sent *thee*—to Hathi, bidding him to come upon such a night and pluck the sweet grass for me with his trunk."

"He came only two nights later," said Bagheera cowering a little, for Mowgli's words tumbled one over another, "and



Drawn by Will H. Drake.

"A YOUNG BUCK IN MID-GALLOP."

of that long, sweet grass that pleased thee so, he gathered more than any man-cub could eat in all the nights of the rains. That was no fault of mine."

"He did not come upon the night when I sent him the word. No, he was trumpeting, and running, and roaring through the valleys in the moonlight. His trail was like the trail of three elephants, for he would not hide among the trees. He danced in the moonlight before the houses of the man-pack. I saw him, and yet he would not come to me; and I am the master of the jungle!"

"It is the time of New Talk," said the panther, always very humble. "Perhaps, Little Brother, thou didst not that time call him by a master-word. Listen to Ferao!"

Mowgli's bad temper seemed to have boiled itself away. He lay back with his head on his arms, his eyes shut. "I do not know—nor do I care," he said sleepily. "Let us sleep, Bagheera. My stomach is heavy in me. Make me a rest for my head."

The panther lay down again with a sigh, because he could hear Ferao below him practising and re practising his song against the spring—the time of New Talk, as they say.

In an Indian jungle the seasons slide one into the other almost without division. There seem to be only two,—the wet and the dry,—but if you look closely below the

torrents of rain and the clouds of char and dust, you will find all four going round in their regular ring. Spring is the most wonderful, because she has not only to cover a clean, bare field with new leaves and flowers, but to drive before her and to put away the hanging-on over-surviving raffle of half-green things, which the gentle winter has suffered to live, and to make the partly-dressed stale earth feel new and young once more. And this she does so well that there is no spring in the world like the jungle spring. There is one day when all things are tired, and the very smells as they drift on the heavy air are old and used. One cannot explain this, but it feels so.

Then there is another day—to the eye nothing whatever has changed—when all the smells are new and delightful, and the whiskers of the jungle people quiver to their roots, and the winter hair comes away from their sides in long draggled locks. Then, perhaps, a little rain falls and all the trees, and the bushes, and the bamboos, and the mosses, and the juicy-leaved plants wake with a noise of growing quickly that you can almost hear, and under this noise there is a deep hum day and night. *That* is the noise of the spring—a steady vibrating boom which is neither bees, nor falling water, nor the wind in tree-tops, but the purring of the warm, happy world.

Up to this year, Mowgli had always delighted in the turn of the seasons. It was he who generally saw the first eye-of-the-spring deep down among the grasses, and the first bank of spring clouds, which are like nothing else in the jungle. His voice



Drawn by Will H. Drake.

A WILD BOAR OF THE MARSHES.

could be heard in all sorts of wet, star-lighted, blossoming places, helping the big frogs through their choruses or mocking the little owls that hoot through the white nights. Like all his people, spring was the season he chose for his flittings, moving for the mere joy of rushing through the warm air, thirty, forty, or fifty miles between twilight and the morning star, and coming back panting, and laughing, and wreathed with strange flowers. The Four did not follow him on these wild rangings of the jungle, but went off to sing songs with other wolves. The jungle people are very busy in the spring, and Mowgli could hear them grunting, and screaming, and whistling, according to their kind. Their voices then are different from their voices at other times of the year, and that is one of the reasons why spring is called the time of New Talk.

But that spring, as he told Bagheera, his stomach was changed in him. Ever since the bamboo shoots turned spotty-brown he had been looking forward to the morning when the smells should change. But when that morning came, and Mor, the peacock, blazing in bronze, and blue, and gold, cried it aloud all along the misty woods, and Mowgli opened his mouth to send on the cry, the words choked between his teeth, a feeling came over him that began at his toes and ended at his head,—a feeling of pure unhappiness,—and he looked himself over to be sure that he had not trod on a thorn or bruised his foot. Mor cried the new smells, the other birds took it over, and from the rocks by the Waingunga he heard Bagheera's hoarse scream, something between the scream of an eagle and the neighing of a horse. There was a yelling and scattering of Bandar-log in the new-budding branches above, and there stood Mowgli, his chest, filled to answer Mor, sinking in little gasps as the breath was driven out of it by this unhappiness.



Drawn by
Will H. Drake.

"HE DANCED IN THE MOONLIGHT BEFORE THE HOUSES OF THE
MAN-PACK."

He stared all round him, but he could see no more than the mocking Bandar-log scudding through the trees, and Mor, his tail spread in full splendor, dancing on the slopes below.

"The smells have changed," screamed Mor. "Good hunting, Little Brother! Where is thy answer?"

"Little Brother, good hunting!" whistled Chil, the kite, and his mate, swooping down together. The two baffled under Mowgli's nose so close that a pinch of downy white feather brushed out.

A light spring rain—elephant-rain they call it—drove across the jungle in a belt half a mile wide, left the new leaves wet and nodding behind, and died out in a double rainbow and a light roll of thunder. The spring hum broke out for a minute and was silent, but all the jungle folk seemed to be giving tongue at once. All except Mowgli.

"I have eaten good food," he said to himself. "I have drunk good water. Now does my throat burn and grow small as it did when I bit the blue-spotted root that the turtle said was clean food. But my



Drawn by
Will H. Drake.

FRIGHTENED FOXES.

stomach is heavy and I have, for no cause, given very bad talk to Bagheera and others, people of the jungle and my people. Now, too, I am hot, and now I am cold, and now I am neither hot nor cold, but angry with that which I cannot see. Huh! It is time to make a running! To-night I will cross the ranges—yes, I will make a spring running to the marshes of the North and back again. I have hunted too easily too long. The Four shall come with me, for they grow as fat as white grubs."

He called, but never one of the Four answered. They were far beyond earshot, singing over the spring songs—the moon and sambhur songs—with the wolves of the pack, for in the springtime the jungle people make very little difference between the day and the night. He gave the sharp, barking note, but his only answer was the mocking maion of the little spotted tree-cat winding in and out among the branches looking for early birds'-nests. At this he shook all over with rage and half drew his knife. Then he became very haughty, though there was no one to see him, and stalked severely down the hillside, chin up and eyebrows down. But never a single one of the jungle people asked him a question; for they were all far too busy with their own affairs.

"Yes," said Mowgli to himself, though in his heart he knew that he had no reason, "let the Red Dhole come from the Deccan, or the Red Flower dance among the bamboos, and all the jungle runs whining to Mowgli, calling him great elephant names. But now, because eye-of-the-spring is red, and Mor, forsooth, must show his naked legs in some spring dance, the jungle goes mad as Taba-

qui. . . . By the Bull that bought me, am I the master of the jungle or am I not? Be silent! What do ye here?"

A couple of young wolves of the pack were cantering down a path looking for open ground in which to fight. (You will remember that the law of the jungle forbids fighting where the pack can see.) Their eyes blazed. Their neck bristles were as stiff as wire, and they bayed furiously, crouching for the first grapple. Mowgli leaped forward, caught one outstretched throat in either hand, expecting to fling the creatures backward as he had often done before in games or pack-hunts. But he had never before interfered with a spring fight. The two leaped forward and dashed him aside to the earth, and without a word to waste rolled over and over close locked.

He was on his feet almost before he fell, his knife and his white teeth were bared, and at that minute he would have killed both for no reason but that they were fighting when he wished them to be quiet, and every wolf has full right under the law to fight. He danced round them with lowered shoulders and quivering hand, ready to send in a double blow when the first flurry of the scuffle should be over; but while he waited the strength seemed to go out of his body, the knife point lowered, he sheathed the knife and watched.

"I have eaten poison," he said at last. "Since I broke up the council with the Red Flower—since I killed Shere Khan, none of the pack could fling me aside. And these be only tail-wolves in the pack—little hunters. My strength is gone from me, and presently I shall die. O Mowgli, why dost thou not kill them both?"

The fight went on till one wolf ran away and Mowgli was sat alone on the torn and bloody ground looking now at his knife and now at his legs and arms, while the feeling of unhappiness he had never known before covered him as water covers a log.

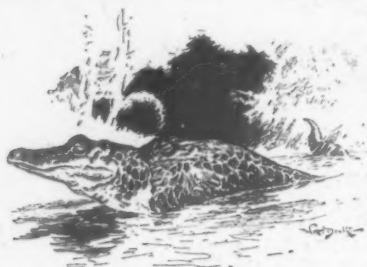
He killed early that evening and ate but little, so as to be in good fettle for his spring running; and he ate alone because all the jungle people were away singing or fighting. It was a perfect white night, as they call it. All green things seem to have made a month's growth since the morning. The branch that was yellow-



Drawn by Will H. Drake.

"WHILE HE WAITED THE STRENGTH SEEMED TO GO OUT OF HIS BODY."

leaved the day before dripped sap when Mowgli broke it. The mosses curled deep and warm over his feet, the young grass had no cutting edges, and all the voices of the jungle boomed like one deep harp-string touched by the moon—the full moon of New Talk, who splashed her light full on rock and pool, slipped it between trunk and creeper, and sifted it through the million leaves. Unhappy as he was, Mowgli sang aloud with pure delight as he settled into his stride. It was more like flying than anything else; for he had chosen the long downward slope that leads to the Northern marshes through the heart of the main jungle, where the springy ground deadened the fall of his feet. A man-taught man would have picked his way with many stumbles through the cheating moonlight, but Mowgli's eyes



Drawn by Will H. Drake.

JACALA, THE CROCODILE.

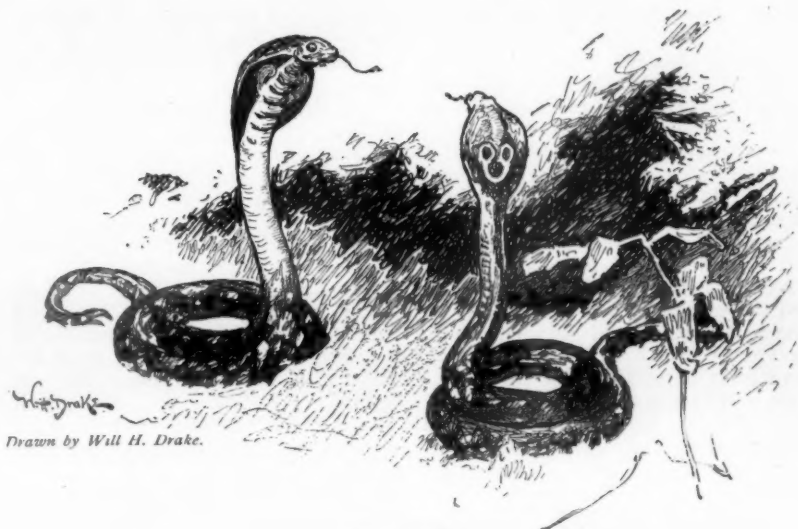
and muscles, trained by years of experience, bore him up as though he were a feather. When a rotten log or a hidden stone turned under his foot he saved himself, never checking his pace, without effort and without thought. When he tired of ground going, he threw up his hands, monkey fashion, to the nearest creeper and seemed to float rather than to climb up into the thin branches, whence he would follow a tree-road till his mood changed and he shot downward in a long curve to the levels again. There were still hot hollows surrounded by wet rocks, where he could hardly breathe for the heavy scents of the night flowers, and the bloom along the creeper-buds; dark avenues where the moonlight lay in belts as regular as checkered marbles in a church aisle; thickets where the wet, young growth stood breast-high about him and threw its arms round his waist;

and hilltops crowned with broken rock, where he leaped from stone to stone above the lairs of the frightened little foxes. He would hear, very faint and far off, the chug-drug of a boar sharpening his tusks on a tree-hole, and an hour later would come across the great gray brute all alone in the moonlight, scribing and rending the red bark of a tall tree, his mouth dripping with foam and his eyes blazing like fire. Or he would turn aside to the sound of clashing horns and hissing grunts and dash past a couple of furious sambhur, staggering to and fro with lowered heads, striped with blood that shows black in the moonlight. Or at some rushing ford he would hear Jacala, the crocodile, bellowing like a bull, or disturb a knot of the poison people, but before they could strike he would be up and across the glistening shingle and deep into the jungle again.

So he ran, sometimes shouting, sometimes singing to himself, the happiest thing in all the jungle that night, till the smell of the flowers warned him that he was near the marshes, and those lay far beyond his furthest hunting-grounds.

Here, again, a man-taught man would have sunk overhead in three strides, but Mowgli's feet had eyes in them, and they passed him from tussock to tussock, and clump to quaking clump without asking help from the eyes in his head. He ran out to the middle of the swamp, disturbing the duck as he ran, and sat down on a moss-coated tree-trunk sunk in the black water. The marsh was awake all round, for in the spring the bird-people sleep very lightly, and companies of them were coming or going the night through. But no one took any notice of Mowgli sitting among the tall reeds humming songs without words, and looking at the soles of his hard, brown feet in case of neglected thorns. All his unhappiness seemed to have been left behind in his own jungle, and he was just beginning a full-throat song when it came back again ten times worse than before. To make all worse, the moon was setting.

This time Mowgli was frightened. "It is here, also!" he said half aloud. "It has followed me," and he looked over his shoulder to see whether the It were not standing behind him. "There is no one here." The night noises of the marsh



Drawn by Will H. Drake.

POISON PEOPLE.

went on, but never a bird or beast spoke to him, and the new feeling of misery grew.

"I have eaten poison," he said in an awe-stricken voice. "It must be that carelessly I have eaten poison, and my strength is going from me. I was afraid—and yet it was not *I* that was afraid—Mowgli was afraid when the two wolves fought. Akela, or even Phao, would have silenced them; yet Mowgli was afraid. That is sure sign I have eaten poison. . . . But what do they care in the jungle? They sing, and howl, and fight, and run in companies under the moon, and I—Hai Mai—I am dying in the marshes, of that poison which I have eaten." He was so sorry for himself that he nearly wept. "And after," he went on, "they will find me lying in the black water. Nay, I will go back to my own jungle, and I will die upon the Council Rock, and Bagheera, whom I love, if he is not screaming in the valley, Bagheera, perhaps, may watch by what is left for a little, lest Chil use me as he used Akela."

A large, warm tear splashed down on his knee, and miserable as he was, Mowgli felt happy that he was so miserable, if you can understand that upside down sort of happiness. "As Chil, the kite, used Akela," he repeated, "on the night I

saved the pack from Red Dog." He was quiet for a little, thinking of the last words of the Lone Wolf which you, of course, remember. "Now, Akela said to me many foolish things before he died, for when we die our stomachs are changed. He said . . . None the less, I *am* of the jungle."

In his excitement, as he remembered the fight on Waingunga bank, he shouted the last words aloud, and a wild buffalo cow among the reeds sprang to her knees snorting—"Man!"

"Uhh!" said Mysa, the wild buffalo (Mowgli could hear him turn in his wallow), "that is no man. It is only the hairless wolf of the Seconee pack. On such nights runs he to and fro."

"Uhh!" said the cow, dropping her head again to graze, "I thought it was man!"

"I say no. O Mowgli, is it danger?" lowed Mysa.

"O Mowgli, is it danger?" the boy called back mockingly. "That is all Mysa think for. Is there danger? But for Mowgli, who goes to and fro in the jungle by night watching, what do ye care?"

"How loud he cries," said the cow.

"Thus do they cry," Mysa answered contemptuously, "who know how to tear

up the grass, but know not how to eat it."

"For less than this," Mowgli groaned to himself, "for less than this, even last rains, I had pricked Mysa out of his wallow and ridden him through the swamp on a rush halter." He stretched out a hand to break one of the feathery reeds, but drew it back with a sigh. Mysa went on steadily chewing the cud, and the long grass ripped where the cow grazed. "I will not die *here*," he said angrily. "Mysa, who is of one blood with Jacala and the pig, would see me. Let us go beyond the swamp, and see what comes. Never have I run such a spring running—hot and cold together. Up, Mowgli!"

He could not resist the temptation of stealing across the reeds to Mysa and pricking him with the point of his knife. The great, dripping bull broke out of his wallow like a shell exploding, while Mowgli laughed till he sat down.

"Say now that the hairless wolf of the Seeonee pack once herded thee, Mysa," he called.

"Wolf! *Thou*?" the bull snorted, stamping in the mud. "All the jungle knows thou wast a herder of tame cattle—such a man's brat as shouts in the dust by the crops yonder. *Thou* of the jungle! What hunter would have crawled like a snake among the leeches and for a muddy jest—a jackal's jest—have shamed me before my cow? Come to firm ground and I will—I will . . ." Mysa frothed at the mouth, for Mysa has nearly the worst temper of any one in the jungle.

Mowgli watched him puff and blow with eyes that never changed. When he could make himself heard through the spattering mud he said: "What man-pack lair by the marshes, Mysa? This is new jungle to me."

"Go North, then," roared the angry bull, for Mowgli had pricked him rather sharply. "It was a naked cow-herd's jest. Go and tell them at the village at the foot of the marsh."

"The man-pack do not love jungle tales, nor do I think, Mysa, that a scratch more or less on thy hide is any matter for a council. But I will go and look at this village. Yes, I will go. Softly now! It is not every night that the master of the jungle comes to play with thee."

He stepped out to the quaking ground

on the edge of the marsh, well knowing that Mysa would never charge over it, and laughed as he ran to think of the bull's anger.

"My strength is not altogether gone," he said. "It may be the poison is not to the bone. There is a star sitting low yonder. By the Bull that bought me, it is the Red Flower—the Red Flower that I lay beside before—before I came even to the first Seeonee pack. Now, that I have seen, I will finish my running."

The marsh ended in a broad plain where a light twinkled. It was a long time since Mowgli had concerned himself with the doings of men, but this night the glimmer of the Red Flower drew him forward.

"I will look," said he, "as I did in the old days, and I will see how far the man-pack has changed."

Forgetting that he was no longer in his own jungle, where he could do what he pleased, he trod carelessly through the dew-loaded grasses till he came to the hut where the light stood. Three or four yelping dogs gave tongue, for he was on the outskirts of a village.

"Ho!" said Mowgli, sitting down noiselessly, after sending back a deep wolf-growl that silenced the curs. "What comes will come. Mowgli, what hast thou to do any more with the lairs of the man-pack?" He rubbed his mouth, remembering where a stone had struck it years ago when the other man-pack had cast him out.

The door of the hut opened and a woman stood peering out into the darkness. A child cried and the woman said over her shoulder in a deep, low voice: "Sleep, thou. It was but a jackal that waked the dogs. In a little time morning comes."

Mowgli, in the grass, began to shake as though he had fever. He knew that voice well, but to make sure he cried softly,—surprised to find how man's talk came back,—"Messua! Oh, Messua!"

"Who calls?" said the woman, a quiver in her voice.

"Hast thou forgotten?" said Mowgli; his throat was dry as he spoke.

"If it is *thou*, what name did I give thee? Say!" She had half shut the door and her hand was clutching at her breast.

"Nathoo! Ohé Nathoo!" said Mowgli, for, as you remember, that was the name Messua gave him when he first came to the man-pack.

"Come, my son," she called, and Mowgli stepped into the light, and looked full at Messua, the woman who had been good to him and whose life he had saved from the man-pack so long before. She was older and her hair was gray, but her eyes and her voice had not changed. Woman-like, she expected to find Mowgli where she had left him, and her eyes traveled upward in a puzzled fashion from his chest to his head, that touched the top of the door.

"My son,"—she stammered, and then sinking to his feet,—"but it is no longer my son. It is a godling of the woods! Ahai!"

As he stood in the red light of the oil-lamp, strong, tall, and beautiful, his long, black hair sweeping back over his shoulders, the knife swinging at his neck, and his head crowned with a wreath of white jasmine, he might easily have been mistaken for some wild god of a jungle legend. The child half asleep on a cot sprang up and shrieked aloud with terror: Messua turned to soothe him while Mowgli stood still, looking in at the water-jars and cooking-pots, the grain-bin, and all the other human belongings that he found himself remembering so well.

"What wilt thou eat or drink?" Messua murmured. "This is all thine. We owe our lives to thee. But art thou him I called Nathoo, or a godling indeed?"

"I am Nathoo," said Mowgli. "I am very far from my own

place. I saw this light and came hither. I did not know thou wast here."

"After we came to Kanhiwara," Messua said timidly, "the English would have helped us against those villagers that sought to burn us. Rememberest thou?"

"Indeed, I have not forgotten."

"But when the English law was made ready we went to the village and it was no more to be found."

"That also I remember," said Mowgli, with a quiver of the nostril.

"My man, therefore, took service in the fields, and at last, for indeed he was a strong man, we held a little land here. It is not so rich as the old village, but we do not need much, we two."

"Where is he, the man that dug in the dirt when he was afraid—on that night?"

"He is dead—a year."

"And he?" Mowgli pointed to the child.



Drawn by Will H. Drake.

"HE DRANK THE WARM MILK IN LONG GULPS."

"My son that was born two rains ago. If thou art a godling, give him the favor of the jungle, that he may be safe among thy—thy people, as we were safe on that night."

She lifted up the child, who, forgetting his fright, reached out to play with the knife that hung on Mowgli's chest, and Mowgli put the little fingers aside very carefully.

"And if thou art Nathoo, whom the tigers carried away," Messua went on,



Drawn by Will H. Drake.

"A GIRL IN A WHITE CLOTH CAME DOWN THE PATH."

choking, "he is then thy younger brother. Give him an elder brother's blessing."

"*Hai mai!* What do I know of the thing called a blessing? I am neither a godling nor his brother, and oh, mother, mother! my heart is heavy within me." He shivered as he put down the child.

"Like enough," said Messua, bustling among the cooking-pots. "This comes of running about the marshes by night. Beyond question the fever has soaked thee to the marrow." Mowgli smiled a little at the idea of anything in the jungle hurting him. "I will make a fire and thou shalt drink warm milk. Put away the jasmine wreath; the smell is heavy in so small a place."

Mowgli sat down muttering, with his face in his hands. All manner of strange

feelings that he had never felt before were running over him, exactly as though he had been poisoned, and he felt dizzy and a little sick. He drank the warm milk in long gulps, Messua patting him on the shoulder from time to time, not quite sure whether he were her son Nathoo of the long-ago days, or some wonderful jungle being, but glad to feel that he was at least flesh and blood.

"My son," she said at last, her eyes were full of pride, "have any told thee that thou art beautiful beyond all men?"

"Hah?" said Mowgli, for naturally he had never heard anything of the kind. Messua laughed softly and happily. The look in his face was enough for her.

"I am the first then? It is right, though it comes seldom that a mother should tell her son these good things. Thou art very beautiful. Never have I looked upon such a man."

Mowgli twisted his head and tried to see over his own hard shoulder, and Messua laughed again so long that Mowgli, not knowing why, was forced to laugh with her, and the child ran from one to the other, laughing too.

"Nay, thou must not mock thy brother," said Messua, catching him to her breast. "When thou art only one-half as fair, we will marry thee to the youngest daughter of a king, and thou shalt ride great elephants."

Mowgli could not understand one word in three of the talk here; the warm milk was taking effect on him after his forty mile run, so he curled up and in a minute was deep asleep, and Messua put the hair back from his eyes, threw a cloth over him, and was happy. Jungle fashion, he slept out the rest of that night and all the next day, for his instincts, which never wholly slept, warned him there was nothing to fear. He waked at last with a bound that shook the hut, for the cloth over his face made him dream of traps; and there he stood, his hand on his knife, the sleep all heavy in his rolling eyes, ready for any fight.

Messua laughed and set the evening meal before him. It was only a few coarse cakes baked over the smoky fire, some rice, and a lump of sour preserved tamarinds—just enough to go on with till he could get to his evening kill. The smell of the dew in the marshes made

him hungry and restless. He wanted to finish his spring running, but the child insisted on sitting in his arms, and Messua would have it that his long, blue-black hair must be combed out. So she sang as she combed, foolish little baby songs, now calling Mowgli her son, and now begging him to give some of his jungle power to the child. The hut door was closed, but Mowgli heard a sound he knew well, and saw Messua's jaw drop with horror as a great gray paw came under the bottom of the door and Grey Brother outside whined a muffled and penitent whine of anxiety and fear.

"Out and wait! Ye would not come when I called," said Mowgli in jungle talk, without turning his head; and the great gray paw disappeared.

"Do not—do not bring thy—thy servants with thee," said Messua. "I—we have always lived at peace with the jungle."

"It is peace," said Mowgli, rising. "Think of that night on the road to Kanhiwara. There were scores of such folk before thee and behind thee. But I see that even in springtime the jungle people do not always forget. Mother, I go."

Messua drew aside humbly (he was, indeed, a wood-god, she thought), but as his hand was on the door the mother in her made her throw her arms around Mowgli's neck again and again.

"Come back!" she whispered. "Son or no son, come back, for I love thee. Look, he, too, grieves."

The child was crying because the man with the shiny knife was going away.

"Come back again," Messua repeated. "By night or by day this door is never shut to thee."

Mowgli's throat worked as though the cords in it were being pulled, and his voice seemed to be dragged from it as he answered: "I will come back."

"And now," he said, as he put by the head of the fawning wolf on the threshold, "I have a little cry against thee.



Drawn by
Will H. Drake.

"GREY BROTHER CANTERED ON WITHOUT REPLYING."

Why came ye not all four when I called so long ago?"

"So long ago? It was but last night. I—we were singing in the jungle the new songs, for this is the time of New Talk, rememberest thou?" said Grey Brother.

"Truly—truly."

"And as soon as the songs were sung," Grey Brother went on earnestly, "I followed thy trail. I ran from the others and followed hot foot. But, O Little Brother, what hast thou done, eating and sleeping with the man-pack?"

"If ye had come when I called, this had never been," said Mowgli, running much faster.

"And now what is to be?" said Grey Brother.

Mowgli was just going to answer, when a girl in a white cloth came down some path that led from the outskirts of the village. Grey Brother dropped out of sight at once, and Mowgli backed noiselessly into a field of high springing crops. He could almost have touched her with his hand when the warm, green stalks closed before his face, and he disappeared like a ghost. The girl screamed, for she thought she had seen a spirit, and then she gave a deep sigh. Mowgli parted the stalks with his hands and watched her till she was out of sight.

"And now I do not know," he said, sighing in his turn. "Why did ye not come when I called?"

"We follow thee—we follow thee," Grey Brother mumbled, licking at Mow-

gli's heel. "We follow thee always, except in the time of the New Talk."

"And would ye follow me to the man-pack?" Mowgli whispered.

"Did I not follow thee on the night our pack cast thee out? Who waked thee lying among the crops?"

"Ay, but again?"

"Have I not followed thee to-night?"

"Ay, but again and again, and it may be again, Grey Brother?"

Grey Brother was silent. When he spoke he growled to himself, "The Black One spoke truth."

"And he said?"

"Man goes to man at the last. Raksha, our mother, said—"

"So, also, said Akela on the night of Red Dog," Mowgli muttered.

"So, also, said Kaa, who is wiser than us all."

"What dost thou say, Grey Brother?"

"They cast thee out once, with bad talk. They cut thy mouth with stones. They sent Buldeo to slay thee. They would have thrown thee into the Red Flower. Thou, and not I, hast said that they are evil and senseless. Thou, and not I—I follow my own people—didst let in the jungle upon them. Thou, and not I, didst make song against them, more bitter even than our song against Red Dog."

"I ask thee what *thou* sayest?"

They were talking as they ran. Grey Brother cantered on a while without replying, and then he said between bound and bound as it were, "Man-cub, master of the jungle, son of Raksha, lair-brother to me,—though I forget for a little while in the spring, thy trail is my trail, thy lair is my lair, thy kill is my kill, and thy death-fight is my death-fight. I speak for the Three. But what wilt those say to the jungle?"

"That is well thought. Between the sight and the kill it is not good to wait. Go before and cry them all to the Council Rock, and I will tell them what is in my stomach. But they may not come—in the time of the New Talk they forget me."

"Hast thou, then, forgotten nothing?" snapped Grey Brother over his shoulder as he laid himself down to gallop, and Mowgli followed thinking.

At any other season his news would have called all the jungle together with

bristling necks, but now they were busy hunting, and fighting, and killing, and singing. From one to another Grey Brother ran crying: "The master of the jungle goes back to man! Come to the Council Rock!" and the happy, eager people only answered: "He will return in the summer heats. The rains will drive him to lair. Run and sing with us, Grey Brother."

"But the master of the jungle goes back to man!" Grey Brother would repeat.

"Eee—Yowa! Is the time of New Talk any less sweet for that?" they would reply. So when Mowgli, heavy-hearted, came up through the well-remembered rocks to the place where he had been bought into the Council, he found only the Four, Baloo, who was nearly blind with age, and the heavy, cold-blooded Kaa coiled round Akela's empty seat.

"Thy trail ends here, then, manling?" said Kaa, as Mowgli threw himself down, his face in his hands. Kaa is very wise. "Cry thy cry," he said. "We be of one blood, thou and I."

"I had rather be torn in two by Red Dog," the boy moaned. "My strength is gone from me, and it is *not* the poison. By night and by day I hear a double step upon my trail. When I turn my head it is as though one had hidden himself from me that instant. I go to look behind the trees, and he is not there. I call and none cry again, but it is as though one listened and kept back the answer. I lie down, but I do not rest. I run the spring running, but I am not made still. I bathe, but I am not made cool. The kill sickens me, and I have no heart to fight except I kill. The Red Flower is in my body, my bones are water—and—I know not what I know."

"What need of talk?" said Baloo slowly, turning his head to where Mowgli lay. "Akela by the river said it that Mowgli should drive Mowgli back to the man-pack. I said it. But who listens now to Baloo? Bagheera—where is Bagheera this night?—he knows also. It is the law."

"When we met at Cold Lairs, manling, I knew it," said Kaa, turning a little in his mighty coils. "Man goes to man at the last, though the jungle does not cast him out."



Drawn by Will H. Drake.

THE COUNCIL ROCK.

The Four looked at one another and at Mowgli, puzzled but obedient.

"The jungle does not cast me out, then?" Mowgli stammered.

Grey Brother and the Three growled furiously, beginning, "So long as we live, none shall dare—" But Baloo checked them.

"I taught thee the law. It is for me to speak," he said, "and though I cannot now see the rocks before me, I see far. Little Frog, take thine own trail; make thy lair with thine own blood, and pack, and people; but when there is need of foot, or tooth, or eye, or a word carried swiftly by night, remember, master of the jungle, the jungle is thine at call."

"The middle jungle is thine, also," said Kaa. "I speak for no small people."

"*Hai mai*, my brothers!" cried Mowgli, throwing up his arms with a sob. "I know not what I know. I would not go—but I am drawn by both feet. How shall I leave these nights?"

"Nay, look up, Little Brother," Baloo repeated. "There is no shame in this hunting. When the honey is eaten, we leave the empty hive."

"Having cast the skin," said Kaa, "we may not creep into it afresh. It is the law."

"Listen, dearest of all to me," said Baloo. "There is neither word nor will here to hold thee back. Look up! Who may question the master of the jungle? I saw thee playing among the white pebbles there when thou wast a little frog; and Bagheera, that bought thee for the price of a young bull newly killed, saw thee also. Of that looking over we two only remain, for Raksha, thy lair-mother, is dead with thy lair-father; the old wolf-pack is long since dead; thou knowest whither Shere Khan went, and Akela died among the dholes, where but for thy wisdom and strength the second Seonee pack would also have died. There remains nothing but old bones. It is no

longer the man-cub that asks leave of his pack, but the master of the jungle that changes his trail. Who shall question man in his ways?"

"But Bagheera and the Bull that bought me," said Mowgli. "I would not—"

His words were cut short by a roar and a crash in the thicket below, and Bagheera, light-strong, and terrible as always stood before them.

"Therefore," he said, stretching out a dripping right paw, "I did not come. It was a long hunt, but he lies dead in the bushes now—a bull in his second year—the bull that frees thee, Little Brother. All debts are paid now. For the rest, my word is Baloo's word." He licked Mowgli's foot. "Remember, Bagheera loved thee," he cried and bounded away. At the foot of the hill he cried again, long and loud: "Good hunting on a new trail, master of the jungle! Remember, Bagheera loved thee!"

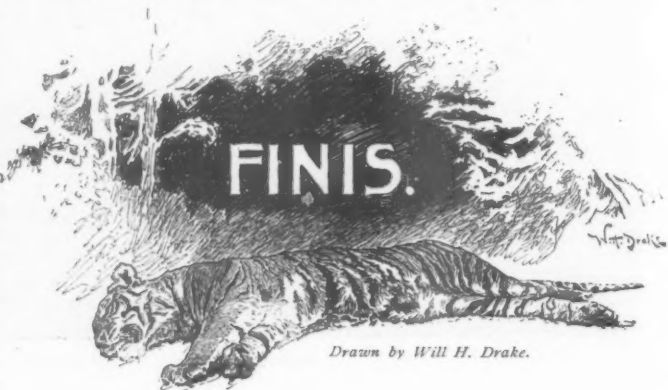
"Thou hast heard," said Baloo. "There is no more. Go—but first come to me. O wise little Frog, come to me!"

"It is hard to blot out an old trail," said Kaa, as Mowgli sobbed and sobbed with his head on the blind bear's side and his arms round his neck, while Baloo tried feebly to lick his feet.

"The stars are thin," said Grey Brother snuffing at the dawn wind. "Where shall we lair to-day, for from now we follow new trails?"

* * *

This is the last of the Mowgli stories, because there are no more to be told.



Drawn by Will H. Drake.

ARE WE OLD FOGIES?

BY JAMES COOPER AYRES, CAPT. U.S.A.

AMERICANS pride themselves upon being the most progressive nation on the face of the globe. The mechanical history of the United States has been a succession of victories over nature, and we have good reason to boast of our triumphs in steam navigation, in farming implements, in mining machinery, and in countless labor-saving devices. We have just opened up the wide realm of electricity, and as yet know no more the extent of that empire than we knew thirty years ago the possibilities of the great American desert.

For a young country, we have far more than our share of practical benefactors of the human race. The roll of honor that includes Franklin, Fulton, Corliss, Morse, Howe, Remington, McCormick, Thompson, Pullman, Westinghouse, Bell, and Edison, is rapidly lengthening. Most really valuable inventions receive quick recognition and bring fortunes to the brains that conceive them.

Decidedly, the great Yankee people would scorn the imputation of old fogysm.

Americans not only consider themselves more progressive than their fellows, but are almost violent in their disgust at the conservatism of the older nations. We go to England and inveigh against the national currency, and certainly with much justice, for the mother country has undoubtedly adhered in a very pig-headed way to a most absurd system, in the face of the civilized world. They even glory in it, and a shopkeeper in London once told me he wondered how we could make change quickly with our money.

Russia still refuses to accept the Gregorian calendar, and has the satisfaction of being a dozen days ahead of the whole world, and is constantly increasing the lead. If the empire and its conservatism endure long enough, Russia's Christmas and our Fourth of July will occur on the same day. This is the most transcendent case of old fogysm I know.

In Germany we find fault with their ancient typography, and it is certainly the acme of obstinacy for one nation of Europe to try to compel her neighbors to recognize the unimproved letters of a thousand years ago. We might just as well go back to the old black-letter English and say that we will use no other. Bismarck, the most progressive politician of his time, is the greatest literary old fogy of all, and wishes to have the use of his medieval text and script made compulsory throughout the empire. Examples could be multiplied in other countries. In Holland we wonder that the women will persist in concealing their beautiful blonde hair under metal helmets, and in China we pity the poor women condemned to senseless deformation of their feet for the sake of a fashion old as Confucius. Every people has its absurd customs handed down from generation to generation. Is our land, young compared to her hoary forbears, and vigorous in the pursuit of all improvements, entirely free from similar old-fogy notions?

Even in the use of our national currency, founded as it is upon a scientific decimal system, we strive to get back to the inconvenient English money. The English shilling, under the name of the quarter, is still practically our standard for small values. When we coined a consistent piece of money, the twenty-cent piece, some years ago, the old-fogy quarter arose in its might and quickly drove it from the field. In many sections of the country we still hear of the "bit," two bits being a quarter. The six-pence was, of course, the prototype of this imaginary coin. But here arose a difficulty: there was no one-bit piece, so these persistent worshippers of antiquity called the dime a "short bit" and fifteen cents a "long bit."

In my boyhood I studied in my arithmetic the "duodecimal system," apparently designed to enable the youth of America readily to make change in British money. The multiplication table,

learned by weary children to twelve times twelve, instead of the natural stopping place of ten times ten, is probably a relic of the same infatuation for reckoning in shillings and pence.

The driver of a vehicle in this country always sits on the right side, and when he meets another team the law directs that he turn out to the right. To be sure he cannot see the hubs of the wheels as they pass, and there may be a collision, but our fathers turned out to the right and we follow their example, notwithstanding the inconvenience and risk to life and limb. This is more curious because in England, France, and other countries, the people very sensibly turn out to the left. The reason for sitting on the right is probably in order that the driver may have his right hand for the whip and brake, but it is evident that he should be able to see how close he is to a passing team. Our railroads and street-cars follow the example of the wagons and pass on the right in most cases, and passengers have to swing off with the weak left hand instead of the strong right. When the passenger gets on the car it is stationary, and it makes no difference which side he gets in on, but in alighting, with the car only checked up or just stopped, it would be much safer if passengers could use their right hands. Of course, the Broadway cars are an exception to this rule, for they never stop for male passengers at all, and it is only by possessing abnormal strength in his right arm that a man can board a car. This line had better, therefore, retain its present practice.

Did you ever observe how a pilot in New York harbor steers his boat? He turns the wheel in the opposite direction from that in which he wishes to go. This results from the fact that with the old helm, when it is put over, for instance, to starboard, the rudder guides the boat to port, and vice versa. It is, of course, much more convenient to turn the wheel the way one wants to go, but the sturdy Knickerbocker mariner will have none of this simple method. On ocean steamers and west of the Hudson, the natural way is used, but as soon as a tug or steamer becomes a permanent inhabitant of this port, fashion prescribes the reversal of the steering gear. I wonder if these jolly old fogies would cross their reins in driv-

ing a horse? Likely enough, for sailors are also peculiar in their equine experiments.

Gamblers are known to test their luck by throwing dice or cutting cards before engaging in serious gaming. One of the most curious ideas prevalent in the West is that the luck of a gambler lies in a vest of fur, preferably of black cat skin that he wears under his clothes. The vest of a successful gambler who has died is eagerly bid for at the sale of his effects. I know of a gambler who went from New York to San Antonio, Texas, in order to bid on the vest of an unusually successful operator. As to whether the possession of the vest enabled him to get back his traveling expenses from the San Antonio gaming fraternity or not, history is silent. In this case old fogysm is combined with superstition, and the catalogue of superstitious ideas handed down from our ancestors is endless.

Medicine has made as great strides during the past fifty years as any other science, and still physicians cling to the ridiculous and perilous practice of writing their prescriptions in Latin. Many an unfortunate has been murdered or made seriously ill, because a druggist who knew nothing about Latin tried to put up a simple prescription written by a doctor who was equally ignorant of the language of the Romans. This pernicious practice ought to be prohibited by law in the interests of life and health.

The Roman Catholic Church is a wonderful and most enterprising organization, but its vast congregations are no longer composed of Romans, and the Latin language is as much out of place in its prayers and ritual as Greek or Hebrew.

Most of these instances are rather sentimental, or of limited application. We Yankees, as a race, consider ourselves nothing if not practical, and it would be strange if we should display the grossest old fogysm in a field that is the opposite of sentimental or theoretical, but so it is.

I arraign the American people as old fogies on a subject that is interwoven with every business interest, from the measure of the farmer's crops to the calculation of the strains on the parts of the great North river bridge, namely, their refusal to adopt the metric system.

It is a hundred years since Talleyrand proposed a universal system of weights and measures to the world, seventy-two years since John Quincy Adams made his celebrated report upon the metric system, and twenty-eight years since its use was legalized by Congress; it is used by over twenty nations of the earth, numbering, with their colonies, four hundred millions of people, and yet we follow the lead of our English cousins and adhere to their clumsy and antiquated system.

The real purpose of this article is to do what one pen can to hasten the adoption of the metric system. It is certainly destined to triumph eventually, but its progress is woefully slow. We have compromised so far as to put both kinds of measures on some of our tape-lines and rules, it is more or less used in many scientific experiments, and most of us have some idea of the value of the meter and the gram, but the system is by no means making giant strides in this country.

The disadvantages of the English system are too well known, and have caused all of us too much annoyance to require extended notice.

In long measure we progress swimmingly as far as twelve inches make a foot, and three feet make a yard, and then we grumble at five and one-half yards making a rod, when it might just as well have been five yards or six yards; but when we come to square measure, and have to use thirty and one-quarter as a multiplier or divisor, and find that in surveyor's measure a link is seven and ninety-two one-hundredth inches, we lose all confidence in the great pyramid.

Did you ever read Professor Smyth's "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid?" It is worth reading, if only to show into what fanaticism an able and scientific man can reason himself. He proves, from the length of the base of the pyramid, which is, by the way, not all there, that the inch was ordained from heaven as the measure for man. From the angles of the sides, which have, unfortunately, been stripped of their cut stone covering, and from the inclination of the entrances he deduces, without ever having seen the pyramid himself, quite a treatise on astronomy. The sarcophagus of a king, or his jewel-case, or whatever it is, has been forced to do duty as an

English bushel. Altogether, it is one of the most extraordinary as well as absurd books of the century.

When we come to weights, we are all adrift. There are three kinds of ounces and three kinds of pounds, several kinds of drams, a long ton and a short ton, not to speak of carats, and centals, and stones, of eight, fourteen, sixteen, and thirty-two pounds.

In the so-called dry measure we have a pleasing variety of names, such as small measure, struck bushel, and heaping bushel, besides barrels of almost any capacity.

The quart is as variable as the ounce. A quart in wine measure is equal to fifty-seven and three-quarter cubic inches, in dry measure to sixty-seven and one-fifth, and in beer measure to seventy and one-half cubic inches. The quart, therefore, has the merit of favoring the poor, since the laboring man gets a twenty-five per cent. larger drink in his growler than the millionaire does in his cold bottle.

The system is full of absurdities, but they can be reconciled or allowed for. The real objection to it is the fact that its employment necessitates so much useless labor. When time is as valuable as it is in this country, no engineer can afford to take a pencil and a scratch-block to divide by thirty and one-quarter to find out how many square rods there are in a given number of yards, when he ought to be able to obtain his result by pointing off a decimal place.

In a very weak way we are already striving after a decimal system. The surveyors have made a chain of a hundred links, ten square chains making one acre, and their leveling rods are usually graduated into feet and tenths of a foot. In our machine-shops we subdivide the inch into tenths, hundredths, and thousandths, and often carry the use of the inch to great lengths in order to retain this approach to a decimal system. For instance, we say that the eight-inch rifle is 278.52 inches long. In this we follow Professor Smyth, who was so convinced of the divine origin of the inch that he would use no other denomination in his works.

When we need a decimal system so badly, and constantly strive to make one out of the impossible English tables, why

not cease our vain gropings, stretch forth our hands and take what our French friends have provided?

Even if the metric system were worse than the English, it would be a great advantage to have all the world use it. A common system of weights, measures, and money, good the world over, is the desideratum of the age. Even the old-fogiest Englishman or American would hesitate before asking France, and Germany, and Austria, and the rest to sacrifice their convenient system for ours. We could not consistently do so, for many congresses of our own scientists and convocations of our own public men have pronounced in no uncertain terms against our system. If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, there is only one alternative.

I suppose most magazine readers know that the metrical system uses the meter for its unit of length, and that this is about thirty-nine inches long, but that is as far as most of us go. The system is scientifically constructed to include all weights and measures. Any encyclopedia describes the metric system. I will only, therefore, touch upon a few salient points.

The unit of weight is the gram, which is equal to the weight of so much distilled water at its maximum density as will fill the cube of a centimeter, or the hundredth part of a meter. It about equals fifteen of our grains. The unit of measure of capacity is the liter, which is the cube of ten centimeters, and about equals our quart. All other weights and measures are derived from these units by successively multiplying or dividing by ten.

Greek prefixes, deka—ten, hecto—a hundred, kilo—a thousand, and myria—ten thousand, are used to indicate the results of the multiplications, and the Latin prefixes deci—tenth, centi—hundredth, and milli—thousandth, are used for the several quotients. Thus, a hectoliter equals a hundred liters, and a milligram is one-thousandth of a gram.

No valid objections have been made to the metric system. It has been said that the base used, the meter, has not been correctly determined. The meter is supposed to be one ten millionth of the distance from the equator to the north pole,

measured on the arc of a meridian. It is contended that all quadrants of meridians are not equal, and that the standard meter is not exactly one ten millionth of any of them. What of it? As a matter of fact, the length was determined as accurately as was possible at the time, seven years being expended on the work, and it is correct to within one ten thousandth of an inch, but it makes little difference what the origin of the standard may be, provided it remain constant. The standard measures and weights are deposited in the Palace of Archives, at Paris, and every nation that has adopted the system has presumably accurate copies of these standards for the use of its own people.

It has also been urged that the standard ought to be some easily measured dimension of the human body, in order, I suppose, that ladies may continue to reel off, with startling accuracy, I must admit, yards on their arms and inches on their fingers. But this is a trivial objection.

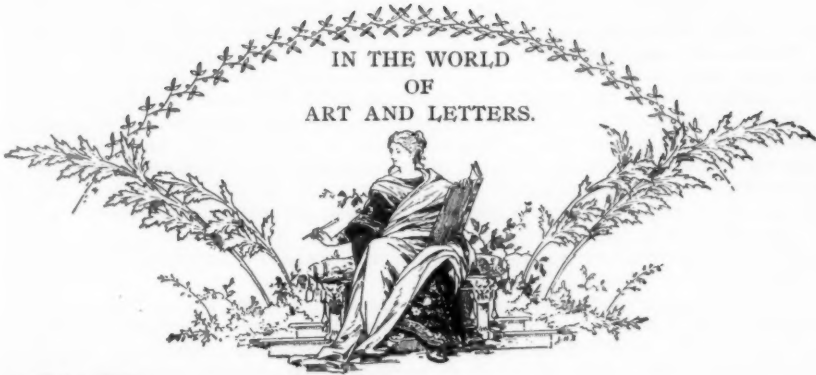
Another objection is that a new system would invalidate the measurements recorded in land deeds and other legal instruments. But this is untenable, since the old measurements could readily be translated into the new, and vice versa.

Section 3569 of the Revised Statutes of the United States says:

"It shall be lawful throughout the United States of America to employ the weights and measures of the metric system; and no contract, or dealing, or pleading in any court shall be deemed invalid or liable to objection because the weights or measures expressed or referred to therein are weights and measures of the metric system."

Congress has legalized the use of the system, let our lawgivers go further and require the officers of the Government to use it. If our post-offices, custom-houses, public surveys, military and naval establishments, and other departments of the federal government were compelled to employ the metric system, it would not be long before its advantages would be appreciated by the whole people, its use would become universal, and this deserved stigma of old fogysm would be removed from our progressive land.

IN THE WORLD
OF
ART AND LETTERS.



ovels of Romance and Stories of Real Life.—

No idea seems to be more deeply rooted in the minds of romantic novelists and their sympathizers than that reality is prosy, ugly, unworthy of the attention of a sublime, poetic soul. It is, therefore, the novelist's duty to devise a world better and nobler than the one God made, or, at least, to invent social conditions and human types superior to those which we encounter in the world about us. Hence the phrase, "the sordid reality," which is of such frequent occurrence in the criticism and the fiction of the school.

Though I am by no means sure that this is the best of all possible worlds, I have so profound a respect for it, as it is, that I should not presume to suggest any radical improvement; and I cannot but think that it requires a monumental audacity even to entertain such a proposition. Though Utopias of all sorts are easy to imagine, a general and consistent scheme of things which would not, if realized, involve more drawbacks than advantages, has, I believe, never been proposed and never will be. It is, of course, a perfectly legitimate occupation to forecast the results of the social evolution and to exert one's self, to the extent of his ability, to hasten the better day which he may believe to be coming. But that is a very different thing from suspending the laws of the universe, as the romanticists are perpetually doing, violating all the premises of rational existence, and, in order to please credulous readers, ignoring the profound and complex logic of reality. And still more preposterous, it appears to me, is the claim that their fantastic moonshine world is "ideal," i. e., nobler and more beautiful than "the sordid reality" with which by a cruel necessity they are, in their daily concerns, forced to deal.

It is this shallow and absurd contention which we encounter in well nigh nine-tenths of the literary journals and magazines of this country and England. The late Robert Louis Stevenson (whom according to his admirers it is sacrilege to criticize) declared the art of the romancer to be a kind of magic which enabled him to impose upon his readers, compelling them to accept the wildest impossibilities. Thus, in his extravagant praise of Dumas' "Monte Cristo," he makes the following characteristic remark:

"Here are stories which powerfully affect the reader, which can be reperused at any age, and where the characters are no more than puppets. The bony fist of the showman visibly propels them, their springs are an open secret, their faces are of wood, their bellies are filled with bran; and yet we thrillingly partake of their adventures."

I have tried the experiment which Stevenson here asserts can be safely made; but I have failed to verify his experience. At sixteen I read "Monte Cristo" with flying pulse and bated breath. At thirty the book left me cold, and at forty I found it amusing only as a piece of ingenious absurdity; but I was unable to finish it. A similar experience I have had with "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," and many more of the favorites of my boyhood. Scores of my friends whom I have consulted have confessed to a similar change of taste, and I believe it to be normally characteristic of the progress from youth to manhood. The great majority of mankind, however, intellectually never outgrow their boyhood, and therefore continue to the end of their days to delight in sensational chronicles of impossible deeds. It is these who constitute the public of the romantic authors, and because they are in the majority they also delude themselves with the idea that they must be in the right. As if a question of art, involving discrimination of esthetic values and principles, could be decided by a count of noses!

I shall, however, not trouble myself with this phase of the subject. In a certain sense, there is no absolute right or absolute wrong in questions of art. My only contention is that the romantic novel represents a juvenile and, intellectually considered, lower stage of development than the realistic novel. It may be worth observing, too, that by realism I do not mean Zolaism (which dwells almost exclusively upon the seamy side of existence), but a comprehensive fidelity to the laws of reality, in so far as we know them, and strict adherence to and preference for normal rather than exceptional characters and incidents—in a word, the spirit in which George Eliot, Thackeray, Tourguéneff, Tolstoi, Dostoyevsky, Lermontof, Gogol, Balzac, Guy de Maupassant, and many others I could mention, have practised the art of novel-writing. Who would dare mention such names as Haggard, Doyle, Weyman, Crockett, or any of the evanescent favorites of the hour in such a company? Who is absurd enough to believe that even Stevenson, man of genius though he was, is likely, fifty years hence, to be named among the masters of English fiction. No; survival depends upon other qualities than the mere ability cleverly to entertain one's contemporaries. Generally speaking, I should say, that those are the likeliest to be remembered whose thought and work contributed to or were in the trend of the world's evolution. All the realistic authors to whom I have referred chronicled important phases of contemporary life—which is a vastly more difficult thing to do than to spin entertaining yarns about pirates and wreckers, or the unraveling of gratuitous mysteries. The importance of George Eliot, Tolstoi, and Tourguéneff, is furthermore enhanced by the fact that they were themselves typical figures of their age, and embodied in their persons, as in their writings, typical phases of the intellectual life and aspirations of their century. Among living English novelists I know only one, or possibly two, who have, though as yet in a lesser degree, the same kind of significance, viz., Mrs. Humphrey Ward and Thomas Hardy. What Rudyard Kipling is to develop into remains yet to be seen.

Whenever I avow this opinion (as I have frequently had the audacity to do), I am usually told, inferentially or directly, that I must be a prosy and rather unimaginative person, since I prefer "the sordid reality" to such high and heroic action as it may please some Walter Scott, Stevenson, or Anthony Hope to invent for my benefit. It is a very eccentric thing, of course, to prefer quiet everyday soul histories, which are perhaps no less tragic because their pathos is silent, to all the noisy and violent chronicles, resounding with screams and reeking with blood, which our clever sensation mongers are turning out in such alarming quantities—to love that which lies close to the common human experience rather than that which lies remote. How can, indeed, a man be constituted who professes to prefer a vivid bit of closely-studied life, such as Miss Wilkins' "Pembroke," or Tourguéneff's "Fathers and Sons," or Tolstoi's "Anna Karénina," or Rudyard Kipling's "Plain Tales from the Hills," to the Waverley Novels, and "Kidnapped," and "The Prisoner of Zenda," and all the romantic chronicles in

the world? Well, I admit my case is a deplorable one; and a medieval gentleman named Andrew Lang has had no end of amusement at my expense because of these eccentric opinions. He particularly prides himself on not having read those articles of mine which he criticizes, contenting himself with a few stray sentences, torn from the context, which he may happen to find in a journal. I can only reply that, to me, Andrew Lang appears even more amusing than I do to him. A literary critic of forty odd years who can go into ecstasies over Rider Haggard's "She" (of which he is reputed to have written eight or nine reviews), and who apparently lacks all comprehension of the scientific spirit of the age, could indeed never be taken seriously anywhere but in England. Upon all the great phenomena which have revolutionized the modern world, Mr. Lang gazes through a pair of rather dim medieval spectacles, and his attitude toward the great continental movements of thought seems to be characterized by a certain British insularity and superciliousness. According to my notion the business of a critic is neither to ridicule nor to deplore, but primarily to comprehend. But a critic who, according to his own statement, seeks in literature "forgetfulness of trouble and the anodyne of dreams," is ill-equipped to do justice to the realistic movement which regards the novel, primarily, as a reflection of life—an illuminative commentary on existence. Mr. Lang conceives of art as something apart and detached from actuality; and apparently he likes a novel the better the farther it is removed from life. The wildest impossibilities, therefore, do not stagger him; his juvenile fancy revels in battle, murder, and sudden death, such as Haggard and his confrères lavishly supply. To me, that is evidence of intellectual immaturity; just as my preference for "the sordid reality," to him, is evidence of a prosy and unimaginative temperament.

In order to set myself right with my readers, if not with my critics, I should like to add a few general reflections. It is scarcely the prime object of art to reflect nature, but the art which does not reflect nature is, nevertheless, worthless. The object of an astronomical calculation is not to demonstrate the correctness of the multiplication table, but for all that an astronomical calculation which emancipated itself from the multiplication table would be devoid of value. So also the novel which, by presupposing the impossible, emancipates itself from life. Just as much as the laws of light, and shade, and perspective, must guide the painter, and the painter who violates them is held to be a bungler; so the delicate and intricate organism of the body social as well as of the individual heart must be familiar to the novelist, and the value of his work suffers if, from ignorance or with deliberate intent, he leaves it out of account. What I seek in the novel is not excitement or even entertainment for an idle hour, but the delight of contact with a fresh and vigorous mind. It is the man behind the book—or the book as the expression of a finely organized mind—that arouses my interest. That I am entertained goes without saying, though the object of the author may not primarily have been to entertain me. Books which are written with the sole object to entertain, are, in my opinion, rarely entertaining.

It may be heresy, from the point of view of extreme realism, but for all that I cannot disguise my conviction that the aim and object of art is self-expression, self-realization. There burns a great creative need in the artistic soul and the world, in the degree that it is intimately felt and realized, furnishes it with the material for its expression. Many a shallow mind which has nothing valuable to express, but hankers after the rewards of this high and honorable calling, may fancy that the process is capable of being reversed. But this is a grievous delusion. A mere photographic portrayal of human figures and social conditions, even though it were possible, would not be literature, but journalism. A trivial mind, even if possessed of much linguistic dexterity, cannot, therefore, produce literature. The most precious thing in a work of art, be it novel, or statue, or painting, is not the power of irresponsible invention it betrays, but its human quality. The more profoundly human it is, the more moving it is—and the more noble and enduring. But where does the human quality reveal itself in a story

of a woman who is an irresistible charmer at the age of three thousand years, and who dissolves, if I remember rightly, like a puff of smoke? I have sought, too, in vain for "the touch of nature that proves the world akin" in the scores of hysterical tales which Mr. Lang has enthusiastically recommended? If a critic finds such stuff admirable, it is because he is yet in the juvenile state, when character yet lies largely beyond his ken and mere brute incident has to take its place.

I have chosen Mr. Lang as the representative of the baneful tendency which at present dominates English literature, because he is the chief, but by no means the only offender. As a contributor to the columns of many prominent journals, he wields a considerable influence on both sides the Atlantic; and, in my opinion, he wields it in a pernicious spirit. He seems to be the apostle of shallowness and brilliant superficiality. In all his critical writings, with which I am acquainted, he reverses the literary values, extolling the lesser at the expense of the greater. I am aware that he published, some fifteen years ago, a poem entitled "Helen of Troy," to which this stricture does not apply. It was, in fact, a very beautiful poem, steeped in Homeric feeling and deserving a better reception than was accorded it. But since then Mr. Lang has degenerated into "Ballads on Books" and "Blue China." The great realities of life have escaped him more and more; and he has become a clever and vivacious trifler, who desires to banish from literature all serious purpose and substitute "forgetfulness of trouble and the anodyne of dreams." Instead of arousing and energizing the intellectual powers, the novel is to lull them asleep. It is to serve as an agreeable opiate, like hashish or alcohol, obliterating the world and its concerns, and enabling the reader to indulge in illusions that have no relation to fact. But for that purpose whisky is certainly a much cheaper, prompter, and more effective agency.

I shall not pretend that the art of story-telling as practised by Scott, Dickens, and Stevenson, is a frequent or a common accomplishment; but it is, to my mind, more common than the profound, spiritual insight of George Eliot, the masterly character-drawing of Thackeray, the incomparable vividness of realistic presentment displayed by Balzac (at his best), Alphonse Daudet, and Guy de Maupassant, and the noble, soul-searching veracity of Tolstoi, Gogol, and Tourguéneff. Let the mere purveyors of amusement rejoice in their popularity while it is theirs; but let not their admirers delude themselves with the idea that, because they are acceptable to the multitude, they are thereby proved to be the greater spirits. Genius has been defined as the grasp of essentials; and an anonymous German has, with the same justice, defined talent as a vivid sense of the non-essential. That definition comes near hitting the bull's-eye. What above all distinguishes the greater novelists from the lesser is their grip on the great and potent realities of life—their power to deal largely and securely with large subjects, their penetrating insight into the dusky recesses of the human heart. In Andrew Lang, and the school he represents, I find none of these qualities; but, in their stead, a marked alienation from contemporary life, a curious taste for all sorts of archaic trumpery, and a juvenile preference for violent and illogical action. All these traits are normal concomitants of a barren period, which, because it lacks the sense for the greater, conscientiously exalts the lesser.

England has deluged us of late with second- and third-rate novelists, to most of whom Andrew Lang has stood sponsor. During a recent tour by steamer from Chicago to Bay View, Michigan, I had occasion to verify the extent of the romantic reaction which is at present sweeping over us. Nine-tenths of the female passengers were reading Rider Haggard, Conan Doyle, Stanley Weyman, and S. R. Crockett, and the remaining tenth were not reading at all. Not a single American book did I find on board that steamboat, except a Monitor Railway Guide and an album of illustrated advertisements. Some of the ladies with whom I conversed had heard of Howells, and Cable, and Miss Wilkins, and Miss Murfree; but they had not read their books. They were reading Haggard, Doyle, and Company, not because they found them exceptionally entertaining, but

"because everybody was reading them," and "because they were to be found on every news-stand," while of native authors only Archibald Clavering Gunther, "The Duchess," and Laura Jean Libbey, enjoyed this distinction.

I cite these facts, not without regret, because they seem to me significant. It is not so much the conquest of our continent by the British novelist I am lamenting—for if we cannot hold our own we deserve to be beaten—but it is our conquest by the second- and third-rate British novelist. If it were Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Rudyard Kipling, or Thomas Hardy who had attained this phenomenal popularity among us, I should perhaps yet feel a little patriotic twinge; but I should cordially recognize the fairness of the victory. To be vanquished by Hector is unpleasant, but not ignominious. To be vanquished by Ægisthus involves the pain of tragedy without its dignity. The latter fate seems, for the moment, to be overtaking the American novelist.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYSEN.



he Publishing of Plays.—The publication of "The Amazons" in Mr. Heinemann's neat little edition of the works of our foremost playwright, completing as it does a baker's dozen of Mr. Pinero's plays, reminds one of the curiously rapid change that has come over "the spirit of the scene" in respect of the position of the British dramatist. It was only in October, 1891, that Mr. Pinero, in an interesting preface to his comedy of "The Times"

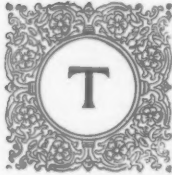
(volume one of the series), wrote: "I have long hoped that the time would arrive when an English dramatist might find himself free to put into the hands of the public the text of his play simultaneously with its representation upon the stage. . . . Such a course might dignify at once the calling of the actor and the craft of the playwright. . . . It will hardly be denied that there exists in certain places the impression that an English play is a haphazard concoction of the author, the actor, and the manager; that the manuscript of a drama, could it ever be dragged, soiled and dog-eared from the prompter's shelf, would reveal itself as a dissolute, formless thing, mercilessly scarred by the managerial blue pencil and illuminated by those innumerable interpolations with which the desperate actors have helped to lift the poor material into temporary, unhealthy popularity." Despite Mr. Pinero and a few others, this impression, to which he has given such felicitous expression, was a true one. The play was *not* the thing. As literature it was non-existent. A remarkable phenomenon surely, when we consider how great a branch of our literature the play has always been, from "Ralph Roister Doister" onwards; and when we remember that the aspiration after literary form survived as late as Sheridan Knowles and Bulwer Lytton, it is not easy to understand what wrought this sudden divorce between the stage and letters. Perhaps the simplest explanation is the famous "no snakes in Iceland." The brilliant chain of dramatists that led from Shakspeare to Congreve, to Goldsmith, to Sheridan, was broken off short. Mr. Clement Scott, recounting his heroic reminiscences of "twenty years ago," thinks that a new link was forged when Robertson arose. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, who has just devoted a volume to our dramatic "Renaissance," evidently considers it a much more recent phenomenon, while "the coming dramatist" would probably be inclined to relegate it altogether into the future. And yet the British drama has never ceased to be printed, though it can scarcely be said to have been published. That wonderful collection, "Dick's Penny Drama," embraces at least fifty dramatists who wrote "when there were none," and as many again may be dug out of the costlier catalogue of French, the French, who, as Henry J. Byron said, took our plays after we had taken them from the French; a quip which reminds us in humiliating fashion of how largely the modern British drama has been unintentionally written by gentlemen who only knew of Albion as "perfidious."

In France, of course, the drama has never lost the literary tradition. But it is not France, curiously enough, that has stimulated the resurrection of our drama:

we were fed by Paris, not inspired by it. We robbed it, in the vulgar spirit of the burglar, anxious for "swag;" but we caught nothing of its grace and finesse. It is the effervescence of dramatic genius in Norway and Germany that has stirred up critic and author alike. English people are beginning to understand that, to be "literary," the stage must have the same relation and appeal to the age as the works of its leading men of letters. Fortunes have been made on the stage by authors who exactly answered to the schoolboy's definition: "Plagiarist—a writer of plays." Fortunes have been made on the stage by authors who could not write a page of decent English (in any sense of the adjective). These fortunes will still be made, but, at least, the fortunate gentlemen will no longer have any standing outside the box-offices. Let them publish their successful works, if they dare; "publish and be damned," as the Duke of Wellington said to Fanny.

Mr. Pinero has set a precedent that cannot be disregarded. Greatly daring, he has now published all his works, except some early farcical comedies, and who knows that even these secret things may not be brought to light? Mr. Jones has issued several of his plays publicly through Macmillan, and his friends and critics now invariably receive handsome private editions of each new play on the eve of production. This is, indeed, courage. The "unpublished" successful dramatists plead justification on the ground that publication facilitates surreptitious performances by amateurs who, with the conscientious disregard of literary property which has always characterized the property-loving philistine, are even capable of re-christening the piece so as to evade the fees. It should be added that even before Pinero, many a dramatist dared to publish. But these were "the great unplayed."

I. ZANGWILL.



the Month in England.—When cricket is in, literature is out, and I could say a good deal on the former subject if it were in the bond. A connection is established between the two themes, by Mr. Horace Hutchinson's "Peter Steel, the Cricketer." This innocent and humorous romance may be recommended to all critics who condemn us on the score of our Galliae, John Oliver Hobbses, and "women who do"—not stick at anything. "Peter Steel" is

as English as old turf, good humor, or home-brewed ale. The "love-interest" is rather tender than "passionate," or "exotic," and blends itself charmingly with the noble game. Mr. Hutchinson, the author, is only a country-house and college eleven kind of cricketer, but no golfer is more celebrated; nobody, in fact, is more universally popular. That his book may be no less a favorite than himself is the hope of his present reviewer. It is calculated to do much good among a people who have followed the star of their god—base-ball.

A severer study is the "Life and Letters of Mr. Freeman," by the Dean of Winchester. Mr. Freeman was "a character." With a heart that bled for rabbits and partridges, he reveled in trampling, armed with heavy boots of accurate citations, on the intellectual toes of other historians. About their feelings he "took no keep," yet who so touchy as Mr. Freeman if you trifled gaily round any little error of his own? Nationalities (invariably "oppressed"), the English, the Germans, architecture, Charlemagne, the Burgundies, the Holy Roman Empire,—how much he told us about these things, with what laudable iteration! Mr. Freeman was always effervescent, and if any one whispered the word "urbanity," he marked him not. Great must have been his joy when Mr. Froude ventured light-heartedly into his territory, and ran up his famous score of blunders over "Sainte-Ampulle," "Sainte-Croix," les écouelles, and other mysteries. In his letters we hear the old voice, rating, humorous, not really unfriendly. He reminds one, by his ways and his kind of usefulness, of the elephant: he moved mountains of erudition, he went mast and trampled his foes, he was kind to children, devotedly loyal to his friends, and, had he owned the gift of compression, he would have held a higher place than the high place he holds among historians.

The professorship of poetry, at Oxford, is a gentlemanly chair, and desirable. Mr. Robert Bridges has declined to be a competitor, probably disliking the inevitable vulgarity of votings and elections. Mr. Courthope, of New, seems to be the only man in the field. He deserted "making" after his exquisite "Paradise of Birds," and is known for his "Life of Pope," and the first volume of a work on English poetry. For my part, I wish we could have both Mr. Bridges and Mr. Courthope: probably this ideal desire is universal. Ten years is too long a holding of office; two years would suffice for any man to say his say in. Professor Masson's chair of literature in Edinburgh is also vacant. There are many excellent candidates; none will eclipse the universally popular Mr. Masson. One rather hopes that a Scot will be successful. We should "keep oor ain fish-gats to feed oor ain sea-mans," if we have a good and proper sea-man, bien entendu.

Of recent novels, I most dislike and disesteem "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham," by John Oliver Hobbes. A young medical man is in love with an Italian girl, "instead of which" he goes and marries a "taupie" (as the Kailyard school say), an hysterical, abominable, handsome ribalde, who confesses part of her guilt after the marriage ceremony. The characters are a dreadful crew, and the sensible reader is glad to forget them. Throughout the author is "brilliant" (as the Scot joked) "wi' deeficulty."

The birth and origin of the hero in "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" (in Harper's) have been ascertained. Louis de Coutes, son of Jean de Coutes, nicknamed Minguet, was Scotch on the mother's side. The father was captain of Châteaudun. Florent d' Illiers, a famous knight of the time, married a sister of Louis de Coutes. The arms are a lion sable on a field argent, with three mollettes of the same (sable). The page's mother's name was Catherine de Mercier. He was aged about fifteen at the date of the siege of Orleans. His French ancestors fought in the Crusades, and all this information I owe to Mlle. Amicie de Foulques de Villaret.

The best of new books is an old one, "North's Translation of Plutarch's Lives," edited by Mr. George Wyndham, who contributes a truly admirable criticism, only marred by one or two bibliographical errors, which every one can correct. Two volumes have already appeared, in the "Tudor Library," edited by Mr. Henley. North's translation, through the French of Amyot, is delightful to read, absolutely "un-Greek," quite unlike Plutarch, an Elizabethan fantasia on Plutarch's themes.

ANDREW LANG.

Ten Books of the Month.

FICTION.—THE HONOR OF THE FLAG, by W. Clark Russell. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 50 cents.

MY LADY NOBODY, by Maarten Maartens. Harper & Brothers. \$1.75.

THE OTHER JUNGLE BOOK, completing the series of Jungle Stories, by Rudyard Kipling. The Century Company. \$1.50.

TWO LITTLE PILGRIMS' PROGRESS, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

DRUMTOCHTY, by Ian Maclaren. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

HISTORY.—THE MAKING OF THE NATION, by Francis A. Walker, Ph. D., LL.D. Charles Scribner's Sons.

POETRY.—STOPS OF VARIOUS QUILLS, by W. D. Howells. Harper & Brothers.

POEMS HERE AT HOME, by James Whitcomb Riley. The Century Company. \$1.50.

ECONOMICS.—MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT IN CONTINENTAL EUROPE, by Albert Shaw. The Century Company.

MISCELLANEOUS.—THE ART OF LIVING, by Robert Grant. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.



Magnetism and the Air.—How profoundly temperature modifies the properties of matter is just beginning to be apparent. It has been known for years that if a magnet be heated to a red heat its magnetic property is destroyed, also that a red-hot piece of iron is as magnetically inert as a piece of wood. Experiments made some years ago to learn the effect of cooling upon a magnet, seemed to indicate that its magnetism became less, but later ones, with more precautions, show that the stable magnetism of a magnet increases as its temperature falls. As such magnetism is believed to be due to uniform molecular positions, the results of cooling indicate that the effect of heat is to knock the molecules into different positions and so far annul the external magnetism.

If it be thus with a magnet, it must evidently be so for other magnetic substances. Faraday showed that oxygen was slightly magnetic by the position a small tube filled with it would take between the poles of a strong magnet. Now that it is possible to reduce the temperature of the air and other bodies to so low a temperature as $-200^{\circ}\text{C}.$, their behavior under such conditions is most interesting, and helps to confirm or to overthrow hypotheses devised from phenomena at higher temperatures. It appears that liquid air boils at a temperature of about -190° ; pure oxygen at -182° . Below those temperatures the oxygen is so strongly magnetic as to stick to the poles like fine iron filings, and even the liquefied air is held thus, though the nitrogen being much less magnetic is displaced by the oxygen to such an extent that the mixture next the magnet is fifty per cent. oxygen. Thus at low temperature a magnet serves by its attraction to sift out the nitrogen from air. What holds true in so marked a degree for air in its condensed and liquid form, holds true in some degree for air at ordinary temperatures, for it has been discovered by careful analysis of air taken from between the poles of a strong magnet that oxygen is present there as much as one per cent. more than in common air. Where there are air currents past a magnet this result would not be found, for the molecular tossings which the particles are subject to from their temperature motions quickly renew the original proportions. As oxygen is a vigorous stimulant, we get here a hint that breathing cold air between the poles of a strong magnet may have therapeutic value.

A. E. DOLBEAR.



The Ball Nozzle.—The ball nozzle is a recent invention that is receiving much advertisement and exploitation. It is for many purposes far superior to the common, tapering, cylindrical nozzle, and merits much of the commendation it has received. The ball nozzle consists of a conical or hemispherical cup added to the common nozzle, and inside the cup rests a spherical ball whose diameter must be considerably greater than that of the opening through which the water enters the cup at the bottom. A curved band of metal extends over the open end of the cup, which merely prevents the ball from falling out when the nozzle is handled, but otherwise has no useful function. When

the nozzle is in operation the ball disperses the water in a most effectual manner.

At the office of the company in New York, the action of the nozzle is daily shown in a most striking manner. A number of insurance companies have endorsed it as an additional safeguard against fire. The nozzle has excited the curiosity of many who have seen it, as to why the ball is not driven out of the cup by the outrushing water. It is only with regard to this point that I shall speak.

Water under a pressure of a hundred pounds or more, may be admitted at the base of the cup and will not drive out a ball of wood or other light material, provided there be the proper relation between the diameter of the ball and that of the opening at the base of the cup. The issuing water causes the ball to rise slightly from the bottom of the cup and to rotate, but does not expel it. The reason that the ball is not expelled is that when the issuing water first strikes the ball it has to overcome the weight of the ball and the inertia of the ball and of the air resting upon it in order to move it at all. While this is being done, some of the water is deflected outward between the ball and the sides of the cup, and in so escaping carries the air surrounding the inner half of the ball with it. The escaping water thus produces a vacuous space along a considerable zone of the ball. Atmospheric pressure over the vacuous area then comes into play to keep the ball from rising further. If the water pressure be too great or the ball too small, it will be driven from the cup. Except as regards the reason why the ball is not driven out by the first impact of the water, this explanation was given in a recent copy of the *Scientific American*. Experimental illustration of its correctness, by drawings, may there be found.

The principle of this nozzle is well shown in miniature models furnished by the company, in which air blown through a rubber tube replaces the water in the nozzle itself. In early July my attention was called to the fact that with this illustrative form of the nozzle a small piece of paper or visiting-card placed over the opening of the cup could not be removed by blowing. This fact I verified by trial, but found that it was only necessary to diminish the size of the paper cap to a certain extent, when it was blown off. In *Science*, of August 2d, it may be seen that Mr. —, of Columbia College, nearly twenty years ago, when a sophomore at that institution, observed and explained this action in the case of the card. With these miniature nozzles it may be readily proven that the ball will only remain in the cup when its diameter is considerably greater than that of the opening through which the air or liquid enters.

S. E. TILLMAN.



auriferous Garnets.—It is familiar to most people who take any interest in rocks, that crystals of garnets are very frequently found in mica schists. Most of these garnets, however, are only translucent and therefore unfit for gems. The fact is little known that garnets are also found in gold-quartz veins, and that garnets both in the quartz veins and in the schists at some little distance from quartz sometimes carry gold in notable quantities. The only

district in which such occurrences have been discovered, so far as I know, is northern Georgia, where they have long been familiar to miners, although until lately only one brief allusion to them seems to have been published. The fact that garnets are sometimes auriferous may be of practical importance, for it is not at all probable that such garnets are confined to northern Georgia, and it is worth while for miners in gold-bearing regions to test garnet-bearing rocks. Perhaps this note may be the means of inducing some such assays.

The existence of gold-bearing garnets also is not without value from the point of view of theoretical geology. It is certain that garnets are usually generated by processes of metamorphism, and since they are known to occur also in veins, it is apparent that there must be a somewhat close analogy between the deposition of gold-bearing quartz and the metamorphism of schists. In a general sense this is no new conclusion. Local metamorphism is produced by hot solutions accom-

panying the intrusion of granite or other plutonic rocks. These solutions permeate the masses, inducing recrystallization and even adding new substances to the rock. So also in many cases, if not in all, gold-bearing veins are believed to have been deposited from hot solutions, generated as one feature of volcanic activity, but these fluids are charged with sulphurets and gangue minerals, while those accompanying metamorphism are characterized by their ability to develop garnet and the so-called "contact minerals." Each species of menstruum, however, must be capable of dissolving both garnets and quartz (at least in northern Georgia), and the distinctions between them, though real, are probably not very great. Perhaps the main difference consists in the presence of sulphur in the ore solvent and its absence in the metamorphosing fluid. GEORGE F. BECKER.



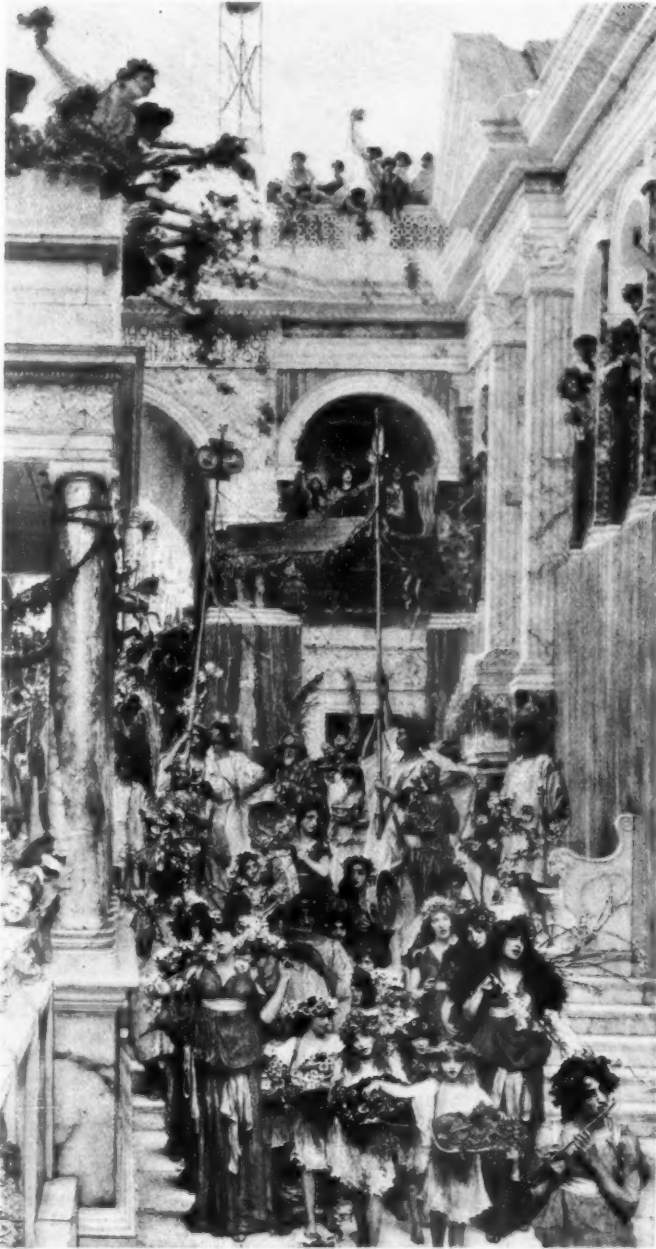
r. Lowell's Theory of Mars.—Although the planet has practically withdrawn from observation for a time, the popular interest in it has by no means disappeared, but has been maintained, and perhaps even increased, by the bold speculations of Mr. Lowell, presented last season in his captivating lectures, and since then in his charming papers published in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

The observations of 1894 have made it practically certain that the so-called "canals" are real, whatever may be their explanation; and that great changes in their appearance, and in that of other more conspicuous features of the planet's surface, followed progressively as the white cap at the southern pole of Mars waned and vanished. The spectroscopic observations of Campbell also proved that the planet's atmosphere must be very rare as compared with ours, and not heavily charged with water-vapor. So much is fairly ascertained.

Mr. Lowell goes much farther. For him the polar-cap is surely snow or ice, and its disappearance is due to unquestionable melting. Since the telescope gives no evidence of mountain peaks and ranges, he concludes, moreover, that the planet's surface is practically one dead level, over which the waters from the melting ice-cap find their way to the equatorial regions, carrying fertility with them; the dark regions of the southern hemisphere, in his view, are not "seas," as hitherto supposed and as their names imply, but lands covered with forests or other forms of vegetation, while the ruddy northern regions are barren deserts; perhaps, if the writer may be allowed to add a suggestion of his own, old ocean bottoms, depressed below the general level, like the Caspian, or the basin of Sahara. In Mr. Lowell's judgment, the "canals" mark real watercourses, and these he believes to be artificial because of their perfect straightness and evenness, and the design apparent in the way their numerous intersections are arranged. When the life-giving water reaches these channels, vegetation springs up on either side, and especially at their junctions, where the round, dark spots formerly called lakes are by him transformed into "oases." It is the vegetation that we see—not the watercourses themselves. As to the curious doubling or "gemination" of many of the canals, he confesses himself still at fault.

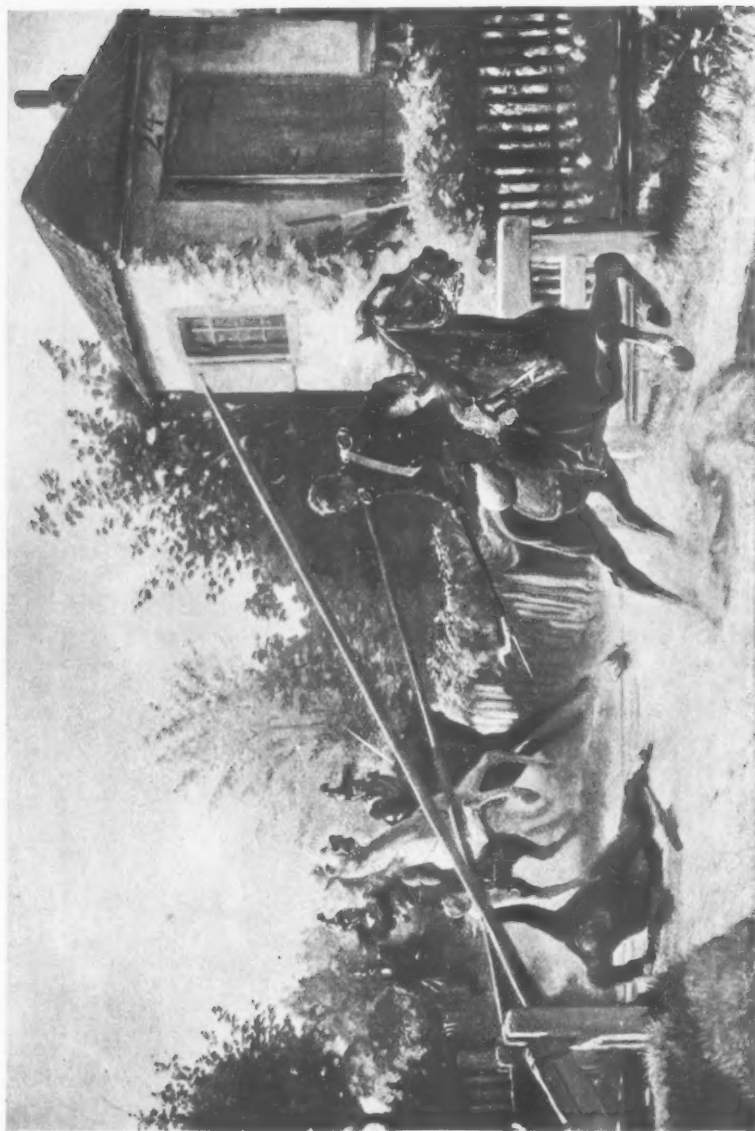
As to the "artificiality" of the canals, he argues that the people who inhabit Mars ought to be gigantic, because there the lessened force of gravity (only about a third as great as on the earth) enlarges for all animals the limit of advantageous size, and moreover makes a giant's labor three times as effective as it would be on the earth; so that, as a canal-maker, one Martian might be equivalent to a hundred Italians. Then, too, since his world is probably much older than our own, he may already have all the knowledge and appliances that human engineers will acquire in the distant future.

Against all which, to mention nothing else, stands the fundamental doubt whether so small a globe as Mars, with so rare an atmosphere, and receiving from the sun only half as much heat to each square mile as does the earth, can possibly maintain anywhere a temperature even as high as that which prevails on the summits of our loftiest mountains; whether, in fact, the polar-caps are made of frozen water or of some very different substance. C. A. YOUNG.



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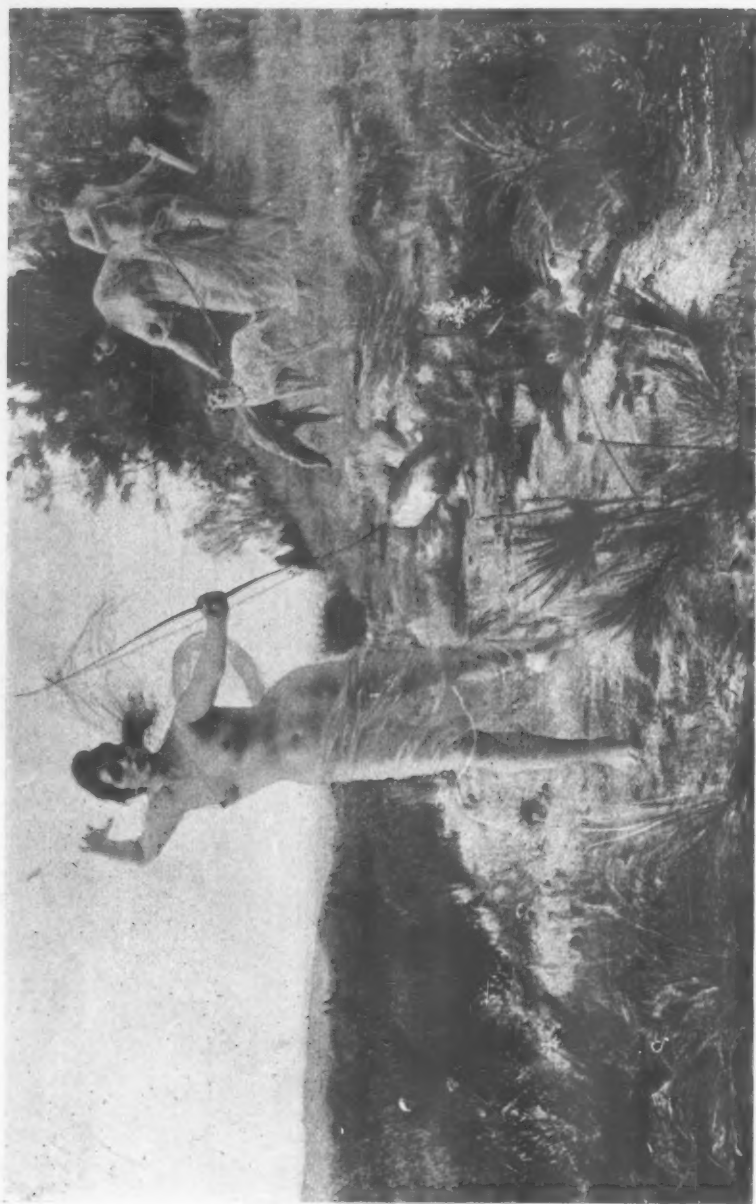
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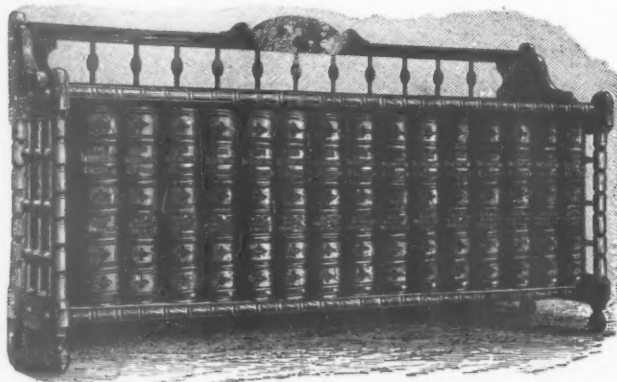
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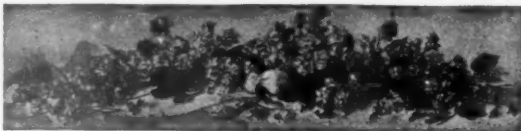
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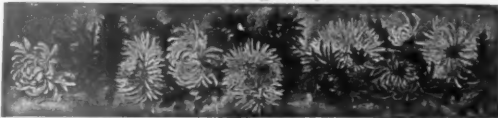
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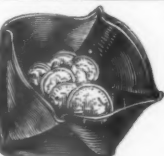
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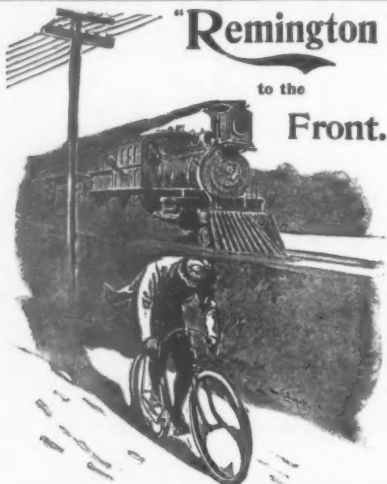


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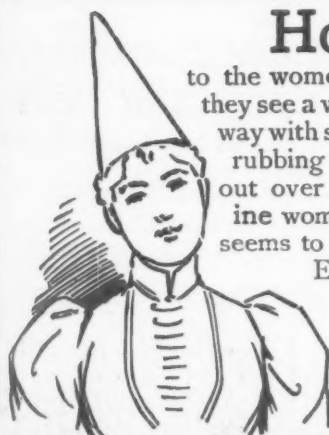
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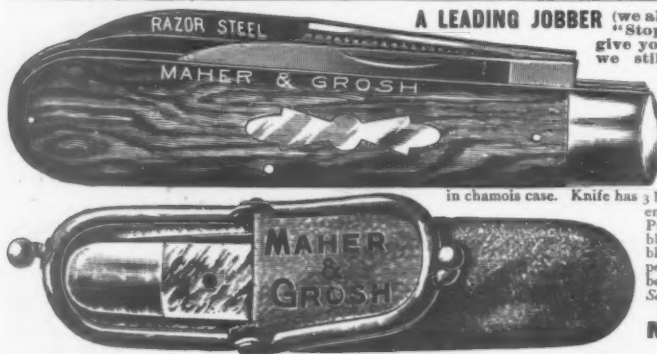


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Old Gold Jewelry and Silverware, worn or passed, accumulates in every household. We will purchase yours for its intrinsic or melting value (we assay monthly), or will credit you on account in exchange for more serviceable articles. Send by registered mail or express.

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17 Union Square, New York.

*Sterling
Silver
Novelties
& Chafing Dishes.
Catalogues free.
Afterwards
24 Wintch St
Boston
Mass*

Sterling Silver Inlaid
SPOONS AND FORKS
.....are guaranteed for.....
Twenty-Five Years.
Each article stamped on the back.
E. STERLING INLAID HE.

THE HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER CO.,
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



Patented.
Salesrooms 2 Maiden Lane (second door from Broadway, N. Y.)
A complete line of Solid Silver novelties and plate to be seen.

"XIV"
is the mark for
EXTRA SECTIONAL PLATE
and on spoons and forks means more
silver on the wearing points.
Not the same as Inlaid,
however.



**Unique Silver-Plate
Bouquet Holder, Free.**

Send your's and your best friend's address for a copy of Blue Book, handsomely published. History and meaning of all jewels, recipes for cleaning and caring for gold, silver, and precious stones, besides other valuable and trustworthy information.

It will interest you.
It costs you nothing.
You will prize it. } 443 Vine Street, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Oskamp, Nolting & Co.,

YOU You can now grasp a fortune. A new guide to rapid wealth, with 240 fine engravings, sent free to any person. This is a chance of a lifetime. Write at once. LYNN & CO., 48 Bond St., New York.



No. 20

Heavy rolled gold, filled. Exquisite design with 3 turquoise stones. Sample, by mail, 29c., including our Illustrated Catalogue and Circulars.

N. Y. SPECIALTY CO.,
252 Broadway, N. Y.

**OUR
AMERICAN HOMES
AND
HOW TO FURNISH
THEM**

HORNER'S FURNITURE

Reasons why you should buy it in preference to any other.

(1). Because this firm have long enjoyed the reputation of keeping only the best Furniture that can be produced, both in medium and finest grades; (2). Because their assortments are unequalled; (3). Because their prices are the lowest at which goods of standard quality can be sold.

R. J. HORNER & CO., 61-65 West 23d Street, New York.

Latest productions in Dining Room, Bedroom, Parlor, Drawing Room, Library and Hall Furniture—Venetian Carved Furniture—Novelties in Imported Furniture—White and Gold Enameled Furniture—Japanned and Brass Bedsteads—English Brass Bedsteads (75 patterns); Maple and Bamboo Furniture—Restful Easy Chairs and Settees—Smoking and Billiard Room Furniture—Everything for city or country homes—Eight spacious floors—All prices in plain figures.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

... A MAN ...

May do that which creates a desire in the minds of everybody as to what he looks like. Therefore I appear personally to thank you for the immense quantities of

BUTTERMILK Toilet Soap

You have used. I have made it the effort of my life to make it the best soap in the world for the


Complexion and Toilet.

I think I have succeeded and want to assure you that no effort or money will be spared to make it the PUREST and BEST until the end of time. Always see that our firm name

COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP CO.,
Chicago.

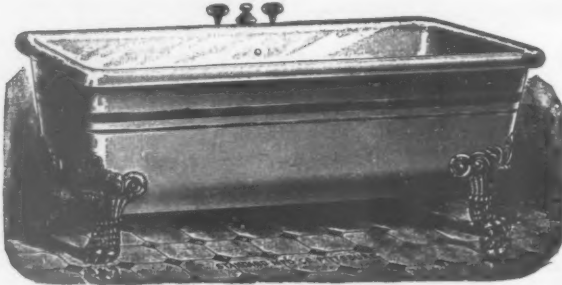
Is on the package and you will have the GENUINE. Beware of imitations.

*Yours Truly,
J. J. Burns*



The advertisement features a man in a dark suit, white shirt, and dark tie, standing next to a large, cylindrical can of Buttermilk Toilet Soap. The man has a mustache and is pointing his right hand towards the can. The can is decorated with a floral design and the words "Buttermilk TOILET SOAP". Below the main text on the can, it says "THE WORD BUTTERMILK OUR TRADE MARK" and "COSMO. BUTTERMILK SOAP COMPANY CHICAGO." The entire advertisement is framed by an ornate, decorative border.

The Eloquence of Daniel Webster



could not present so forcible an argument in favor of the Standard Porcelain-Lined Bath, as is afforded by the article itself as seen in daily use. Its own simple story of Absolute Perfection is stamped on

every inch of surface: the acme of all that is Clean, Sanitary, Durable, Comfortable, Handsome, and otherwise desirable in a Bath Tub.

When you find our trade-mark, "S.M.Co.," on the bottom, you will know the tub is guaranteed. Catalogue free.

Samples may be seen at our Show-rooms:

8 East 42d Street, New York.
31 Dearborn Street, Chicago.
8 and 10 St. John Street, Montreal.
531-533 Wood Street, Pittsburg.

STANDARD MFG. CO.,

Box 1454 C, PITTSBURG, PA.

DON'T SWEEP THE OLD WAY!

THE
NEW Woman
Sweeps Hard and Soft
Carpets,
Bare Floors,
WITH A
SWEEPERETTE

ALL DEALERS

SWEEPERETTE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.



THE WONDERFUL GAS BURNER

GUARANTEED TO GIVE 50% MORE LIGHT THAN THE USUAL GAS BURNER, OR THE SAME AMOUNT OF ILLUMINATION AS THE USUAL BURNER FOR $\frac{2}{3}$ YOUR USUAL GAS BILL.

SIMPLE. SUBSTANTIAL. FIRST COST ONLY NO EXPENSE NO ATTENTION REQUIRED. SAMPLE SENT PREPAID FOR 25¢, 6 FOR \$1.00. REMIT BY STAMPS OR OTHERWISE. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

PRACTICAL NOVELTY CO. 427 WALNUT ST. PHILA. PA.

DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS FREE

Do You Use Water?



Do You Want It Every Day?

Only the best pump will meet this want. The best ones are the **RIDER AND ERICSSON HOT AIR PUMPS.**

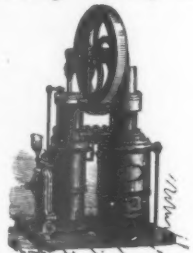
Is a record of twenty years proof enough? They are not the "cheapest." The best of anything is *never* cheapest in first cost. But you do not buy pumps every day, and in the "long run" the lowest priced things are not always the cheapest. Any boy can run our engines and under all circumstances they are absolutely safe. If interested send for catalogue "T" and state conditions under which your pump will have to work.

RIDER ENGINE CO.,

86 Lake Street, Chicago.

37 Dey Street, New York.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."



CLARKE & CO.

859 — Broadway — 859

NEW YORK.

TWO DOORS ABOVE 17TH ST.

**Importers of Diamonds and
Manufacturers of Fine Jewelry**

Our elegant display of Diamonds and other precious stones of the finest grades, mounted in the most unique and elegant designs, cannot be surpassed.

These are a few of our Specialties:



\$20.



\$25.

A pure white genuine Diamond and Pearls of the finest grade.

Finest selected pure white Diamonds and genuine Opal or Turquoise centre.

You will also find our Colossal Stock of GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, fine GOLD JEWELRY, and SILVER NOVELTIES of the newest and choicest designs, at attractive prices.

Send for our new Catalogue, with illustrations of everything new and beautiful. It will be sent free of charge on application.

FINE CHINA

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RICH CUT GLASS

A DRESDEN CLOCK.



\$1.30 each.



\$1.30 each.

Delicate tints of pink, light green, or blue and white, with gold tracing, 4 1/2 in. high, 3 1/4 in. across feet. Only \$1.20 each.

Send for our 192-page Illustrated Catalogue 5 E anyway—it's free; just your name and address, that's all.

**50-52
W. 22nd. St. N.Y.**

**170 Bellevue Ave.
Newport, R.I.**

SPAULDING & Co.

(INCORPORATED)

Gold and Silver Smiths

Thinking of the Holidays

sets you thinking of the presents you will give; and we have been thinking of what will best supply your needs, with the result that our this years assortment of **Precious Stones, Watches, Jewelry, Sterling Silver, Gold and Silver Mounted Leather Goods**, etc., is the largest and most varied we have ever shown. Inspection or correspondence invited. Goods sent on approval to responsible parties.

Samples of Wedding Invitations, worded and engraved in the **latest form and style**, sent on application.

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36 Ave de l'Opera
PARIS

The Artistic American House is a Shingled House Stained with
DEXTER BROTHERS'
ENGLISH SHINGLE STAIN.

*Moss Green, Wood Browns, and Dull
Reds are the velvety colors.*

Send for sample boards to

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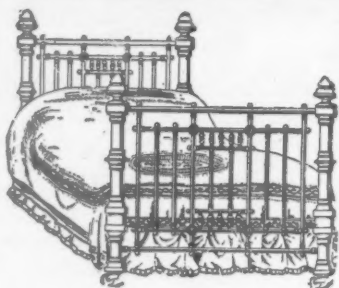
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English Twin

and Other Beds, of Brass and Iron in unique designs. These bedsteads add beauty and cheerfulness to the bed-chamber. They are of English manufacture, and unsurpassed.

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NEW YORK.

ENGLAND:—LONDON.—BIRMINGHAM.



Going TO Build A Home?

If you are, begin right. Get our beautiful book of
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Richly illustrated—entirely new. The most unique
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Yes, but why?

We have satisfactory answers and how?
for both these questions.

We can let in a flood of light on the subject of
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Manufacturer,

Racine, Wis.

Your hard-wood floors are
crying for our wax.

Paint and oil dealers keep it.

Soapine DID IT!

*Is what people naturally say when they see anything clean and
attractive upon the person or in the household—in fact everything
in every place is perfectly cleansed and sweetened by using Soapine.
Use it alone, nothing else is needed—nothing half so good as Soapine.
It relieves you of all hard work in washing. A WHALE on every package.*

It is Kendall Mfg. Co.'s Trade Mark. Established 1827. Providence, R. I.

TRADE MARK

Soapine DID IT!

TRADE MARK

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

For 40c a Gallon

you can buy some of the most beautiful "weather-beaten brown" shades of

Cabot's Creosote Shingle Stains;

others at only 60c and 75c. Good paint costs \$1.25, and the best paint is not fit for shingles—it seals the pores and the inner moisture rots the wood. Creosote tans the albuminous part of the wood and makes it everlasting.

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ARCH'T'S.



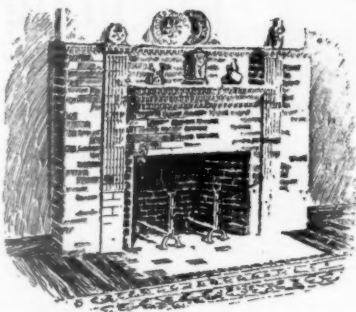
Send for Samples of 22 Shades on Wood, and Colored Sketches of Houses.

Cabot's Sheathing "Quilt"
—keeps the wind out.

Agents at all Central Points.

Samuel Cabot, Sole Manufacturer,

76 Kilby Street, BOSTON, MASS.



THE VERY LATEST

and best designs of houses call for

FIREPLACE MANTELS

made of **ORNAMENTAL BRICK,**

because they are far better than other kinds and meet every requirement. Are easily set and cost no more. We make them of Red, Cream, Buff, Pink, Brown, and Gray Brick, at prices from \$14.00 upwards. Send 10 cents for our sketch-book containing 40 designs.

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Use Compo- Board,

the
ONLY
substitute
for
plastering
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Never cracks, chips, or breaks on being touched. It makes a house warmer in winter and cooler in summer, because it is non-porous and a non-conductor of heat or cold. Dampness is unknown, as it does not absorb moisture, nor retain it by change of temperature as plastering does, thereby saving doctor bills. It will save 20 per cent. on the fuel bills as compared with plastering, owing to its being a non-conductor of heat.

Try it when you build a house, store, factory, or warehouse, and you will use no other. Address:

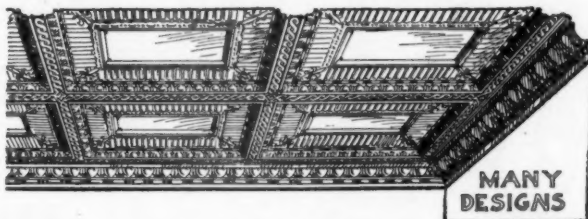
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✱ STAMPED
STEEL . . ✱

Ceilings.



**MANY
DESIGNS**

Decorative, Durable, and Best for All Classes of Buildings.

Send for catalogue. Give Diagram and Description of the Room for an Estimate.

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When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

Barler's Ideal Oil Heater

**IF YOU WANT THE BEST
DON'T BUY AN IMITATION**

Others try to imitate our designs
because for four years

Barler's Ideal

has been

Everybody's Ideal

They cannot infringe our Patent Cone and
Flue Principle for creating and distributing heat
entirely separate from the flame...

**Oil Tank Is Solid Brass
Steam Tested**

...When you buy an Oil Heater
look to the inside—the vital part

**ONE
CENT
AN HOUR**


*We have been having sick-
ness in the house and have
used your IDEAL OIL HEATER
with most satisfactory results.
It has given a steady,
even warmth to the
night air without giv-
ing off any smell what-
ever. We have had two
other kinds of Oil Heat-
ers, but could not use
them under similar
conditions because of
the disagreeable odor
from them.
We like the "Ideal"
better and better the
more we use it, and we
wouldn't know how to
keep house without it.
—Eben E. Rexford,
Floral Editor of
Ladies' Home Journal*

Price \$12.00
Freight Paid.

*If not found as
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you can have your
money back.
Don't buy any
other till you read
our booklet—
"The Reason Why"*

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MFG. CO.**

104
Lake Street,
Chicago,
Ill.



Gauge Your House Heat.



There's no need of shivering
one moment and sweltering
the next. Our

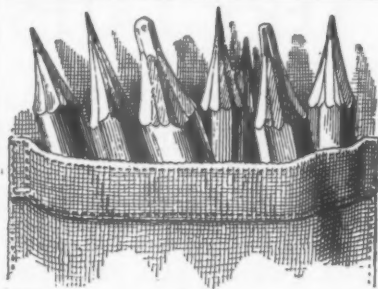
Automatic Regulator

For Hot-Air Furnaces,
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is a perfect controller of temperature.
We want everyone to send for our
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The Pocket

of the pencil-wise man has no room for any but
Dixon's American Graphite Pencils. The easiest
and smoothest marking pencils with the tough-
est leads that pencil makers know how to make.
Writers, book-keepers, students, artists, all find
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DIXON'S
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PENCILS

the ones exactly suited to their needs.
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worth double the money.
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Reasonable Low-Cost Houses—modern designs; Vol. A—designs from \$1800 to \$3000, price \$1.00; Vol. B—designs from \$2000 to \$4000, price 1.00

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COOL DAYS during the early Fall cause many a cold, resulting in serious sickness. Avoid this risk by getting a

BANNER OIL HEATER \$6
FREIGHT PAID

Will heat a room from 15 to 20 ft. square perfectly, in the most severe weather. Our patent double-drum gives twice the radiation of any oil heater made. Indicator shows exact amount oil in front. Inside feed wick, burns oil till exhausted. Outside ratchet controls flame perfectly. Handsomely made and the only heater that does not use a glass chimney.

**No Odor!
No Smoke!
No Chimney
to Break!**

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. When not kept by dealers will send, charges paid, on receipt of \$6. Our book of Points on stoves and lamps free.

**THE PLUNE & ATWOOD
Mfg. Co. NEW YORK
BOSTON
CHICAGO
Factories: Waterbury and Thomaston, Conn.**

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."



Mother

has no fear for the baby with a

Powers Temperature Regulator

in charge of the heating apparatus, for
the house is never overheated or chilled.

BOOK FREE.

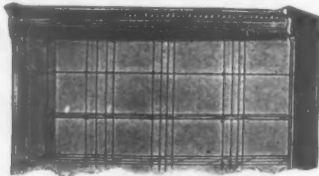
45 Oliver St., Boston.

607 Union Trust Bldg, St. Louis.

THE POWERS REGULATOR CO.,

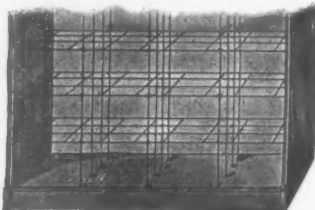
36 Dearborn St., Chicago. (Main Office)

PAT. DEC. 8, 1891.



ACME WIRE PARTITION RACKS

Are clean, light, strong, graceful; collect no dust, harbor no vermin, utilize space. The best pigeon hole cases for many purposes ever made. Fitted with boxes if wanted. Carried in stock and made to order. Send for circular and price list.



Also Manufacturers of

Desks, Filing Cabinets and
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Smoky Chimneys

Can be effectually cured by the

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We can offer valuable
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**METAL
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FOR STORES, OFFICES, HALLS,
CHURCHES, SCHOOLS,
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CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION

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Do Your Own Printing

35 PRESS for cards
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SAVE Money!
Make money printing for others.
Type-setting easy. Printed rules.
Pleasure and profit for old or
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GRAVES ELEVATORS
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Safety Speed and Economy Combined

HYDRAULIC, PASSENGER AND FREIGHT.
ELECTRIC PASSENGER AND FREIGHT.
PATENT STEEL SREW BELT PASSENGER AND FREIGHT.
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Helps for the Help.

Cook will save much time and get far better results, if she has the assistance of these labor savers.



ENTERPRISE Meat Chopper

— TINNED —

The only perfect chopper of meats for all purposes, as well as peppers, coconut, corn for fritters, etc. Doesn't grind or tear. All sizes. Family size, \$3.00.

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Simply constructed, easily adjusted. Does its work rapidly and effectually without waste. So inexpensive that you can't afford to be without it. Small size, \$1.00. Large size, \$2.50.

At all dealers in kitchen goods. Write for catalogue of these and many other helpful devices.

THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO., 54 & Dauphin Sts. Phila.



The total depravity of inanimate objects is best exemplified in a shade roller that stutters. A balky horse can't be half as contrary.

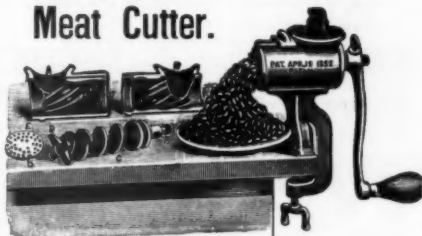
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See that Stewart Hartshorn's autograph is on the label.

A Necessity to Housewives. THE NEW TRIUMPH Meat Cutter.



Excels all Others in These Respects:

- Is durable.
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- Is NEEDED BY EVERY HOUSEKEEPER
- For preparing cold Ham for the table,
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- For making Croquettes or Mince Pies.

How often does your butcher wash his Meat Cutter? Buy your own and know that it is clean.

To wash the New Triumph is as easy as to wash

FOUR PRESERVE DISHES.

To wash any other is as hard as to wash

TWO GRIDIRONS.

If your dealer does not keep it, write for circular and address of agent to

THE PECK, STOW & WILCOX CO.,
Southington, Conn.

Get Samples!

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WALL PAPERS.

If you will send us a description of the different rooms you have to paper, their height, what they are used for and color effect desired, we will send you samples of the newest papers, with borders and ceilings to match (within the price you wish to pay), specially selected by our experienced decorators, for each room. Or, if we have an agent near you, we will have him call and show you our full line of samples from large sample books. We will also send you our

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We sell more paper direct to consumers than any other five dealers in the United States, and it is new styles and low prices that does it.

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Prize Design Patterns,	-	-	-	15 to 30 cts per roll
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MORE AGENTS WANTED.

We want some one in each town, of taste and ability, to solicit orders for our wall papers on good commission. We charge \$1.00 for large sample books. Good references are always required.

Send to nearest address

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ALFRED PEATS

143-145 WABASH AVE.
CHICAGO

"Chautauqua" Oil Heater FREE WITH A COMBINATION BOX OF "SWEET HOME" SOAP

Heats a large room in coldest weather, will quickly boil a kettle or fry a steak. Very large Central Draft, Round Wick, Brass Burner, heavy embossed Brass Oil Fount, richly nickel-plated. Holds one gallon, which burns 12 hours. Handsome Russia Iron Drum. Removable Top. Unites every good quality approved to date. Our soaps are sold entirely on their merits, with a guarantee of purity. Thousands of families use them, and have for many years, in every locality, many in your vicinity.

After trial you—the consumer—pay the usual retail value of the Soaps only. All middlemen's profits accrue to you in a valuable premium. The manufacturer alone adds Value; every middleman adds Cost. The Larkin plan saves you half the cost—saves you half the regular retail prices. Thousands of readers of this paper know these facts.

Subscribers to this paper may use the Goods 30 days before Bill is due.

Many people prefer to send cash with order—it is not asked—but if you remit in advance, you will receive in addition to all extras named, a nice present for the lady of the house, and shipment day after order is received. Your money will be refunded without argument or comment if the Box or Heater does not prove all expected. We guarantee the safe delivery of all goods.

Height, . . . 31 inches.
Dia. of Drum, 8 1/2 "
Weight, . . . 12 lbs.

OUR GREAT COMBINATION BOX.

100 BARS "SWEET HOME" SOAP \$5.00	1-4 DOZ. LARKIN TAR SOAP .45
Enough to last an average family one full year. For all laundry and household purposes it has no superior.	Infallible Preventive of dandruff. Unequaled for washing ladies' hair.
10 BARS WHITE WOOLEN SOAP .70	1-4 DOZ. SULPHUR SOAP. .45
A perfect soap for flannels.	1 BOTTLE, 1 OZ., MODJESKA PERFUME .30
9 PEGS BORAX SOAP POWDER (full lbs.) .90	Delicate, refined, popular, lasting.
An unequaled laundry luxury.	1 JAR MODJESKA COLD CREAM .25
1-4 DOZ. MODJESKA COMPLEXION SOAP .60	Soothing. Cures chapped skin.
Exquisite for ladies and children. A matchless beautifier.	1 BOTTLE MODJESKA TOOTH POWDER .25
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1-4 DOZ. ELITE GLYCERINE TOILET SOAP .25	1 STICK NAPOLEON SHAVING SOAP .10

All for \$10.00.

(You get the Heater Gratis.)

THE CONTENTS, BOUGHT AT RETAIL, COST \$10.00
HEATER, WORTH AT RETAIL 10.00
\$20.00



No Pipe Required.

Absolutely Odorless.

Endorsed by Physicians.

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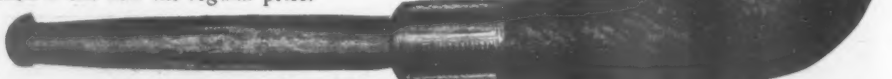
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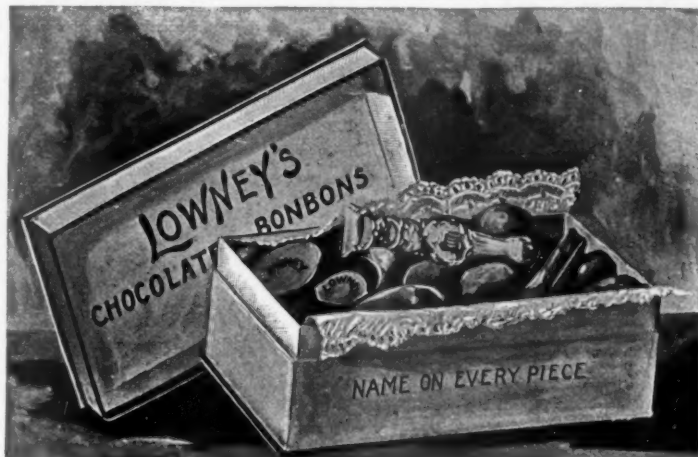
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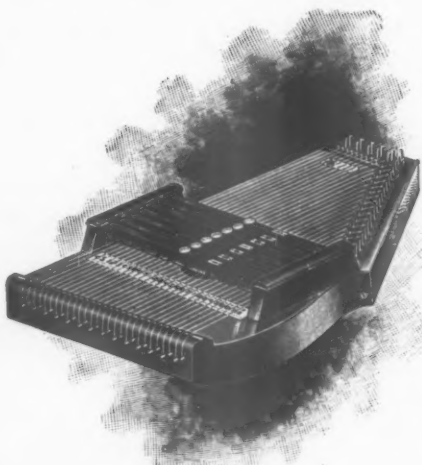
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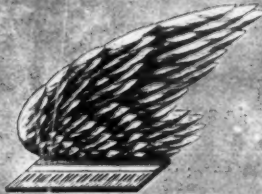
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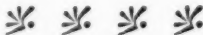
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why do you not begin our treatment at once and
test for yourself the truth of what others say
about it?

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P. HAROLD HAYES, M.D.,

Dear Sir:—In answer to your letter of the 4th I will say that I have had the Asthma and Hay-Fever ever since I was about three years old. I am now eighteen. It would come on the last of July or the first of August and last until frost, and it grew worse every year. I suffered terribly with the Asthma, I could not lay down or hardly breathe for five or six weeks at a time, and with it I had an awful cough and fever, and when it began to come on my eyes were so bad I could scarcely see. When it left me I was so weak that I suffered from ill health the whole year. I tried many remedies, but nothing helped me. We did not think I could ever be cured. We were induced by a lady friend to try your remedies in 1892, although we had no faith in it whatever. When I received your medicine I was having the Asthma. That night I took a dose and slept all night. I continued taking the medicine that year and had it lighter than I ever had it before, going to bed and sleeping every night. I sent twice for medicines but only took a few doses of the last I received. Last year I began to feel it coming on about the last of August. I took a few doses of the medicines I had left over and it left me entirely. I did not take the Asthma medicine at all. Next year I do not think I shall need the medicine at all. My health is now very good, your medicine has been a great blessing to me and I think it has been the means of saving my life. Absence from home prevented me from answering your letter before. You are welcome to use my name and I will gladly answer any letters directed to me.

Very gratefully yours,

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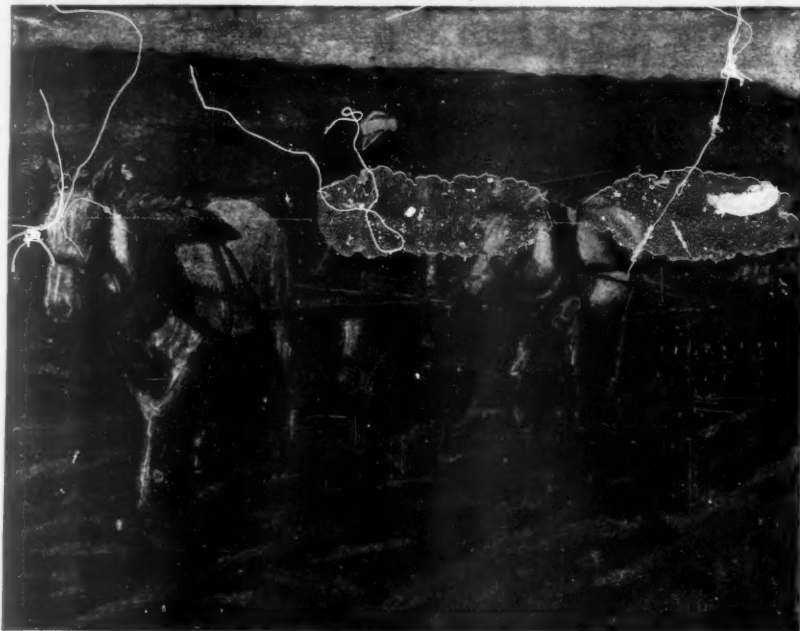
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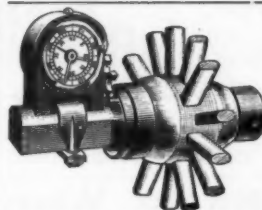
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This is proven by the fact that operators of other machines invariably puncture the paper and platen when they first try the Densmore—until they reduce the force of their stroke. And the lessening of labor resulting from a very light touch to keys is apparent.

Adopted by the U. S. War Department in 1893; Government contract renewed in 1894; supplied Densmores to the Land Offices throughout the U. S. in 1895. First Densmore purchased by the Carnegie Steel Co. in 1892; they now own 40.

DENSMORE TYPEWRITER CO.,

316 Broadway,

NEW YORK.



Thousands of Letters

are every day dropped into the mails, written upon the Ward's popular writing papers,

Boston Linen, Boston Bond, and Bunker Hill.

No better papers can be made. They can be obtained easily anywhere, because if your stationer does not keep them and will not get them for you, the cost is only four cents for samples and the expense slight for postage, express, or freight, on any orders you may send us.

SAMUEL WARD COMPANY,
Paper Merchants, Stationers, and Printers,
49 & 51 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

**Quite a List of
Useful Improvements**

The
Number

6

New Model



**Remington
Typewriter.**

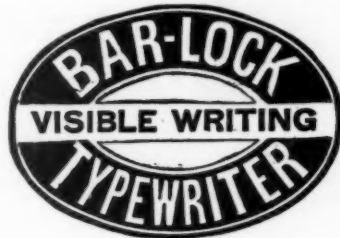
**It's worth while to investigate them,
though the renown of the Remington
does not rest upon isolated features.**

It's Good All 'Round, . . .

Design, Construction, and Performance.

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict,

327 Broadway, New York.



....THE....

**Bar=Lock
TYPEWRITER**

Is REALLY the BEST Writing Machine.

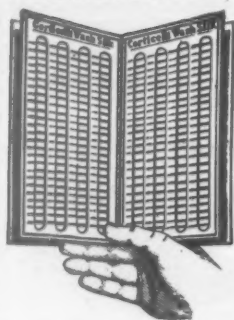
AN OPPORTUNITY

is requested to place this machine in your office, on trial,

FREE OF ANY CHARGE,

so that you may prove this claim for yourself,—and in your own way. *Catalogue Free.*

THE COLUMBIA TYPEWRITER MFG. CO.,
43 West 116th St., New York.



Corticelli Color Card.

It shows more than 200 colors in which we sell our Corticelli Fast Dye Wash Silk in different sizes and kinds, including Roman Floss, Rope Silk, EE Embroidery Silk, Etching Silk, Lace Silk, Filo Silk, Crochet Silk and Knitting Silk.

Fourteen Gold Medals

have been awarded to Corticelli Silk for Superiority. We mail one of these cards for 12 cents.

"Florence Home Needlework" for 1895 is now ready. Subjects: Lace Embroidery, Mosaic Embroidery, (new designs), Crochet, and Correct Colors for Flowers. Send 6 cents, mentioning year, and we will mail you the book, 96 pages, 66 illustrations.

NONOTUCK SILK CO., - - - Florence, Mass.

SCHILLING CORSET COMPANY'S

Model Form

✱CORSET✱

Corrects the Figure
TO THE
LATEST . . .

FASHIONABLE
. . . CONTOUR.

It is the delight of
Slender Ladies.

Supplies deficiencies in form,
and assists nature in her work
of development.

Priceless in value to
Fleshy Ladies.

Reduces the size, supports the bust, and corrects the figure to the most perfect symmetry.

Style 850, White or Drab, \$1.25. Black Satteen, \$1.50.

Style 890, Extra quality, White, Drab, or Black Satteen, \$2.25.

Mailed prepaid upon receipt of price if your dealer does not keep it. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Our Illustrated Booklet, "Health and Beauty" (mailed free upon application), shows 30 styles of corsets and explains their uses.

SCHILLING CORSET CO., 226 to 230 Abbott St., Detroit, Mich.



Noah's Ark

with animals, will be sent postpaid to any address on receipt of three 2-cent stamps. The animals are on cardboard—two and three inches high, naturally colored, and will stand alone. They can be arranged in line or groups, making an interesting object lesson in natural history. This offer is made solely for the purpose of acquainting mothers with the merits of

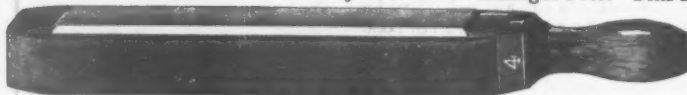
Willimantic★Star Thread.

Send for a set for each of the children. Address
WILLIMANTIC THREAD CO.,
Willimantic, Conn.

The Torrey Strops



and Rock Razor Hones, Combined, make it possible for a self-shaver to keep his razor in perfect order without trouble or expense—we'll teach you how to use the hone. If you've got a good razor don't ruin it on a poor strop. If you've got a poor razor make the best of it by using the best strop. You will never know the comfort of shaving yourself until you get a Torrey Strop. Made in all sizes. Sold by all dealers. Catalogue Free. Tells how to strop a razor.



J. R. Torrey
& Co.,
P. O. Box 1006
Worcester, Mass.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

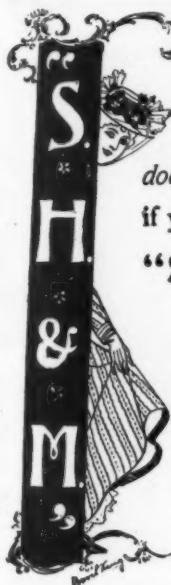
\$1.15

This fine Nainsook Dress, with square yoke, of hem-stitched tucks, finished with ruffles of embroidery, neck and sleeves to correspond, is quite as desirable at \$1.15 as those we have advertised for 75, 88 and 90 cents.

By mail, postage paid, 5 cents extra.

With its 700 illustrations and descriptions of the best things to choose from, mothers anywhere, with our catalogue, can enjoy the advantages of trading by mail at the onestore, where clothing children in the exclusive business. Free for 4 cents postage.

BEST & CO 60-62 West
23d Street,
New York



The Stiffening

in your skirt

doesn't cut through if you put on an

"S. H. & M."

Bias

Velveteen

Skirt Binding

The kind that

"lasts as long as the skirt."

Send for samples, showing labels and material, to the S. H. & M. Co., P.O. Box 699 New York City.

"S. H. & M." Dress Stays are the Best.

Made Like

A Hat —An Alfred Dolge Felt Tourist Slipper—Seamless.



Made just as a felt hat is. Soft and easy.
All sizes, \$1. Delivered to you.



TRADE-MARK

We are ready to give you foot-comfort in all sorts of weather this winter, indoors and out. Send for Revised Edition of "On a Felt Footing." Free, of course.

DANIEL GREEN & CO.

44 East Fourteenth Street
(Union Square), New York

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

• THE QUEEN OF ALL CORSETS •
Imported French
Red-Star Corset R. C.

All Horn or all Whalebone, \$1.00 to \$5.00.



* For Sale at all Retailers. *

• GRACEFUL, EASY, COMFORTABLE •
The Rhenish Corset Mfg. Co., Ltd.
New York, 71 Leonard St.

The "ONEITA"

UNION SUIT
For Ladies, Misses, and Infants.

In colors white, gray, and black, and in qualities all cotton, cotton and wool, all wool, silk and wool, all silk.



1. More easily and quickly put on and off than any other make.
 2. Entirely Elastic in every way and perfectly self-adjustable.
 3. No buttons under corset which hurt and injure.
 4. No inelastic stay down the front, eventually causing uncomfortable tightness.
 5. Allows corset one size smaller.
 6. A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.
- Ladies' Size 3 will fit figures under 115 lbs. in weight. Size 4, from 115 to 130 lbs. Size 5, from 130 to 150 lbs. Size 6, from 150 to 160 lbs. Extra Sizes 7 and 8, for over 160 lbs.
- Misses' Sizes, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8,—fitting figures of ages from 3 to 15 years.

If your retailer hasn't the goods in stock, he can obtain them of any leading jobber.

JAS. F. WHITE & CO., Worth and Church Sts., New York.
Mill Agents.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

"Greater New York's Greatest Store."

Bloomingdales
3rd AVE 59 & 60TH STS.

\$1.87

Silk
Waist
Special
at
\$1.87



SILK WAIST, \$1.87

Figured China Silk Waists, all new patterns and colors; cut is an exact reproduction; lined throughout, perfect fitting, and well-made; separate belt; all sizes; special to COSMOPOLITAN readers at \$1.87.

BLOOMINGDALE BROS., Third Ave., 59th and 60th Sts., NEW YORK.

**THOUSANDS OF
THE "PRACTICAL" TROUSERS
HANGER and PRESS**

HAVE BEEN BOUGHT BY LEADING CITIZENS FROM ALL SECTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES. OUR GUARANTEE TO REFUND IN EVERY CASE WHERE THE PURCHASER IS NOT SATISFIED STANDS BACK OF EVERY SALE—BUT—Our duplicate orders, however, are our greatest champions—Facsimile letters of some of them and an interesting circular mailed free upon request.

Our device keeps trousers

"Smooth as if Ironed."

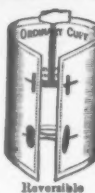
It's so easy to use that it's—well, it's

"Quicker than Carelessness."

PRICE, 75 CENTS — Post-paid — Stamps or otherwise.

PRACTICAL NOVELTY CO.,

427 WALNUT ST., PHILA., PA.



BLYTHER'S HOLDERS

Make Ordinary Cuffs

REVERSIBLE LINKS

Saves one half your laundry bill.

Drummers use them.

Ask dealers, or

we will mail

Sample Pair for 25c.

BLYTHER MFG. CO., SALEM, MASS.

Agents Wanted

REGULAR LINK

Not Reversible

1/2 SIZE

1/2 SIZE

1/2 SIZE

1/2 SIZE

1/2 SIZE

1/2 SIZE

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WE TAN

Oatle hides and all sorts of skins whole for **SHOES** and **BOOTS**. Soft, light, moth-proof. Get our tan circular. We make frisian, oon and galloway fur coats and robes. If your dealer don't keep them get catalogue from us.

The CROMY FRISIAN FUR CO., Box 34, Rochester, N.Y.



NO season for many years has presented the opportunity for so choice a line of styles in Ladies' Tailor-Made Suits, Jackets, Capes and Furs as we are now showing. Our Catalogues and samples should be in the hands of every lady who values stylish and perfect fitting garments. We make every garment to order, thus insuring the perfection of fit and finish, and our prices are always the lowest at which reliable goods can be sold. We pay all express charges. Our new Catalogue illustrates with descriptions and prices over 75 leading styles.

Tailor-Made Suits for Fall and Winter wear in the latest styles, \$12.50 to \$75. Stylish Jackets in the newest shapes, \$6 to \$40. Graceful designs in Cloth Capes, \$5 to \$30. Plush Capes, stylish and dressy, \$10 to \$50. Fur Capes in reliable qualities, \$10 to \$125. Newmarkets, Plush Jackets, Separate Skirts, etc.

Write now for our new Fall and Winter Catalogues. We will send it to you by return mail, together with a 48-inch Tape Measure, new Measurement Diagram, which insures a perfect fit, and more than FIFTY SAMPLES of the materials from which we make our garments to select from, on receipt of four cents postage. Our samples include a full line of materials for Tailor-Made Suits, Cloth and Plush Jackets, Cloth and Plush Capes, Ulsters, etc., together with an assortment of Fur samples. We are showing some choice novelties in All Wool, Silk and Wool, and Mohair and Wool Suitings, and a complete line of Vicunas, Chinchillas, Kersays, Cheviots, Beavers, Diagonals, Bouclés, etc., for Jackets, Capes and Ulsters. You may select any style and we will make it to order for you from any of our materials. We also sell Cloakings and Suitings by the yard. Please mention THE COSMOPOLITAN when you write us.

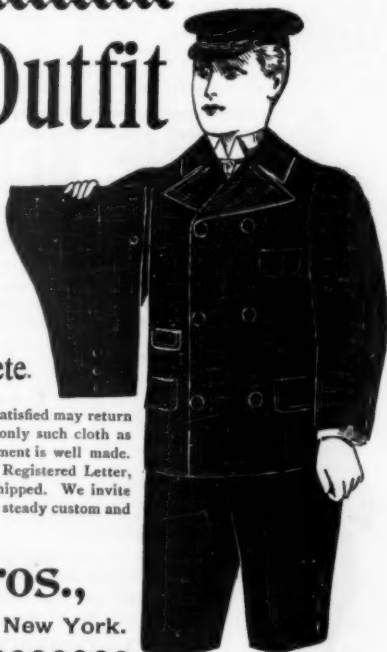
THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO., 152 and 154 West 23d Street, New York.

Our Special Outfit

(Better Than Ever)

Consists of one boy's complete suit, one extra pair pants, one very neat cap. Thoroughly well made of good wool cassimere in fall and winter weights, dark colors, absolutely fast. Sizes are 4 to 15 years. We send it to any address, by mail or express, all charges prepaid, for

\$4.00 Complete.



Any COSMOPOLITAN reader buying from us and not being entirely satisfied may return the clothing to us and we will freely refund the price of it. We use only such cloth as we know to be excellent for wear, and we see to it that every garment is well made. Write for samples of the cloth, or send remittance by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Post-Office or Express Money Order, and outfit will be promptly shipped. We invite trial orders, because it is from trial orders that we are securing the steady custom and confidence of thousands of families who take THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Shaughnessy Bros.,

130th St. & 7th Ave.,

New York.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."



BARBOUR'S Prize Needlework Series, No. 4.

Just Issued—150 Pages—Profusely Illustrated.

NEW and Practical Information about the Latest Designs in
Lace Making, Embroidery and Needlework in Barbour's
Prize Needlework Series, No. 4.
150 pages—with illustrations, all of actual working designs—
the personal contributions of the brightest needleworkers from
all parts of the country—several Color Plates—Lace Curtains
illustrated—and all made with Barbour's Threads.

Book, No. 4, mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

THE BARBOUR BROTHERS COMPANY,
New York. Boston. Philadelphia. Chicago. Cincinnati.
St. Louis. San Francisco.

"LINCOLN" Rim Latch Lock, 3-Keyed, Bronze
trimmings, At finish. Price, \$1.00.
"JACKSON" 3-Lever Padlock. Best in the
world for 25c.

If not kept by your dealer, we will mail sample on receipt of
price. Illus. Cat. free. Enclose 3c. stamp for our new Steel
Pocket Tool. MILLER LOCK CO., Box F 15, Philadelphia, Pa.



NEVER BREAKS DOWN ON THE SIDES
and Gives the Wearer a Beautiful Figure.

If not in stock at your retailer's, send
\$1.00 for a Corset, free by mail, to
BRIDGEPORT CORSET CO.,
FITZPATRICK & SOMERS, Sole Agents,
85 Leonard St., New York.

MAGIC LANTERNS

And STEREOPHONES, all prices. Views illustrating
every subject for PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS, etc.
A profitable business for a man with a small capital. Also,
Lanterns for Home Amusement. 255 page Catalogue free.
McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N.Y.



END VIEW.



SIDE VIEW.

"THE BENEDICT"

Only perfect
Collar and Cuff
Button made.

Is oblong, goes in like a wedge and flies around across the buttonhole
—no wear or tear—strong, durable, and can be adjusted with perfect
ease. In gold, silver and rolled gold—can be put on any sleeve button.

BENEDICT BROTHERS, Jewelers, Broadway & Cortlandt St., N.Y.

Manufactured for the trade by
ENOS RICHARDSON & CO., 23 Maiden Lane, N.Y.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.



END VIEW.



SIDE VIEW.



Parret's ... Lightning ... Eradicator.

REMOVE that horrible spot and clean your gloves
before going out. Grease, Oil, or Paint spots will
yield immediately, and you can depend on it or
money refunded.

This preparation will not leave a trace of the stain and
makes the goods look like new.

Sample box sent postpaid on receipt of 10c. Large size, 25c.
For sale by all druggists.

PARRET & CO., 130 Pearl Street,
New York City.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."



Sanitary Diaper Cloth.



TRADE MARK

Look
for
this
Ticket



In
Red
and
Black

On Every Package.

Delightfully Fine and Soft,
Highly Absorbent,
Absolutely Free from Starch,
Hygienic.

Inquire of any Leading Retailer, or send stamp
for sample to 39 Leonard St., New York.

In 10-yd. Packages Hermetically Sealed.

MIDNIGHT FAST BLACK

Dress Lining

Warranted not to Crook

and to withstand washing, perspiration, acids, etc., without change of color or loss of strength. Can be had in silicias, percalines, and satines.

At all Dry Goods Stores.



Claus

SHEARS AND SCISSORS AS LIGHTNING CUTTERS

ARE HIGH ABOVE THEM ALL.

YOUR HARDWARE DEALER WILL ALLOW YOU
TO TRY A PAIR AND IF NOT SATISFACTORY
WILL REPLACE IT WITH ANOTHER.



THE CLAUS SHEAR CO.,
FREMONT, OHIO, U. S. A.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

Turkish TOWELS



A big Turkish Towel—not too harsh—affords the most refreshing rub after the bath. We have just the right kind; they are 23 by 45 inches in size and are made of undressed, double yarn. Shrewd buying enables us to sell them at the remarkably low price of

18 Cents Each,

or Two for 35 Cents.

We pay the postage.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,

Dry Goods,

PHILADELPHIA.

THE ONLY FAULT found with the Shawknit Half-Hose

IS FOUND BY THE DEALER THAT SAYS "THEY WEAR TOO LONG." THEIR UNEQUALLED DURABILITY IS NOT DUE TO GOOD MATERIAL AND WORKMANSHIP ONLY, BUT ALSO TO

PERFECTION OF FIT.

None genuine unless stamped *Shawknit* on the toe.

Send for Descriptive Price-List.

SHAW STOCKING CO., LOWELL, MASS.

YPSILANTI

Dress reform underwear embodies the true principles of hygiene. All discomforts of the ordinary under garment have been obviated by this great **(DRESS REFORM)** idea. Endorsed by medical men, and promoters of all physical culture as the only correct form of underwear. Write to Hay & Todd Mfg. Co., Ypsilanti, Mich., for catalogue and book describing Ypsilanti

UNDERWEAR

TRIX Perfume the Breath

WILL EASE THE THROAT FROM SLIGHT COUGH and HOARSENESS. CLEAR and STRENGTHEN THE VOICE. Used by people of refinement for over 25 years.

5 & 10 cts.
ALL DRUGGISTS

TRIX Mfg. Co.
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Fragrant & Healthful



FREE by return mail, full descriptive circulars of **Moody's New and Improved Tailor System of Dress Cutting.** Revised to date. These, only, are the genuine **Moody Tailor Systems.** Beware of imitations. Any lady of ordinary intelligence can easily and quickly learn to cut and make any garment, in any style, to any measure, for ladies, men and children. Garments guaranteed to fit perfectly without trying on. Thousands of Dressmakers use this system in teaching. Agents wanted. **MOODY & CO., CINCINNATI, O.** Post Office Box 1543.



FEATHERBONING

FOR WAISTS, SLEEVES AND SKIRTS
Instruction Free

Call at our parlors—888 Broadway, New York; 185 Wabash-av., Chicago; 40 West-st., Boston; 102 North Charles-st., Baltimore; 1119 Chestnut-st., Philadelphia. Send 6c for 12-yard Sample Skirt Bone. **Warren Featherbone Co., Three Oaks, Mich.**

A necessity for the **TOILET** in warm weather is

MENNEN'S Borated Talcum

TOILET POWDER.

Be sure to get "Mennen's."

Endorsed by highest Medical Authorities. A Skin Tonic.

Positively relieves Chafed skin, Prickly Heat, Sunburn, etc. Cures Eczema and kindred troubles. Delightful after shaving. Makes the skin smooth and healthy and beautifies the complexion. **For Infants and Adults.** At Druggists or by mail, **FREE** 25c. Send for sample (name this magazine.)

GERHARD MENNEN CO.,
Newark, N. J.

It's better with **DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

The Most Perfect-Fitting Union Undergarment
—FOR—

LADIES AND MEN

Giving Comfort and Freedom of Action.

LOWER PRICES.

NEW STYLES.

If your dealer does not keep them, send a two-cent stamp to us for catalogue giving full information and samples of material.

EVERY GARMENT MARKED WITH OUR NAME.

THE HOLMES CO

Retail Department, 49 Temple Place.

Factory and Salesroom, 109 Kingston Street.
BOSTON.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."





The Best Toilet Luxury as a Dentifrice in the World.

To Cleanse and Whiten the Teeth,
To Remove Tartar from the Teeth,
To Sweeten the Breath and Preserve the Teeth,

To Make the Gums Hard and Healthy,

Use Brown's Camphorated
Saponaceous Dentifrice.

Price, Twenty-five Cents a Jar.

For Sale by all Druggists.

THE SPRING'S THE THING

that makes **THE EGAN TRUSS** so helpful. A constant and unerring pressure that re-places,relieves and No other like it. A painless and permanent remedy for all cases of rupture. Fully Guaranteed. 100's of testimonials and physicians endorsements. Used by the government for pensioners.



Write **THE EGAN TRUSS CO.,**
29 Huron St., ANN ARBOR, MICH.

"DO NOT STAMMER"

Johnston's Philadelphia, Pa. Institute is endorsed by Hon. John Wanamaker, Phila., Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, Phila., Horatio C. Wood, M.D., LL.D., University of Pa., and George A. Lyon, Esq., U. S. N., Boston, Mass.

Send for 54-page pamphlet to 1033 Spring Garden St., Phila., Pa. Established 1884.

EDWIN S. JOHNSTON, Principal and Founder.



**Your fretful baby is
crying for our catalogue**

Let us know your address and we will send it. Arnold's Knit Outfits for baby, child and mother are comfortable.

NOVELTY KNITTING CO., Albany, N. Y.
305 BROADWAY.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

*Exquisitely
and Delicately
Scented with
Violets*

COMPOSED OF
CLEAN, PURE,
HEALTHY,
VEGETABLE OILS.

ABSOLUTELY
THE BEST!
FOR THE HYGIENIC
CARE OF THE SKIN.

**Velvet-Skin
Powder**
for the BELLE'S BOUDOIR
and the BABY'S BASKET.

**Velvet-Skin
Soap**

ON SALE AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DRUGGISTS.

Send 10 cts in stamps to Dept. E., PALMISTE MARY CO., YORKERS, N.Y.
for complete set of samples.



**Marshall's
Catarrh
Snuff**

has never been equal-
ed for the instant re-
lief of Catarrh, Cold in the Head and Headache. Cures
Deafness, restores lost sense of smell. Sixty years on the
market. All Druggists sell it. 25c. per bottle.
F. C. KEITH, Mfr., Cleveland, Ohio.

WE PAY

\$5.00 to \$100 a 1000 for all kinds News-
paper Clippings & Addresses. Particu-
lars for stamp, News Clipping Co., Dep't AL 204 W. 139th St. N.Y.



"WORN OUT WITH PAINS"

"Aches, and weaknesses, but still
compelled to labor on." To all such
sufferers **Outleura**
Anti-Pain
Plaster is a priceless blessing.

You.....
need
not
Suffer

CATARRH,
ASTHMA,
THROAT or
LUNG
TROUBLES.

FROM
They are
Cured while
you sleep
by the



PILLOW- INHALER

It makes a *new climate* in the bedroom, for 6 to 8 hours every night, while sleeping as usual.
It is a natural and easy process of all-night inhalation.
It *cures* without stomach-dosing, douching, or snuffing.
It is comfortable.

Send for descriptive pamphlet and testimonials, or call and see it. Please mention THE COSMOPOLITAN.

PILLOW-INHALER CO.,

1217 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Tender

to the Touch, is a common symptom of rheumatic joints. Rheumatism can be cured only by curling its cause, preventing the formation and accumulation within the system of deleterious substances. To do this, use

Dr. Whitehall's Rheumatic Cure

It relieves inflammatory rheumatism in a few hours, the pain ceasing and swelling diminishing from the beginning of the treatment. Free sample sent on mention of this magazine.

50 cents a box; 6 boxes, \$2.50.

Dr. Whitehall Megrimine Co., South Bend, Ind.

Cuticura



FOR THE
HAIR
and
SKIN

A warm shampoo with Cuticura Soap, and a single application of Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, clear the scalp and hair of crusts, scales, and dandruff, allay itching, soothe irritation, stimulate the hair follicles, and nourish the roots, thus producing Luxuriant Hair, with a clean, wholesome scalp, when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP.
Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

I do use WRIGHT'S

Antiseptic Myrrh

TOOTH SOAP,

and I do have Beautiful Teeth and a Sweet Breath. Preserves the enamel. Heals the gums. Removes tartar. It's entirely free from acids, and all smart dentists recommend its constant use. We're not afraid to send you a trial sample free. Write. Large box for 25 cents in stamps. Look out! There are imitations.

Put up in elegant China boxes, and decorated tin boxes for travelers.

Wright & Co., Chemists, Detroit, Mich.



HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON

QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

MODENE

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident.—In CINCINNATI, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. **IT CANNOT FAIL.** If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on moles may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed as each application, and without the slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. **MODENE SUPERCEDES ELECTROLYSIS.**

—RECOMMENDED BY ALL WHO HAVE TESTED ITS MERITS—USED BY PEOPLE OF REFINEMENT.

Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (merely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Correspondence strictly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTRY AND THIS PAPER.)

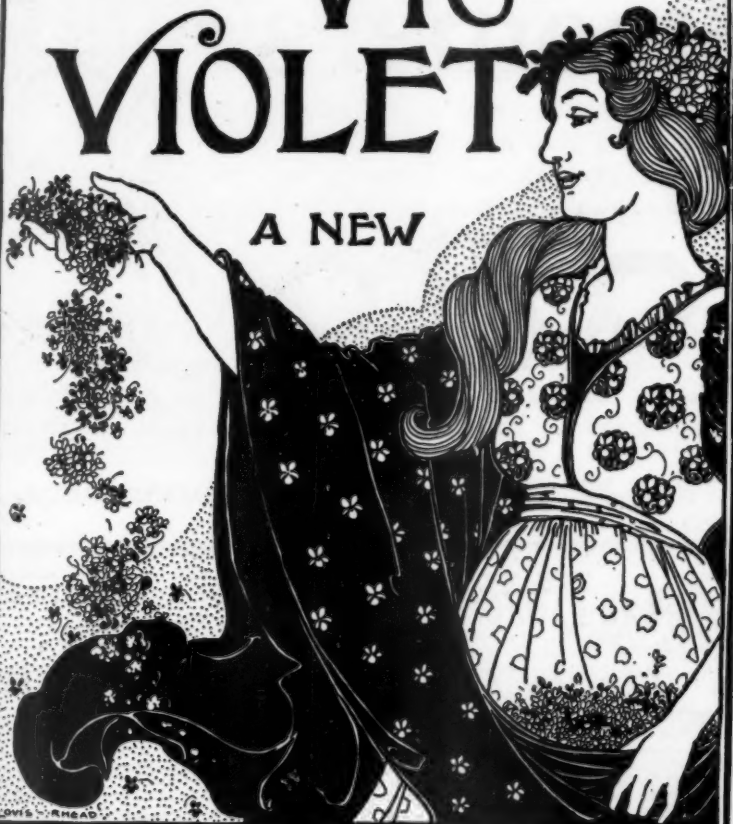
LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS **MODENE MFG CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A.** CUT THIS OUT AS IT MAY NOT **WANTED.** Register your letter at any Post-office to insure its safe delivery. **APPEAR AGAIN.** We offer \$1,000 for failure or the slightest injury. **EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.**

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."



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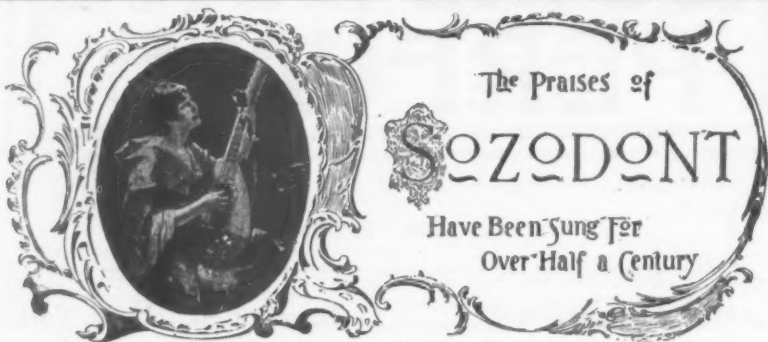
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is the ideal tonic for growing children. They will like the taste of it and it will nourish and invigorate them. Especially helpful to nursing mothers.

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Crown Lavender Pocket Salts.

THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO.,
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The Crown Perfumed Pocket Salts.

Made by them for several years in England, but now for the first time introduced into this country, made in the following odors:

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A Pure, Soft,
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FREE FROM EVERY SPOT and BLEMISH,

You must use
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Acts chemically by eliminating uric acid from the blood. Does not interfere with digestion nor affect heart action.

TARTARLITHINE, although effervescent, contains none of the additional alkaline salts common to the granular preparations. It is recommended as a uric acid solvent, in place of alkaline lithium salts or lithia waters, for gout, rheumatism, and all similar affections.

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For Beautifying the Complexion. Removes all Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Pimples, Liver Moles, and other imperfections. Not covering but removing all blemishes, and permanently restoring the complexion to its original freshness. For sale at Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of 24c. Use **Prof. I. Hubert MALVINA ICHTHYOL SOAP** 25 Cents a Cake. TOLEDO, O.

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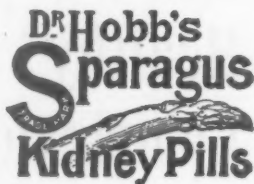
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They will if they're well.

Filtering your blood will cure you if
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Not all diseases, but *nearly* all, are
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They will cure Kidney Troubles and Blood Troubles, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Gout, Anaemia, Chlorosis, Bloodless Complexion, Depression, Nervousness, Headache, Neuralgia, etc., *because* they make the kidneys filter the blood.

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Cucumber and Elder Flower

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It cleanses, whitens and beautifies the skin. It feeds and nourishes skin tissues, thus banishing wrinkles; it is harmless as dew, and as nourishing to the skin as dew is to the flower. Price \$1.00 at druggists and agents, or sent anywhere prepaid. Sample Size Bottle 10c. Handsome book "How to be Beautiful" free. Agents Wanted! **MRS. GEORGE GRAHAM**, 1424 Michigan Av., CHICAGO. Eastern Branch: 51 W. 24th St., New York



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You have not read this before!



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Endorsed, EBEN D. JORDAN.

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Durable, Waterproof.
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The Original Improved Oxydonor "Victory" for Self-Treatment. Supplies Oxygen to the blood, and cures disease and pain under Nature's own laws. Applied as in illustration.

"Oxygen is Life." How to increase this element in the system was an unsolved problem to medical science until Dr. H. Sanche discovered a wonderful law of natural forces by the application of which oxygen from the air can be supplied in any desired quantity. It has been fully tested in 60,000 cases of all forms of disease.

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
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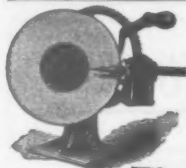


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EDITED BY
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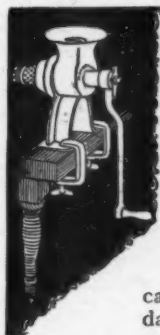
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